

Wardlaw

Norwich

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
CLEANTHES,

AN

*Englishman* of the highest Quality,

AND

CELEMENE,

THE

Illustrious *Amazonian* Princess:

Interspersed

With a Variety of most entertaining Incidents  
and surprizing Turns of Fortune; and a  
particular Account of that famous Island,  
so much talk'd of, but hitherto so  
little known.

*Written by a PERSON well acquainted with all the  
PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS from their Original.*

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for J. SCOTT at the *Black Swan* in  
*Pater-noster-Row.*

MDCCLVII.

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C. F.

CLARET  
P. R. E. A. C. E.

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BRITISH MUSEUM  
CLARET  
P. R. E. A. C. E.



CLARET  
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THE  
P R E F A C E.

THE following Sheets are the  
Productions of a Person, who  
writes not for Interest, or the  
Desire of Applause, but merely  
for Amusement.

MY Situation is such, having no Sort  
of real Business, that many Hours would  
hang heavy upon my Hands, if I did not  
endeavour to find out divers Sorts of Re-  
creation, in order to fill up that Space of  
Time ; which the more useful Part of the  
Creation employ in the Cultivation of  
Commerce, thereby proving an actual Be-  
nefit to their Country.

I HAD ever a busy Mind, and this re-  
ceived much Pleasure in reading the many  
A 2 little

iv      The *P R E F A C E*.

little Narratives, which from Time to Time have been published. I really thought myself greatly obliged to all those who had thus laboured for my Entertainment, by the Exercise of their Fancy and Imagination.

Not only modern Authors of this kind, but ancient Writings, I have perused; and often it has been a Matter of Surprize to me, that no one in the present Age, has seemed desirous, of reviving, or copying the Manner, and Stile, of the old Romances. I imagined, this might have produced a good Effect, and much Advantage, to him who had attempted it; especially in the present Age, where Dress and Pleasure fill up so large a Space of Time, among those who are stiled the polite World; and so little Leisure have they for Reading, that they are affrighted at huge Folios, and dare not begin them: Besides, who would read such queer antiquated Stuff as those?—Give me Something new and entertaining!

THIS

## The P R E F A C E

THIS is the general Cry, and thus the ancient Writings are laid aside: And among the present Class of Readers, *Cassandra*, *Pharamond*, *Grand Cyrus*, *Clelia*, &c. are not known any further than by Name; and these perhaps, they gained from the Mouth of an old Grandmother, who in her Youth had read of, and was a great Admirer of, those illustrious Personages; even now, to the high Disgust of the young Folks, speaking largely in their Praise, and drawing Comparisons, between the ancient Stile, and present Way of Writing, no Ways to the Advantage of the Latter.

NEITHER do I condemn; for both in their several Ways have given me great Pleasure: and I only made this Remark to shew, that a Person might safely have resumed the almost-forgotten Stile of the Ancients, and the young Readers in the present Age would have looked upon it as a new Track just found out.

ALL



vi      The P R E F A C E.

2 ALL kind of Novelty pleases, and why should not this among the rest? only it would be proper not to swell this Work to a large Size, for fear genteel Persons should not have Time to read it.

IN this Manner my Thoughts have run, and in such Thoughts I found myself single; no one attempted the Work. At length I resolved to try my own Abilities: This I have done; and from the Mixture of Adventures in my Narration, it is plainly to be discovered, that my Reading has been both ancient and modern, as my Work is a Composition, founded upon both Plans.

IT gave me much Amusement in Writing; and if it gives the Town the same on Publication, my End is answered in all Respects. For, as I said before, I write not with a Design to acquire Fame; and as a Proof of it, shall subscribe no Name, hoping that I may never be even suspected of having been

· ·      AN AUTHOR.

CON-

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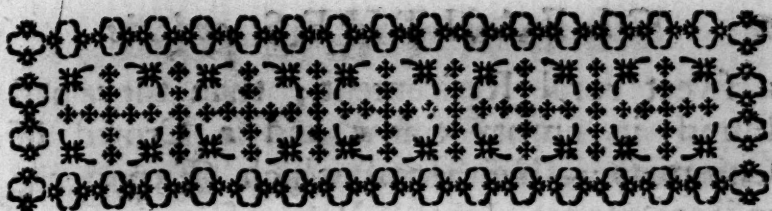
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T H E





THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
CLEANTHES  
AND THE  
AMAZONIAN PRINCESS.

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CHAP. I.

*The Birth, Parentage, Genius, and Education  
of Cleanthes; his Travels, Shipwreck, and  
happy Meeting with Celemene the Amazon.*

✱(✱)✱ T a magnificent Seat in a pleasant  
✱ A ✱ Part of *England*, lived an happy  
✱(✱)✱ Pair; who, having enjoyed the  
Pleasures, and seen the Follies of  
the Age, chose, though not advanced in  
Years, to exclude themselves in some Mea-  
sure from the busy World; hoping to find  
a more solid and real Satisfaction in the  
Contemplation of the Works of Nature, in  
B a sweet

2      CLEANTHES *and the*

a sweet rural Retirement ; than they had found in empty Show and a Crowd of Company :—Neither of which (Experience will teach us) is the Basis of true Happiness.—

KIND Heaven had blessed their mutual Loves with an only Son, whom they called *Cleantes*. In early Dawn of Life, he gave promising Appearances of a most surprizing Genius. He had a Capacity able to make himself Master of all the Sciences his Tutors gave him : And as in Beauty he excelled all his young Companions, so likewise in every rural Sport, and boyish Exercise, none ever dared to put themselves in Competition with him, for Strength, Quickness, and Agility.

NOR was his Mind less amiable. He had a Sweetness of Temper, which endeared him to all his Acquaintance ; but then, his Softness of Disposition was tinged with a sufficient Share of Fire : He could properly resent an Indignity when offered, but at all Times it gave him a greater Satisfaction to pardon than punish.—

*Cleantes* had just reached his tenth Year, when his Parents quitted the Town, and sought their happy Retreat. They could not yet

### AMAZONIAN PRINCESS. 3

yet be prevailed upon to part with him, but chose to inspect his Actions and Behaviour; therefore provided proper Masters, to instruct him in every Science, requisite to form the Character of a fine Gentleman in outward Appearance; but reserved the Cultivation of his Mind to themselves and a Chaplain, whom they loved as a Brother, for his exemplary Piety, Rectitude of Manners, deep Learning, and shining Parts.—

MANY Years had passed in a State of uninterrupted Peace and Tranquility; and *Cleantes* grew up in every Respect, what the fondest Wishes of the wise *Demetrius*, and his amiable *Cleone* could possibly desire.

OUR Hero was now arrived at his Eighteenth Year; and thus advanced, to give a finishing Stroke to his Education, his Parents judged it proper for him to travel into foreign Parts. Such a Separation, the first they had ever experienced, gave them some Pain; but more regardful of the Interest and Welfare of their Child, than the Dictates of a wrong-placed Fondness, they made a Determination that he should leave them. All things requisite for his Departure were prepared, and the worthy Divine before-mentioned, appointed still to attend his Pupil.



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THE Day, the Moment of Separation arrived, *Cleantes* received the instructions and Caresses of his truly affectionate Parents, took a proper Rout and embarked for *France*. After a short and pleasant Passage, he arrived safe at the *Port*, visited all the Curiosities of the Nation, and by the Help of his natural Capacity, and the Instruction of his Tutor, made great Improvements by what he saw, and gained deservedly the Esteem of all who knew him.

He visited *Spain*, *Italy*, and in short all those Countries judged worthy of Notice, and capable of refining the Manners of Youth.—The most ardent Wishes of *Theodotus* could not hope a greater Proficiency than his Pupil made in every polite Art; his Person too improving daily.

THIS Tour took them up two Years; for they did not content themselves with a Sight of Curiosities, but bestowed Time to consider them properly.—A Maxim very little used by our modern Youth who travel; they thinking, that if on their Return home, they are able to say, so many Countries they have travelled through, and seen all that is curious in each, this is quite sufficient, so they do not put themselves to the Trou-

Trouble of considering the Nature of what they behold, any farther, than as Objects formed merely to delight and please the Eye; no Wonder then if they sink no deeper, and the Traveller returns so little improved in his Intellectuals.—

*Thus the dull Lad, too big for School,  
By Travel finishes the Fool!*

NOT so *Cleantes*. From the Method taught him by his Tutor, he gained some useful Knowledge, as well as polite Airs, from every Place he visited. And now so far had they compleated their Scheme, that they were advanced again to *France*, in their Return towards *England*, and had by Letters informed *Demetrius* and *Cleone* of the Time they purposed to set out for their native Country; when, behold, certain Affairs of great Consequence unexpectedly fell out, which necessarily obliged them once more to turn their Faces towards *Italy*, and consequently would detain them Abroad some considerable Time longer than they proposed. This they had no sooner notified, by fresh Dispatches, to their Friends at Home, with a Promise of a more particular Account of their Proceedings from Time to Time; but they left *France* and embarked in the next Vessel that offered them an Opportunity.

6 CLEANTHES *and the*

portunity of pursuing their now intended Course. And now it was that *Cleantes* first knew what Misfortune meant, more than merely by Name. For he had not long been on Board, when a dreadful Tempest arose, and the affrighted Mariners, gave themselves up for lost. All their Endeavours to manage the Steerage were vain, and the Ship drove with incredible Swiftmess before the boisterous Wind, so far wide of their intended Course, that they were quickly out of their Knowledge. And so violent was the Rage of the Seas, and the Air at the same Time so darkened with black Clouds and a Deluge of Rain, that for several Days and Nights (hardly to be distinguished from each other) they were hurried on at the Mercy of the tempestuous Waves, without once discerning Land, or the Sight of either Sun or Stars to direct them towards a safe Port.

THIS was the first Disaster *Cleantes* had ever experienced, yet did he sustain it with surprizing Patience and Magnanimity; and when his Tutor told him there was no Hopes of saving their Lives, but that they should inevitably be lost, he received this Information with a steady Countenance, and for a long Time seemed wholly resigned to his Fate.—But on a sudden, reflecting on his Parents,—he started from his Seat.—Oh! *Demetrias!* Oh! *Cheone!* how will your  
Hearts



Hearts be rent if you should hear of my unhappy Exit!—Then falling upon his Knees, lifting his Eyes to Heaven,—Gracious Power, cried he, if this must be my End, receive my immortal Soul into thy divine Protection: Comfort my distressed Parents, give them Patience to support my Loss.—Then, turning to his Tutor, Dear *Theodotus*, said he, now I will be quite resigned; if Heaven will grant these two Requests, I shall die contented.

SCARCE had he uttered these Words, when the Sailors set forth a loud Cry! ‘We are lost! we are lost! the Wind with all its Force drives us against a craggy Rock!’ *Theodotus* embraced *Cleanthes*, Oh! my Son, cried he, let us not part in Death; and instantly the Ship was dashed in Pieces. Spite of themselves, our Friends were separated; the Crew all perished; but Fortune still made our young Adventurer her peculiar Care, and directed a Plank within his Reach. He threw himself upon it, and by the Force of the briny Waves, was soon deprived of Sense or Motion. Yet still he lay secure; and at length the Plank, guided by the Stream, safely cast the Youth on Shore. By a fortunate Position of his Head, he discharged all the Water he had swallowed, and by degrees, recovered the Use of Reason.

BUT to what End? He found himself alone, and upon an Island perhaps quite uninhabited, or if not, the Case would be still worse if he found the Natives to be some of those barbarous Savages of whom he had read. This he most feared, his Spirits sink, and no dear *Theodotus* at hand to comfort him.— At first, like one distracted, he ran to and fro, but at length, quite spent, he sat himself down upon a verdant Bank, and took a View of the Country. Every Prospect round him seemed pleasant, the Air was temperate and warm, the Groves was filled with a numerous Throng of feathered Songsters, whose melodious Sounds to an Heart less affected than that of *Cleantes*, might have diffused Joy. But alas! a Sense of his unhappy Fate had so strongly seized his Mind, that he was rendered incapable of Pleasure. Thus he reasoned; ‘ If by Fortune I am  
‘ protected from inhuman savage Men, or  
‘ from the merciless Jaws of wild Beasts,  
‘ even then how deplorable is my Situation?  
‘ no Means have I to preserve my wretched  
‘ Life, I must inevitably perish with Hun-  
‘ ger.’ This Thought produced a Flood of Tears, which for a Time relieved his Mind; and now his Spirits quite oppressed, Sleep at length stole upon his Eyes.

HE lay on the Side of a turfy Bank, over which hung a spreading Shade of Poplar. This served him for a Canopy, and kept off the intense Heat of the Sun, which otherwise would have been troublesome. He was stretched at full Length, his Head reclined upon one Hand, and Part of his Face shaded by Ringlets of light brown Hair, shewing to the greatest Advantage a Complexion which could be matched by very few. His Features were strong and manly, but sweetened by a Softness able to captivate each Beholder. He was tall, and perfectly well made, and the Attitude in which he now lay conduced to set off each Charm.

LONG he had not slept, when a lovely Nymph, who strayed that Way, beheld him. Surprized at first with the unexpected Sight of a Man, she thought of following the Maxims of her Country, and killing him\*. For this Purpose the lovely *Celemene* had lifted up her Javelin, and with her skilful Hand was just directing its fatal Point to the Breast of *Cleanthes*, when a most bewitching Smile

\* The Island was inhabited by Women, who retained all the Notions of the ancient *Amazons*; for their Custom was to put instantly to Death any Men that were cast on their Shore.



Smile overspread his Countenance, and quite disarmed her Rage.—

SHE started back a few Paces ; Heavens ! cried she, shall I destroy so much Perfection ? that lovely Form sure cannot injure me ; Humanity and Tenderness forbid my hurting him. Then drawing nearer, she gazed with much Attention, and looked too long for her Repose ; for the God of Love, ever watchful on these Occasions, had sent a Shaft into her Breast never to be removed. She look'd and lov'd ! though till this Moment a Stranger to the Passion ; yet she was instantly softened by its Force, threw off the barbarous Notions of her Country-Women, and resolved, at the Hazard of her own Life, to preserve the sleeping Stranger : — But while her Breast laboured with these Resolves, *Cleantes* awoke ; and the first Object which presented itself to his View was *Celemene*.

How shall I speak his Surprise ! she was just turned of Sixteen ; and a more lovely Appearance never was beheld. She was tall, and a certain Symmetry observed through all her Limbs, not to be equalled. Her Complexion was fine ; and her jetty Locks waved in artless Ringlets on her lovely Shoulders, descending from a Garland of  
Flowers,

Flowers by which her Tresses were bound. Her Head and Neck were ornamented with orient Pearl, Diamonds, and Rubies, of a prodigious Value. Her Garb was Sattin of a crimson Hue, made in a Form peculiar to her Country. It sat close to her Waist, and displayed to the greatest Advantage her lovely Shape.—Her Arms of a most delicate Whiteness were bare from her Shoulders; but in many Parts bound with Bracelets of Pearl and Rubies mixed. Her Robe descended from her Waist in many Folds, and would have swept the Ground, had it not been drawn up, so as just to discover her Foot and Ankle, and fastened with Buckles of Pearl. On her left Side she wore a Scymiter; at her Shoulder a Quiver of curious Arrows; and in her Hand she carried a Javelin and a Bow.

THIS was the Figure which presented itself to our young Adventurer's Eyes on his awaking. He started from the Ground; and for some Moments fixed his Eyes on the lovely Object before him, wholly deprived of the Faculty of Speech. Her Situation was much the same, having neither Power nor Inclination to quit the Place; so that for some Time the Nymph and Swain appeared two lovely Statues. Thus from each others Charms, they swallowed large Draughts of  
that

that pernicious Cordial, Love: And how long they would have remained in this Situation is hard to say, had they not been interrupted by the Approach of a monstrous wild Boar, which rushed with great Fury at *Celemene*. Her Surprize at this Accident was not very great, being familiarized to such Objects thro' Custom; and she instantly prepared for Defence, armed with her uplifted Javelin. The furious Beast finding himself resisted from that Quarter, turned his Rage from *Celemene*, on the less-defended *Cleantes*. He however had pulled a large Branch off a Tree, and was making towards the Enemy in order to defend the Fair, when he found himself attacked: With this poor Weapon he some Time kept this Animal at bay, till *Celemene*, following him closely, lifted up her Arm to end his Life. But, (ah! unlucky Chance!) The Stroke which she designed the Boar, fell on *Cleantes*, and disabled that Arm with which he had endeavoured to defend himself. He dropped his Weapon, and fell on the Ground, and the furious Beast made at him with great Violence, and gaped open his wide Mouth in order to seize his Prey; when *Celemene* watchful of the Opportunity, thrust her Javelin down his Throat, which pierced his Heart? he then fell at her Feet and with an hideous Groan expired.

THE



THE Enemy thus quelled, her Care was how to relieve *Cleanthes*, who lay extended on the Ground, quite void of Sense or Motion. Just below his Shoulder, the Steel had made a large Wound, and likewise entered a little Way into his Breast; from both Wounds a great Quantity of Blood had issued, and still continued to flow.

WHAT was now to be done? She dares not carry him Home, for that would be certain Death to him, should he recover from these Wounds. Instant Relief was necessary, but how to give it! The Arrows which she wore were fastened to her Back by a Scarf of fine Linnen; on this she seized, and with it bound up the Wounds. This done, her next Care was to fetch Water, which she did in a Shell that lay on the Shore, and cast it in his Face several Times; but still to no Purpose, for he discovered no Signs of Life. Who can speak her Grief well high distracted! ‘Oh! cruel Fate, cried she, to bring  
‘to my View so much Perfection, and make  
‘my cruel Hand destroy in one fatal Mo-  
‘ment all my promised Joys! Ah! Hea-  
‘vens, Why did ye not suffer me to fall a  
‘Prey to the merciless Boar? This angelick  
‘Creature had then been safe.—What a  
‘sweet Companion have I lost; tho’ of a  
‘dif-

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‘different Sex! he might have proved in  
 ‘Conversation another *Marianna*.—Curse  
 ‘on my erring Hand which dealt the Blow!  
 ‘—cruel Arm, thou shalt not remain un-  
 ‘punished.—No, I will lop thee off, thou  
 ‘fatal Member, nor longer carry about me  
 ‘such a Monster of Barbarity!’—Thus fran-  
 tick with her Grief, she drew her Scy-  
 miter, and was really going to sever from  
 her Body, one of the most beautiful Arms  
 Nature ever formed; when a deep Sigh  
 from *Cleantes*, diverted her from this rash  
 Purpose; and she flew to him, rejoiced at  
 this happy Signal of returning Life.

WITH that hated Arm, just before the Vic-  
 tim of her Rage, she raised him from the  
 Ground, and had the Pleasure of perceiving  
 him breathe. The Colour which had for-  
 saken his Cheeks, now began to return; and  
 recovering Strength, he wakes from his  
 Swoon, opens his Eyes, and finds himself  
 in *Celemene*’s Arms.

WHAT were the Agitations of his Soul at  
 the Knowledge of so great, so unexpected  
 an Happiness; his Spirits weakened with  
 the Loss of so much Blood, could not sus-  
 tain this sudden Tide of Joy, and he was  
 very near relapsing into that State, from  
 which the tender Care of *Celemene* had just  
 re-

recovered him. Some Water was left in the Shell, she gave it him to drink, and from this he found great Benefit. *Celemene* spoke; she enquired after the State of his Health. Her Tone of Voice was sweet, it sounded like Musick to his Soul, but alas! He did not understand her. Vexed at this Discovery, he in his Turn addressed her, but with the same Disadvantage; and now they both had the Mortification to find, that the Language of each was entirely unknown to the other.

THE Eyes are ever, on such Occasions, ready to lend their Aid, and when the Tongue has been useless, their powerful Eloquence has delineated the Sentiments of the Heart. So it was on the present Occasion; the Eyes of each spoke Tenderness, those of *Cleanthes* Love.

Now Day began to withdraw her radiant Beams, and Night with her Sable Curtain prepared to overspread the Skies: The Songsters from the Sprays retired; and this gave Intimation to *Celemene*, that it would be prudent for her to follow their Example. She took *Cleanthes* by the Hand; he hesitated not to go the Way she led: This was to certain Rocks, at a small Distance, in one of which there was a convenient Cave.  
Here



Here she placed him, knowing it to be, from its Obscurity, a safe Retreat : Several Sorts of Fruit, which on the Island grew wild, she gave him for present Food ; and thus securely in all Respects provided for, she took her Leave of him, promising however by Signs, to visit him the next Day.

CLEANTHES was now left at full Liberty, to reflect upon the surprising Adventures which had befallen him ; but what to conclude from his present State he knew not. ‘ Oh Heavens ! cried he, where will this ‘ amazing Train of Accidents end ? To ‘ what Purpose am I thus, as it were by Miracle, preserved ? First, to escape the rapid ‘ Waves ; I only among a great Number ‘ saved : Next I am cast upon what I thought ‘ a desolate Island, without any visible Means ‘ of sustaining Life ; then all at once to be relieved from these perplexing Difficulties, ‘ and owe my Support to such an Angel of ‘ a Woman ! Grant, heavenly Powers, that ‘ this golden Dream vanish not ; for dreaming I must surely be : — Let me reflect. I ‘ went to sleep, after which I remember nothing, till I beheld that divine Form which ‘ now reigns triumphant in my Soul. Then by ‘ a furious Boar we were accosted, but he in an ‘ Instant was laid dead at her Feet, yet not till

' I received my Wound. Ah! Lovely fair one,  
 ' doubly hast thou wounded me: That of thy  
 ' Javelin Time will cure; but my Heart re-  
 ' ceives deeply impressed thy heavenly Image,  
 ' and to my latest Breath it will remain strong-  
 ' ly engraven. Awhile I was deprived of Rea-  
 ' son, but on its Return, to what a Tide of Joy  
 ' did I awake! encircled in thy Arms; Angel!  
 ' Goddess! Oh, what transport did I feel!  
 ' Happy Fortune! If this lovely Creature con-  
 ' tinue but her Kindness to me, shall I repine  
 ' or weep my Fate? No, I would not barter  
 ' such a Happiness for ought else this World  
 ' can give, or change my Situation to be a  
 ' mighty Monarch of the East.'

THUS did *Cleantes* employ his Thoughts:  
 Love seized all his Faculties; and his Pa-  
 rents once so dear, and even lost *Theodotus*,  
 each was now forgotten. *Celemene* now  
 reigned the Queen of his Affections, nor  
 left in his Bosom Room for other Cares.  
 His Passion kept his Eyes unclosed till near  
 Morning, when he once more felt the balmy  
 Comforts of refreshing Sleep.

IT seemed as if Fortune willed that he  
 should never wake, but to some new and  
 surprizing Event; for when he arose from  
 his mossy Bed, the first Thing which he  
 espied, was a small Book lying on the  
 Ground.

Ground. He instantly snatched it up,—but what Words are able to express his Astonishment, when, on opening, he found it to be a Collection of Poems, by him translated into *French* when a Boy, and in his own Hand-writing, sent as a Present to a Lady in *France*, who he knew had lost it some Time since, she could not tell how. In a blank Page that had been left at the beginning of the Book, in a fair Hand wrote in *French*, he read these Words.

‘ THE Gift of the virtuous *Marianna*, to  
 ‘ her truly affectionate *Celemene*—Ah! dear  
 ‘ departed Friend, if it be true that thy  
 ‘ Soul does still exist, cast back thy  
 ‘ Thoughts to Earth, strengthen the Mind  
 ‘ of *Celemene*. Pray thy *God* to work in  
 ‘ her Soul that noble Reformation which  
 ‘ thou hast begun. Yes, pious charming  
 ‘ *Marianna*, here in the Presence of that  
 ‘ *God*, on whom thou hast taught me to  
 ‘ rely, I swear, that if ever the Reins of  
 ‘ Government fall into my Hands, I will  
 ‘ abolish all those infamous Customs which  
 ‘ for so many Years my Country-Women  
 ‘ have so shamefully submitted to.—’

WRAP'D in Astonishment at these Words,  
 and the Sight of the Book, stood *Cleanthes*,  
 when *Celemene* entered the Cave. She im-  
 mediately spied the Book, which she eagerly  
 snatched



snatched out of his Hand, at the same Time pronouncing in the *French* Tongue,— *Good Heaven! if I had lost it!* Inexpressible Joy now seized *Cleantes*, at hearing his Charmer speak in a Language so well known to him: He accosts her in the same, and on so doing she shared his Satisfaction, and quickly answered him. This Book, says he, how came it, divine Creature, into your possession? it is of my Writing. Well I knew your *Marianna*—Her Fate and your History adorable Princess (such I conclude you are) both I much long to be informed of. Sit down, cried *Celemene*, and I will oblige you; The History of myself and Country I will give you, and something of *Marianna* comes in course. *Cleantes* was all Attention, and *Celemene* gave her Narration as follows.

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## CHAP. II.

*Celemene relates her own History, and that of her Country, and her fortunate Meeting and Friendship with Marianna.*

THE Country in which you now are is called *Armatia*, and inhabited by those warlike Females, called *Amazons*. They have been Possessors of these Dominions ever since their first Institution, though not without many Efforts having been made, by  
num-

numberless Powers ; who singly, and sometimes with united Force, have endeavoured to destroy and overturn their Government. Hitherto, all the Opposition of their Neighbours has been vain ; Success in every Respect has crowned the Female Arms, and defeated all the Attempts of their Invaders. To preserve the ancient Rights and Liberties of their Country, is all these Women aim at ; they will defend themselves, but never offend their Neighbours ; never making Depredations upon other Countries : And this Maxim has proved itself good by the Effects thereby produced. For as they never exert their Force but when attacked, they gain sufficient Strength in Time of Peace, to quell almost any Power that rashly invades their Territories.

My Mother, *Armathea*, is the present Sovereign of this warlike People ; I am her only Child, and with me the royal Race would be extinct. For this Reason the Senate, with a general Voice, has urged me to accompany them in the next Journey they make to *Port-Ambrio*, in order to give them an Heiress.—My Soul disdains the Thought, much more the Execution of such an horrid Custom. A Custom kept up in Opposition to that modest Decency, which is, and ought to

to be, the chiefest Ornament of Woman! Thus thinking, shall I act contrary? No, for, be the Consequence what it will, I never will attend them. Thanks to thee, my dear departed *Marianna*, for setting me right in this Particular, as well as many others. Thy Admonitions shall have their due Weight; and rather than comply with so vile a Practice, with me the royal Race of *Armatian* Queens shall die!

*CLEANTHES*, who had till now listened to her with the utmost Attention, could not, on hearing this her noble Resolution, forbear applauding her.—Thou most divine of Mortals, cry'd he, (in Ecstasy) adhere, to what thou hast said; it is a Resolution worthy of a Princess such as *Celemene*! Well hast thou profited by those Instructions given thee by *Marianna*: All that *Cleantes* can do to strengthen thee in the virtuous Principles planted in thy Mind by her, shall not be wanting.—But ah! my Princess! how wilt thou be able to withstand the Commands of thy Mother? To these and the Entreaties of thy People, must not thy spotless Virtue yield? These united Forces canst thou resist? Angelick fair one, might *Cleantes* hope, that he could be a Means of preserving thee, how would his Soul rejoice! how would he bless the Opportunity! but oh! vain is the Wish! how  
many



many Obstacles oppose it! he must be silent on that Head; proceed my charming Princess, and forgive this bold Interruption.

You call yourself *Cleanthes*, says *Celemene*, and I think you said before, that you were the Writer of this little Book. Oh! *Cleanthes*, you were dear to my *Marianna*! she has told me much about you.

HAPPY for me was her Landing on our Shore. Ah! what a Loss did I sustain when she was snatched away; ceaseless has been my Grief. But let me not indulge it now! other Matters claim my present Attention. I shall often have Occasion to mention her hereafter, therefore will proceed in my Story.

AT the Beginning of it I gave you some Account of the Rules observed in our Government. Nothing but tranquill Peace was known through all the Land from the Day of my Birth; nor did any very remarkable Incidents happen, till I was in my fifteenth Year. But then the Scene was changed.

ONE Night a terrible Alarm was given, that two of our strongest Forts were attacked,

ed, and from the Tops of our Towers we could discern a prodigious Number of Ships, endeavouring to land their Men. All our Ports were strongly defended with Castles, filled with experienced Warriors, and Plenty of Ammunition.

THE Enemy met with a sharper Resistance than they expected, and this frustrated their Design; which was, to have taken us unprepared, and landed their Men, and then over-run the Country, without giving us any previous Notice. This, if we had not been on our Guard, they would perhaps have effected. Though to prevent Surprizes of this kind, we always kept our Places of Defence well armed, and in good Order to make Resistance in Case of an Attack; and on the present Occasion we were more so than common, from a Suspicion of what we thought would happen.

My Mother and some of her trusty Companions, the Day preceding this Disaster, had been on the Top of one of our highest Castles, to take a View of the Ocean, and at a great Distance, thought they observed something that bore an uncommon Appearance. They instantly applied to Glasses, by which they discovered a Fleet of Ships; but the Distance they were at, and the wide Ex-  
tent

tent of the Ocean, hindered them from gaining any certain Information of the Course they steered. They continued to observe them with as much Exactness as possible: They advanced considerably nearer our Island; this after a while was very evident, and then seemed all on a sudden to stop; and all the Day afterwards made no Progress which we could discover.

My royal Mother feared an Invasion was intended us, and as there was so great a Probability of it, resolved to prepare accordingly. With the greatest Care she set about it. Indeed it is always right to guard against the least Appearance of Danger: She did so, and doubly armed all our Forts towards that Side of the Ocean, and soon thro' the Diligence of our Women, we were in a proper Posture of Defence.—Nor was this Precaution needless, for as soon as it was dark the Fleet came on.

THE Alarm, as I mentioned before, was soon given. The Ships endeavoured to land their Men, but our Women behaved with the utmost Courage and Intrepidity, thereby defeating in great Measure the Enemy's Scheme. However, spite of all our Resistance, dreadful was our Situation; for though they were hindered from Landing their Men, they were



were incessantly annoying us with Bombs, which they poured in upon us with great Fury, and pestered us with Balls from their Cannon, which destroyed many of those Women, who from the Tops of our Castle-Walls returned their Fire, by way of Retaliation, with certain Death from their unerring Bows. These did great Execution; and we had likewise learned the Use of Cannon, with which our Castles were well stored. We pointed as many of them as we could conveniently towards the Enemy; discharging large Balls, which greatly dismayed them, not expecting a Salute of that kind from us, nor thinking we had Cannon to annoy them, These Messengers of Death we had not been long provided with, but very happy for us on the present Occasion was it, that we were thus armed; without them it is to be feared we should have come a Prey to our barbarous Invaders, as our Balls and arrows would have been but a poor Defence; notwithstanding the resolute Resistance we made, and the Numbers we destroyed by Fire and Bows, the Enemy as resolutely continued their Siege, and made great Havock among our Women. But Providence interposed;—if it had not, I fear, we should at last have been overcome—I was the happy Means under Heaven of

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bring-

bringing about an Event which saved the Nation,

BEING too young to have any Command, my Mother endeavoured as much as possible to keep me out of Danger; yet all her Precaution could not hinder me from sometimes taking a View of the Enemy. I learned in which Ship the Commander was, and thought within myself, that if he could by any means be destroyed, such an Event would be greatly in our Favour. Many Projects I formed to do it, and at last Heaven surely directed me, for my Scheme answered.—I set about perfecting it in the following Manner; after having caused my Women to bring me a great Parcel of combustible Matter, I put them together and formed a large Ball. This I ordered to be put into an Engine, which we use, to throw huge Stones, and will carry them to any Point we desire, with great Certainty. I caused my Engineer, to direct it towards the Commander's Vessel, and just lighted one Part of the Ball, well knowing that the Air, as it flew, would set it in a proper Blaze, and that on falling, Resistance would make it burst.—Nor was I deceived, for though the Vessel I destined for Destruction, was at a great Distance from the Castle where I stood, my cruel Messenger of Death safely

safely boarded it, to the no small Terror of the Crew, who at the Distance they were from Land, doubtless had thought themselves secure from Danger or any Annoyance from us. The Ball did not give them Time to cast it over-board, for scarce had it fell, when the Ship appeared in a Blaze; this Conflagration spread to all Parts of it, and at last reached the Magazine of Powder, when in an Instant the Vessel was blown up into the Air.

IMAGINE, for Words cannot sufficiently express the general Terror and Consternation, which this shocking, unlook'd-for Event spread throughout the Fleet! Nothing but wild Disorder was for a long Time seen among them; nor was the real Damage it occasioned small. In order to attack us the more securely the Fleet had kept pretty close together, in consequence of which, they were now in great Danger of catching the Flame from their burning Commander.—Indeed, *Cleantes*, it was the most dreadful Sight which can be imagined; I cannot paint half the Horror it occasioned in my Soul! Compassion now rose in my Breast, and when I saw the shocking Effects my Project produced, believe me, I could not help lamenting the Destruction I had caused.



THE Commander's Ship burst into a thousand Pieces, while broken Parts all in Flames, and the distorted Body of Men, torn Piece-meal, were tossed high in the Air, and thrown promiscuously all over the Fleet.—Many of the Vessels caught Fire, from the Particles they received; and three of them, Spight of all Care, were burnt entirely.

To save themselves was now their only Care, being quite regardless of the Siege; and our Women, who as little as the Enemy expected such an Event, were likewise thrown into great Consternation. They ceased all Acts of Hostility; indeed it would have been the highest Act of Barbarity, to have fired upon Wretches, so greatly distressed before. We did not, partly I believe, through Compassion, and more through Fright; and this Cessation gave the Fleet some Time to labour for their Preservation.

THE *Amazons* were ever a generous Enemy; therefore it is not to be wondered at, that they shewed some Compassion to People in such a dreadful Situation. Thus spoke my Royal Mother: 'Cease, cease, my Country-Women; let us not by our Barbarity  
' heighten on a Distress so shocking as that  
' before

‘ before us : how the Disaster was caused I  
 ‘ wonder much ; surely *Bellona*, our great  
 ‘ Goddess, she must have interposed. I saw  
 ‘ not the Beginning of the Fire ; did any  
 ‘ here ?’ Yes, my Royal Lady, I did, re-  
 plied one of our Chiefs. From the Top of the  
 Castle, I perceived something large and  
 smoaking fly through the Air with incredible  
 Swiftnefs : it fell on the Commander’s Ship,  
 and this was the Occasion of the Event we  
 now behold.—Oh ! *Bellona* ! thrown from  
 thy Hand to save us from Destruction, cried  
 out our Women :—Ah ! great Sovereign,  
 shall we lose such an Advantage ? let us not be  
 idle.—‘ The Power of *Bellona* can effect what-  
 ‘ soever it listeth, replied *Armathea* ; let us  
 ‘ wait the Event : Once more I charge, let no  
 ‘ more Hostilities be offered from us till the  
 ‘ Fire cease, then in all Probability, the Ene-  
 ‘ my will quit the Siege, and great will be  
 ‘ their Loss without our adding to it.’

SCARCE had my Mother ended these  
 Words, when she saw one making towards  
 her with great Speed ; and being come near,  
 Oh ! my Sovereign, cried the Express, the  
 Princess *Celemene* !—What of her, replied my  
 Mother, hastily ? Not dead ! Heaven forbid !  
 No, my Royal Mistress ; her Hand has  
 wrought our Preservation, and the Destruction  
 in the Fleet which we behold.—She form-

ed, she threw the Ball, which caused the Fire. Now every Mouth was opened in my Praise.—This *Cleantes*, I shall pass over, and proceed with my Account of the Fleet.

So much were they dismayed, and so great the real Damage which they had sustained, that after they had totally extinguished the Fire, finding themselves so considerably weakened, they were forced to abandon their Design of gaining a compleat Victory over us. Yet they would not tamely depart; but as they could not conquer, they resolved to distress us as much as possible. This Sort of Treatment we expected from them; and therefore had prepared for it accordingly; for while the Fire raged through the Fleet, though we did not endeavour to annoy them, yet we had not been totally idle, but on the contrary, were employed in getting all Things ready, properly to sustain and return their Charge, if they thought fit to give us one. We charged all our Cannon, and placed a double Guard upon the Walls, armed with Bows and Javelins; nor was this Preparation useless, for soon the Enemy attacked us again with great Fury.

THE signal Service I had done, raised me very high in the Opinion of our warlike Dames.

I beg-



I begged for some Post of Command; and they all joined with me, in requesting my Mother to give me one. She consented, and I was made Commander in Chief of a Troop of young Volunteers, and with these set to guard the Palace.—A Post of no Danger, had I been content to have followed the Orders given me; yet from the Ramparts we could take a View of the Siege, ourselves secure. This my Mother judged, and it certainly was, the most proper Situation for such a young unexperienced Warrior as me. But I was not content; I wanted to acquire Fame by some gallant Action, prompted to this by my late Success.—Had I been content to have obeyed the Command given me, and not followed the Dictates of my own foolish Imagination, what a Train of Inconveniencies should I have prevented!—But, as I observed before, the Success my former Project had met with, so elivated me, that I thought all my Undertakings would be as propitious; in consequence of which I formed a most rash and foolish Scheme.

WITH much Entreaty I prevailed on my Fellow-Soldiers, to quit their Station, and being well provided with Bows and Javelins, to follow me to the Sea Side. We marched to a large Terras belonging to the Palace, whose sloping Banks of verdant Turf were

bounded by the Ocean, but defended on that Side next the Palace, by an high Wall of great Strength and Thickness. How rash in us to venture without its Bounds! But hurried on by my Glow of Spirits, I and my little Troop took this dangerous Stand, resolving to annoy the Enemy with Darts. Long, you may suppose, we did not keep our Ground: A large Vessel lay near the Shore, and immediately saluted us with a Broad-side, which greatly lessened our Company. In a short Time they sent out their Boat, landed a Number of Men, making me and several more Prisoners.

I SHOULD have mentioned, that on seeing the Men advance, we had retreated back to the Gate we had entered from, with a Design to have got again into the Palace; but to our great Surprise we found it shut! Quite shocked and confounded at this Disappointment, we were unable to make any Resistance, and soon became a Prey to the Enemy, who instantly hurried us on Board the Ship, and put us under close Confinement.

You will perhaps wonder, *Cleantes*, as much as we did at the Time, how the Gate we had so lately passed, came to be shut, when we endeavoured to make our Escape  
through

through it. Learn then the cause, as I did afterwards.—We had left a small Number of our Troop on the inside of the Wall, whom we could not prevail upon to accompany us in our dangerous Expedition. These on seeing the Boats land their Men were greatly alarmed; and as Self-preservation to a terrified Person is always the first and ruling Passion, regardless of the inevitable Ruin they should involve us in, they to make themselves secure, instantly fastened up the Gate, and by so doing deprived us of the Means of retreating, which otherwise we might have effected, and secured the Palace too, before the Men could have approached us if we had not been thus prevented.

THIS Captivity was certainly an immediate Stroke from Heaven, in order to punish me for my Rashness. As such I look upon it, and hope it will be a Means of making me act with more Care and Circumspection for the future.

THE Siege did not last long after my being made Prisoner; for the Enemy, having given a violent Charge, were contented, and prepared to quit the Coast; and at last they set sail, to the great Joy of our Nation: For little did they think I was carried off.



I met with very gentle Treatment from the Commander of the Vessel: Perhaps Love was a strong Advocate in my Favour; for, through all my Tears and Distress, he saw something in me which pleased him; yet the Majesty he beheld in my Deportment, as he was pleased to compliment, struck him with so much Awe, as awhile to hinder him from revealing his Passion. I understood something of his Language from a *Turkish* Slave of mine, who had been taken in a former War. This was some Advantage to me, as by it I was made a little easy in his Assurances of honourable Treatment. But alas! this Distance of Behaviour did not last long:—At length he broke through all Restraint, avowed his brutal Love; sued for instant Gratification, and all I could say or do could not move him to desist from his horrid Purpose! To speak my Terrors is impossible, and had not Providence exerted itself in my Behalf, I certainly should have fell a wretched Victim to his Lust.—But, before he came to use Force, a most dreadful Storm arose; and now he was obliged to quit me in order to use some Endeavours for the Preservation of the Ship. A long Time were we tossed to and fro.—I was almost bereft of Reason;—so many repeated Disasters were more than I had Strength to bear; nor did my Fright  
end

end here: For scarcely had the Storm subsided, when we found ourselves separated from the rest of the Fleet, (what became of them afterwards I never heard) and were attacked by an *Algerine* Corsair! We were rendered so weak, by the Storm and late Siege, as not to be able to make much Resistance; so in a short Time became a Prey to the Enemy. Myself and Women were soon put on Board the Corsair, and all the *Turks* under Hatches; but from such Treatment, I suppose, we were spared through Compassion to our Sex.

ON my first going on Board the *Algerina*, I was struck with the amiable Appearance of a Woman, who was likewise a Prisoner. She seemed to be about the Age of thirty:—a settled Melancholy was visible on her Countenance; yet notwithstanding this, I observed a Sweetness and Benignity in her Aspect which greatly charmed me. I placed myself near her, and she seemed equally taken with me: She spoke, but alas! I understood her not; and on speaking in my own, and the *Turkish* Language, I laboured under the same Disadvantage. Our Eyes were our Interpreters; and these declared a Sameness of Sentiment, which greatly endeared us to each other. We kept close together, and were

not

not hindered from so doing by our Commander, who seemed wholly to disregard us. I was not utterly displeased with my present Situation, as it freed me from the Importunities of a Man, whose Attempts upon me I so much had dreaded while in the other Vessel.

IN this State I remained not long; for Heaven once more exerted itself in my Favour. Another Storm arose; the Ship I was taken from was soon separated from us, and we drove on at a violent Rate before the Wind. Providence so ordered, that the Course was directly towards *Armatia*, and at length we reached certain Rocks, on which many Vessels before had split, and soon shared the same Fate. All the Crew except myself and the lovely Stranger, perished: But we were safely cast on Shore, and before we came to ourselves, were taken up by Women who happily strayed that Way, and carried to the Royal Palace I before had so imprudently quitted.

CHAP.



## C H A P. III.

*Celemene prepares Cleanthes for her Absence for some Time, and at her Return relates the disastrous Cause of her Grief.*

**T**HUS far the lovely Princess had proceeded in her Narration; but not all at one Time: For she did not ever dare to be long absent from the Palace, for fear of occasioning Suspicion. *Cleanthes* had been on the Island three Months when she got thus far: For often when she visited him, she could not resume her Narration; only enquire after his Health and leave him proper Provision. At the above Period she departed, promising however to give him her History, as it followed after, at all Opportunities. Whenever *Celemene* left *Cleanthes*, what a Weight of Care oppressed his Soul! almost sleepless were his Nights: But when she was with him, there was no Room in his Breast for Care to enter. All-powerful Love and sweet Delight possessed all his Faculties; he could for ever gaze on her lovely Face with Transport, and listen with extatic Pleasure when she spoke.

BUT when absent, how changed the Scene! then the Thoughts of his Situation would  
always

always recur, and drive him almost to Despair!

OH! Heavens, he would often cry! To what End am I preserved! adorable *Celestine*, canst thou ever be mine! What a Presumption, even the Thought of this! How great our Difference! how wide our Station! How much superior thou in every Excellence! Yet couldst thou, lovely Maid, forget thy royal Dignity, and sink so low as to distinguish me with Marks of tender Affection! Couldst thou in Time be brought, through Compassion of my Sufferings, to yield thy Will to make me blest! alas! such is my Situation, that wouldst thou grant, I could not receive the Blessing; here our Hands cannot be united, and even wouldst thou fly thy native Country, how can that be done, no Prospect of it offers, it is a Wish I must not form, I dare not cherish even Hope; for, ah! I fear, my cruel Fate forbids *Cleantes* ever should be happy!

In such like Thoughts and Exclamations, did he usually spend the greatest Part of his Nights, seldom tasting the Refreshment of Sleep till towards Morning; and then his Mind composed in some Measure by the balmy Sweets of Rest, impatiently waited  
for

for the Coming of his Princess, who never failed of seeing him once in a Day.

ONE Day, according to his Wishes, as she came, her Presence dissipating all his Care, he observed her loaden with an uncommon Store of Provisions. She gave him not Time to enquire the Cause, but first speaking, '*Cleanthes*, said she, alas! we must be parted; I am obliged to leave you for a Time. Necessity constrains me, but I will make my Absence as short as I possibly can.'

THESE Words were like a Clap of Thunder to the Soul of *Cleanthes*.—'Ah! whither goes my Princess, says he; why will she leave me, I live but by your Presence, divine *Celemene*, how shall I support myself while you are absent?'

'BELIEVE me, returned the Princess, it is much against my Inclination that I go, I know it will subject you to many Inconveniences. I have brought you a large Store of Provisions, and will get more before I depart; for *Cleanthes*, depart I must, this is the Occasion.

'WHEN I last left you and returned to the Palace, my Mother told me that I must  
'pre-



“ prepare for a little Journey, my Sister  
 “ *Cleitmestra* (said she) has sent to me, beg-  
 “ ing that you may be permitted to pay her  
 “ a Visit. She is in a very infirm State of  
 “ Health, and ever loved you, my *Celemene*:  
 “ Therefore, as I consent, you surely will  
 “ not deny paying your Duty to her: We  
 “ are now at Peace, and she begs you will  
 “ devote some Months of that happy Time  
 “ to her Pleasure. This request, *Cleantes*,  
 “ greatly grieved me; as I knew in my Ab-  
 “ sence you must be left destitute of all So-  
 “ ciety, nay even of Support, except what  
 “ you gather from the Trees. Happily at  
 “ this Season they are very plentifully stored.  
 “ What I have brought you will soon be ex-  
 “ hausted; and the short Time which re-  
 “ mains between this and my Departure will  
 “ not allow me to provide you in the ample  
 “ Manner I could wish.—I charge you, take  
 “ all the Care of yourself you possibly can  
 “ till my Return; which shall be as speedy as  
 “ my Power will admit of.”

“ Ah! my Princess, you talked of Months,  
 “ replied *Cleantes*; how distressful my Situa-  
 “ tion! can I support so tedious an Absence!  
 “ Every Time you leave me, though but for  
 “ a Day, how do I count the Hours till that  
 “ arrives, in which I hope to see you! But  
 “ for Months to lose you! Oh! Fate, what

‘ a cruel Blow hast thou now dealt me, how  
 ‘ shall I sustain so long a Separation! With  
 ‘ our Fate, and the Commands of our  
 ‘ Superiors, there is no contending, replied  
 ‘ *Celemene*. Once more I charge you take  
 ‘ care of yourself till I return. At present  
 ‘ I must leave you, but To-morrow if pos-  
 ‘ sible, I will see you again; on the next  
 ‘ Day after I shall depart.’—Saying these  
 Words she left him.

To express his Situation is impossible.  
 Instantly he wept, spending the remaining  
 Part of the Day and all the Night in the  
 extremest Anguish of Heart.

NEXT Morning his *Celemene* came, bring-  
 ing with her another large Cargoe of Pro-  
 visions. As she entered the Cave; ‘ Very  
 ‘ short must be my present Visit, to you,  
 ‘ *Cleantbes*, said she. Many Things neces-  
 ‘ sary to be adjusted before my Departure,  
 ‘ require my Attendance at the Palace.  
 ‘ Besides, what my Mother has said, makes  
 ‘ it requisite that I use much Caution in  
 ‘ seeing you. When I left you Yesterday,  
 ‘ on my Return, she reprimanded me for  
 ‘ staying out so long. Such frequent Ram-  
 ‘ bles as I made, were what she did not ap-  
 ‘ prove. Surely *Celemene*, says she, you must  
 ‘ have some secret Motive which you con-  
 ‘ ceal.

‘ceal. My royal Mother, replied I, you  
 ‘are no Stranger to the Affection I bore my  
 ‘*Marianna*: To contemplate still upon her  
 ‘is one of my greatest Pleasures; and this  
 ‘I can with most Ease and Freedom in-  
 ‘dulge, when I am taking my lonely  
 ‘Walks.

‘WITH this she seemed tolerably satisf-  
 ‘fied: But you see, *Cleantes*, some Cau-  
 ‘tion will be necessary to be observed; for  
 ‘if I should be watched, and your Retreat  
 ‘found out, inevitable Death to you will  
 ‘be the Consequence, all my Interest could  
 ‘not save you.’

MATCHLESS *Celemene*, interrupted *Cle-  
 antes*, does what you now say correspond  
 with an Observation you once before made,  
 that the *Amazons* were a compassionate, ge-  
 nerous People? Would those who, in an  
 avowed Invasion, could be melted by a  
 Scene of Distress, to forbear Hostilities, till  
 that Distress in some Measure ceased, forget  
 all the Rules of Hospitality, so far as to  
 destroy in cold Blood, and without any Pro-  
 vocation, a Man whose Fate had cast him on  
 their Shore? This Man too so highly fa-  
 voured by their Princess, as to make her  
 use all her Interest in his Behalf?

VERY



VERY just is this Objection from you, replied *Celemene* : it does indeed sound like a Contradiction, but in Reality is not so. It has been a Rule observed among the *Amazons* almost ever since their first Institution to put to Death all of your Sex whose evil Destiny brings them hither ; and some Reason may be given for this Behaviour to Individuals, so contrary to that they practise in War.

IF they were to suffer any Men to settle peaceably among them, their Form of Government would soon be overthrown. To destroy our System in this Manner was a Thing once attempted. A Parcel of Men pretended to land in great Distress, they sued for Pity, and the Story they told, gained so much Credit among the Women that they did not destroy but took Compassion upon them ; very well the Men behaved : But not long after a large Ship was wrecked, all the Men however saved themselves ; they pleaded their Distress like the former, and were alike received : There was in all about thirty of them, of one Nation, as they appeared to be by their so freely conversing with one another. These settled in so peaceable a Manner, a new Set came, but pretending only to touch upon our Coast for Provisions : They were provided and departed. But, oh ! *Cleantes,*

*antbes*, how dreadful had like to have been the Fate of the Nation. The Wretches settled in *Armatia*, were in Conjunction with the others, and between them it had been agreed, that on a fixed Time, those who left us were to return with a mighty Power, and the Men on the Island, when they came, were to rise in the Night, kill as many Women as should oppose them, and deliver up all the Forts to the Enemy.—But this horrid Scheme did not succeed.—One of the Men had fallen greatly in Love with a beautiful Girl, an Attendant upon the Queen. It grieved him to let the Darling of his Soul be massacred; and therefore he disclosed the Design to her in Confidence; withal telling her, that when the Form of Government was changed he should be promoted to the highest Post of Honour next to the King, and she then becoming his Bride should share it. He intreated her not to disclose what he told her, but make the Use of it he desired and fly from the Palace before the general Slaughter began.

THE Girl before this had conceived some Affection for the Man; but now all the *Amazon* rose in her Soul, and she detested him as much as she did his horrid Scheme. Yet to him she smothered her Anger, gave him many Caresses for his Kindness as she termed it,

it, and pretended to comply—he believed her—but no sooner did she quit his Presence than she flew to the Queen and disclosed the Treachery. Great Circumspection was now observed, and the Men treated with more Kindness than ever, all the remaining Part of the Day.—But at Night the Traitors going to rest, in order to gain Spirits to carry them through their inhuman Purpose on the next, when they were to assist their expected Comrades :—This Night they breathed their last, the Women rose and killed them sleeping in their Beds. Now a whole Day remained before the Coming of the other Sett, and this Space of Time was employed in proper Preparations to receive them. At the appointed Time they came, in a great Number; but the Reception they met with being so very different, from what they had expected, they soon quitted their Siege, supposing, as our Women conjectured from their so doing, that their Abettors, were laid in Silence before their Arrival, none of them appearing.

Thus ended this Affair; but after it a strict Law was enforced, that for the future all Men who were cast on the Shore should be put to instant Death.—And for this, *Cleantes*, can the *Amazons* be blamed? It is more thro' Policy, nay, Self-preservation, than



than innate Barbarity, that the Law is still kept up ; the *Amazonian* System could not be preserved secure without it.

BUT the System is what I do not approve : I am resolved to alter it when I have the Power vested in me so to do. It is a System, which cannot be supported but in direct Opposition to Virtue and Decency. I will give my Subjects a King, and model my Government after the Rules left me by my *Marianna*.

DUTY and implicit Obedience to the Will of their Sovereign, is what the *Amazons* have ever been very remarkable for : And from this innate Disposition in them, I build great Hopes of Success when I have Power, and my absolute Commands shall be known.

BUT, how I waste my Time ! ‘ Ah ! *Cleantes*, I must leave you, and for how long is quite uncertain. When the Stores of Provision I have brought you are exhausted, you may safely venture to a little Distance from your Cave to gather Fruits ; on these you must subsist till my Return.—Once more I charge you be careful of your Life : Depend upon it I will make my Visit as short as I possibly can.’—And now she left him.—

WORDS

WORDS cannot paint his Distress on this Occasion! she who was his only Comfort, was gone; gone for a Length of Time, and and her Return uncertain. How tedious was the Prospect; no Sort of Amusement in his Power to alleviate his Grief, or make the Time pass off agreeably. Confined to a Cave, with no Companions but his Sorrows, he must remain for many Months perhaps: This Thought distracts him, and he is well-nigh overpowered by Despair. Can it be wondered at in such a Situation?

THUS he breathed (for scarcely can it be stiled Living) the Space of two Months, and in all that Time heard not the least Tidings of his adorable Princess; yet he had till now waited with some Patience, as he could not reasonably expect her Return before:—But when a third Month had near elapsed, he began to be in great Perplexity, and almost feared he never should see her more! Yet to think her false, was a Conjecture he could not bear to form.

‘AH! Fate, cried he, how many Ways  
 ‘am I tormented and distressed! divinest of  
 ‘Mortals! most incomparable *Celemene*, why,  
 ‘why dost thou so long absent thyself from  
 ‘him, whose whole Existence depends upon  
 ‘thy

' thy Presence? Return, return, my lovely  
 ' Princess, lest Despair and Sorrow so seize  
 ' my Breast, as not to be erased even by thy  
 ' Tenderness. Yet, why alas! do I com-  
 ' plain, and urge what I am certain is not  
 ' in thy Power to perform.—Thy pure un-  
 ' spotted Soul disdains all Treachery:—Thy  
 ' steady Mind is quite incapable of Change:  
 ' —Thy Promise of a speedy Return thou  
 ' wouldst before this have completed, if thy  
 ' own Will could have been followed, and  
 ' no Obstacle had intervened. And can I  
 ' wonder that a tender Aunt is desirous of  
 ' keeping with her a Niece so amiable? Ah!  
 ' Great *Clitemnestra*, when will you be able to  
 ' part with my *Celemene*? Who that had this  
 ' Power of enjoying her enlivening Presence,  
 ' would give up so great a Pleasure?'

SOMETIMES more afflicting Thoughts  
 than even these would arise and torment his  
 Soul. He would imagine that some dread-  
 ful Disaster had befallen his Princess, and  
 prevented her Return. These Conjectures  
 whenever formed, drove him almost to  
 Distraction; scarce could he support even  
 in Thought the least Surmise of any Ill be-  
 falling her. He amused himself with  
 many Conjectures concerning her Absence;  
 but could form none with any Certainty,  
 and was forced to rely on Time for the Ex-  
 pla-



planation of what was to him at present so perplexing. Full three Months had *Celemene* now been absent; daily the Despair of *Cleantes* increased: but at last, when he had almost given up the Hope of ever seeing her again, she came. Heaven heard his earnest Supplications, and once more returned to his longing View the Object of his Wishes.

THE Sight of her dissipated all his Care; once more he feels a joyful Impulse rise in his so lately despairing Breast, and her Presence now amply repays him for all the Pangs caused by her Absence and Departure.

As she entered the Cave, '*Cleantes*, said she, with the utmost Sweetness both of Look and Accent, can you forgive this long Elopement? How have you employed your Time, or how indeed have you subsisted all this while?—Believe me, I returned the first Moment it was in my Power: How often did this Cave employ my Meditations! But this very Morning I arrived, and I could not go to Rest till I had visited my Charge. How I rejoice to find you alive and well!—

'DIVINE Creature! (Cried *Cleantes*, in Ecstasy,) how does this Goodness repay me for all my late Sufferings! Here on my  
D Knees,

‘Knees, let me vow eternal Obedience to  
 ‘my adorable Protectress! How shall I be  
 ‘able to make an adequate Return for all  
 ‘the Favours which she confers on me! By  
 ‘devoting my future Life to her Service?  
 ‘That Life is hers already; for but by her  
 ‘Assistance I long had ceased to breathe.’—

THE Princess held out her lovely Hand,  
 and raised him from the Ground; he bows  
 his Head upon it, and imprints a tender  
 Kiss. She gently withdrew her Hand, at  
 the same Time saying, ‘Ah! *Cleantes*, you  
 ‘merit all I can do for you; the Pleasure  
 ‘which I receive in your Conversation is a  
 ‘sufficient Recompence.’—

THIS unexpected Kindness so transported  
 him, that forgetting Distance, and laying  
 aside Restraint, he would have embraced the  
 Charmer of his Soul.—But she repulsed  
 him, her lovely Face all over in a Glow,  
 yet not a Glow of Anger. She chid him  
 for his Transport, ‘What means, *Cleantes*,  
 ‘said she, this unlooked-for Liberty? such  
 ‘as I cannot, must not allow: Though I  
 ‘treat you with much Freedom, some Ten-  
 ‘derness, and am desirous of preserving your  
 ‘Life, yet I must not entirely descend from  
 ‘my Dignity. But, continued she, the  
 ‘present Offence I will forgive: Take care

you

‘ you never more repeat it, for if you do,  
 ‘ you will gain my high Displeasure. *Marianna*  
 ‘ *rianna* has often told me, your Sex must  
 ‘ be treated with Distance, and some Re-  
 ‘ serve, in order to keep them respectful:  
 ‘ for, if granted a few innocent Freedoms,  
 ‘ they are of so encroaching a Nature, they  
 ‘ know not where to stop. I should be  
 ‘ greatly concerned, *Cleantes*, to have the  
 ‘ present good Opinion, I have conceived  
 ‘ of you in any Degree lessened; therefore  
 ‘ will take Care both of myself and you  
 ‘ that it may not. While your Behaviour  
 ‘ is circumspect, I may safely visit and con-  
 ‘ verse with you: But if, presuming on my  
 ‘ Favours, you take any Liberties, unbe-  
 ‘ coming me to grant, I must see you no  
 ‘ oftener than is absolutely necessary for the  
 ‘ Preservation of your Life, and deprive  
 ‘ myself of the Pleasure, I will own to you,  
 ‘ I take in your Conversation.

*CLEANTES* listened to this Dis-  
 course with the utmost Reverence and Atten-  
 tion. In his own Mind he approved her  
 Sentiments; Indeed it was ever his Opinion  
 that she could not err.

HE was going to acknowledge his Assent  
 to her Restrictions, when she prevented  
 him, by saying: ‘ I have now stayed with



“you the utmost Limits of my Time; for  
 “the present, adieu, till another Opportu-  
 “nity.” She now departed, leaving him in  
 a Condition, usual on such Occasions, more  
 dead than alive.

No sooner was she gone, than he began  
 carefully to recollect all she had said to him,  
 and what to conclude from it he was not  
 certain, or whether he had most Cause for  
 Hope or Fear. The latter seemed rather  
 predominant; for so great a Disparity in  
 Rank, as there was between them, made  
 him not dare to encourage Hope, of her  
 ever consenting to make him blest, even  
 though a proper Opportunity should offer.

“No, cried he, such is her Prudence, that  
 “if I am not deceived in thinking the lovely  
 “Maid in some degree returns my Passion;  
 “she will conquer it, at least so far as not  
 “to debase herself, or grant me more than  
 “Friendship may demand. Ah! *Celemene!*  
 “where wilt thou go to find that King which  
 “thou propos’st to give thy People! and  
 “how distressful will be my Situation when  
 “thou hast made thy Choice!—Unless you  
 “single your *Cleantes* out, of all his  
 “Sex, to be superlatively blest. Presump-  
 “tuous Thought! what Grounds have I to  
 “cherish thee? Of royal Race the Man must  
 “be,

' be, she condescends to wed.—Not one of  
 ' low Degree like me : I must not dare to  
 ' hope the Blessing. But, dearest Princess,  
 ' you deceive yourself, I fear, in thinking  
 ' that the *Amazons* will be prevailed upon  
 ' to abolish ancient Customs, and adhere to  
 ' those new Laws which you purpose to give  
 ' them. Is not thy Scheme impracticable?  
 ' Surely it is: if so, how wilt thou preserve  
 ' thy spotless Virtue from Violation? only  
 ' by flying with thy adoring *Cleantes*, to  
 ' his happy Shore, where thou mayest live a  
 ' Life of Piety, and reign the Mistress of  
 ' his Soul.

' BUT ah! if thou wouldest fly, what  
 ' Means has he to accomplish it? What  
 ' Vessels, but unhappy Wretches, ever touch  
 ' upon a Coast where certain Death attends  
 ' them? Yet, tell me, Heaven, what Means  
 ' that Dawn of Hope, which sometimes  
 ' rises in my Breast, dispelling for a Mo-  
 ' ment, my Despair, and tells me that  
 ' e'er I die I shall once more be safe in *Eng-  
 ' land*, and to compleat the Happiness, be  
 ' blest with *Celemene*! Let me rely on Pro-  
 ' vidence, whose Ways are quite unsearcha-  
 ' ble! how surprizing are Events some-  
 ' times brought about! and when to all  
 ' Appearance we are sunk in Misery, how  
 ' does the Hand of Heaven exert its blessed

‘Influence, and change our Situation to a  
 ‘greater Degree of Happiness than we had  
 ‘dared even to hope for.

‘HERE then I will rest my Hope.—This  
 ‘is the only able Means of extricating me  
 ‘from Difficulties: For very truly does the  
 ‘Poet express himself on a like Occasion.’

*If you on Providence for Bliss depend,  
 In proper Time you’ll gain the wish’d-for End!  
 But if the Power of Heaven you e’er defy,  
 Or vainly on your own weak Strength rely;  
 Can you expect a Blessing from that State  
 You did not even deign to supplicate?*

‘THEN to thy Will, oh! Heaven, let me  
 ‘resign myself and not despond. That se-  
 ‘cret Dawn of Hope which rises in my  
 ‘Breast I will cherish at thy Dictates; and  
 ‘if in thine own good Time thou wilt grant  
 ‘the Boon I sue for, contentedly I ought  
 ‘to wait till thou seest fit I should know  
 ‘happier Days. With Pleasure then I may  
 ‘look back upon my Distress; a Distress  
 ‘perhaps wholly designed for my Benefit  
 ‘and Instruction, as those seldom know how  
 ‘sufficiently to value Blessings, who have  
 ‘not felt Adversity. If I had remained  
 ‘happily with my dear Parents, (Ah! De-  
 ‘metrius and Cleone, what Pangs I fear you  
 ‘feel



‘feel at this Instant for your Son!) I had  
 ‘not then perhaps, been thankful enough  
 ‘for my peaceful Lot. But now, could  
 ‘I possess,—how shall I esteem it, being  
 ‘taught its Worth, by a long Train of tu-  
 ‘multuous Evils.’

HIS Mind thus calmed, he fell asleep,  
 and awaked in the Morning with an un-  
 usual Composure: But long it did not last,  
 for when the Hour he expected to see his  
 Princess passed, without giving him that Satis-  
 faction, he relapsed into his former State of  
 Grief; and what an Addition did it receive,  
 when the Day passed, and she never came.—  
 Sleepless was this Night, how changed his  
 State of Mind from what it had been the  
 preceeding! Various Conjectures he formed  
 for her Absence, and earnestly longed for  
 the Return of Day, when he hoped to see  
 her. Alas! vain were his Hopes, this Day  
 as the former expired, and no *Celemene*  
 blessed his longing View.

‘How unaccountable this Absence, cried  
 ‘he; Ah! my Princess, has the small Free-  
 ‘dom I attempted to take so mortally of-  
 ‘fended you, that you resolve to abandon  
 ‘me forever! Kindly you parted from me.  
 ‘You told me too, my Fault was forgiven; if  
 ‘so, divine Creature, what means this Ab-

‘sence so unaccountable.—Surely, no Accident deprives me.—Distracting Thought!—  
 ‘Heaven grant thou mayest be safe, then  
 ‘truly miserable *Cleantes* cannot be: for  
 ‘could he know that thou wert happy, that  
 ‘Satisfaction would keep me from Despair.  
 ‘But this Uncertainty, oh! how shall I  
 ‘support it! Return my Princess, instantly  
 ‘return, or I shall fall a Victim to Despair;  
 ‘I feel her Hand ready to grasp my  
 ‘Heart.’

IN these Lamentations he spent a Week; for in all that Time he saw not his adorable Princess: And now he begins to think he never shall see her more. The Thought distracts him; he weeps and raves by Turns: Dejection seizes all his Faculties; his Provision was spent, and he resolves to seek no more, determined to die, unless her Return prevents him!—

IN happy Time she came, and found her *Cleantes* supinely stretched upon the Ground. At her Approach he started.—‘Art thou at length returned, my lovely Princess, he exclaimed in Ecstasy? Do I once more behold thee?—Sorrow be gone, and let me not upbraid thee for an Absence, which however dreadful while it lasted, is now by thy enlivening Presence so amply  
 ‘over-

' over-paid. But ah! my *Celemene*, what  
 ' means that gloomy Aspect! Why fall  
 ' those Tears? Shall I not share thy Grief?—  
 ' Oh! give it all to thy *Cleantes*; let  
 ' nought but Joy and sweet Content ap-  
 ' proach that lovely Breast. I would gladly  
 ' bear thy every Sorrow; why is my Prin-  
 ' cess silent, or is her Grief too great to be  
 ' expressed! speak, speak if possible, thou  
 ' lovely Mourner! Distract me not with  
 ' Fears beyond my Strength to bear.

' AH! *Cleantes*! returned the weeping  
 ' Fair-one, all Happiness is fled from *Cele-*  
 ' *mene*, and to those transient Days of Inno-  
 ' cence and sweet Content, which heretofore  
 ' I have tasted, eternal Misery will now suc-  
 ' ceed. Know then,—but I can hardly tell  
 ' thee, my Spirits are so dejected; how  
 ' shall I speak the Cause of my Concern,  
 ' —and wherefore should I tell thee? Why  
 ' should I rend thy Soul, by a Recital of a  
 ' Train of Woes thou canst not cure? No,  
 ' let the fatal Cause remain ever with me;  
 ' thy generous Breast, *Cleantes*, shall not be  
 ' pained."

' CRUEL *Celemene*, he replied, by this Re-  
 ' serve I am pained beyond Expression. You  
 ' say, I cannot cure your Woe; yet still, my  
 ' Princess, I may mitigate your Grief.—Un-  
 ' fold



‘fold the Cause, and I will pour the healing Balm of Friendship on the Wound:—Besides, by giving me a Part, your Burthen will be lightened; delay not then, but instantly reveal the Cause.’

‘SINCE you thus urge me, cried *Celemene*, I will explain my Sorrow.—On my leaving you eight Days ago, I went directly to the Palace, and sought as usual for my Mother in her Apartment: which entering, she gave me a Paper; it imported that a dear Friend of mine was at the Point to die, and begged to see me next Morning: I went, and long had not been with her e’er she died.—At Night, I went back loaden with Grief: but how was it augmented, when entering my Mother’s Apartment, instead of those Caresses, which she used to bestow upon me, after an Absence from her, however short; she darted a Look at my Entrance, which made me tremble.

‘If her Looks affrighted me, how much more did her Words, and the Sight of a Paper left me by *Marianna*, which contained Rules for altering the *Amazonian* Government. This Paper my Mother held in her Hand, while she thus addressed me.’

‘DEPART my Presence, vile Wretch, unworthy of thy Parent or thy Country, Oh! that

' that the base Perverter of thy Reason were  
 ' but living, what Death so horrid as she  
 ' should not suffer? Thou to reform a Nation!  
 ' thou to abolish Customs, which thy An-  
 ' cestors have yielded to from the Beginning  
 ' of their Institution! Whence came you by  
 ' such mighty Wisdom, and such Notions?  
 ' —From a mean, a low-born Wretch, who  
 ' owed her Life, and whole Support entirely  
 ' to our Bounty, and she repays us with the  
 ' Perversion of our Daughter's Principles.  
 ' But, *Celemene*, disclaim thy Purpose, or I will  
 ' disclaim thee as my Child. After my Death,  
 ' I know I cannot hinder thee from reigning;  
 ' thou art the only Heiress to the Crown; my  
 ' Sister *Clitemnestra* has no Children. Yet be-  
 ' extinct our Royal Race, and let the Diadem  
 ' descend on whom it will rather than thee,  
 ' if thou wilt overturn our ancient Govern-  
 ' ment, by instituting thy foolish Alterations.  
 ' Therefore, *Celemene*, listen to this Decree  
 ' which now I utter: Before, in general As-  
 ' sembly I have made it; so now it cannot  
 ' be revoked.—This I resolve,—that thou,  
 ' before all our Senate, in the most solemn  
 ' Manner, declare, that when the Power is  
 ' invested in thee, and I am gone, thou never  
 ' wilt infringe upon the Liberty of thy Peo-  
 ' ple. The Oath of a Queen is sacred, so  
 ' is thine: once such a Declaration made,  
 ' thou canst not retract.—I have promised,  
 ' that

' that when our Women next take their Jour-  
 ' ney to *Port Ambria*, thou shalt accompany  
 ' them: spite of thy romantic Virtue, there  
 ' thou shalt lose it, for on Refusal thou shalt  
 ' die. As every Sovereign ought, far I pre-  
 ' fer the Good and Welfare of my Country,  
 ' beyond my private Happiness.—Yet Hea-  
 ' ven, and thou *Bellona*, be my Witness, that  
 ' notwithstanding thy Unworthiness, the  
 ' Pangs, oh! *Celemene*, that thy Death costs  
 ' me even in Thought are mighty. But  
 ' if my Kingdom's Cause requires it I must  
 ' submit.—Shall I preserve a base degenerate  
 ' Child, who labours at the Destruction of  
 ' her Country? Glory forbid! Avaunt the  
 ' foolish Fondness of a Mother, let me be no-  
 ' bly cruel, and to my Kingdom's Welfare,  
 ' let me be just. Now, *Celemene*, leave me,  
 ' and ponder well what I have said to thee;  
 ' comply with my Desires, and when we  
 ' meet again, I will embrace thee as my Child;  
 ' which here I swear, never more to do till  
 ' you consent to the Proposals I have been  
 ' making.'

SAYING these Words, she retired to her  
 Closet, leaving me in a Situation not to be  
 expressed.—Quite overcome, by my Sur-  
 prize and Grief, I fainted, and how long I  
 remained in that Condition I know not; for  
 on recovering the Use of Reason, I found  
 my-



myself in my own Apartment, in Bed and attended by my Women. I missed my Favourite *Alithea*, and strait enquired the Reason of her Absence; at which Question Tears flowed from the Eyes of all around me. Again I asked, and what was my Anguish of Soul, when I gained Information, that she was on the Point of expiring, in the extremest Torture occasioned by the Rack, from which she had not long been taken, but had suffered so much that her Death was inevitable. The Reason of her receiving such Treatment was this.—The Paper left me by my *Marianna*, I had by some unlucky Chance dropped in my Chamber, and my Mother going thither directly on my quitting it, saw the Paper and took it up. Being written in the *French* Tongue, which she did not understand, yet nevertheless, had a great Desire to be informed of its Contents, she sent for *Alithea*, who she knew, could both read and speak that Language; I having for the Convenience of conversing, made her learn it from *Marianna*. From *Alithea*, no Secret of my Soul, except your being here, *Cleantes*, was hid. She was well acquainted with the Contents of the unhappy Paper, so fatal to my present Peace; and as much as me approved of what it dictated.—

WHEN

WHEN she approached the Queen, seeing the Paper in her Hand, she stood aghast, but this my Mother scarce observing, thus addressed her.

‘THIS Paper, *Alithea*, I found in the Princess’s Apartment; and though I suppose of no great Consequence, yet I have some Desire to be acquainted with its Contents. This Information you can give me, I know you read the Language: Come, *Alithea*, instantly explain it’.

INSTEAD of obeying this Command, the affrighted Maid stood before the Queen a lifeless Statue: Struck with Confusion and Surprize, she had no Power to move or speak.

‘GOOD Heaven! exclaimed my Mother, what means this strange Disorder? Why dost thou not obey me? What can this cursed Paper possibly contain, that thou so much shouldst fear my knowing? Oh! *Alithea*, how thou hast raised my Curiosity! read it I charge thee, instantly read it, let me not burst in Ignorance!—Nay, do not kneel and weep; no Prayers or Tears can make me break my Purpose. Thou art acquainted with the Contents of the Paper,  
‘I see

‘I see by thy Confusion ; unfold them this  
‘ Instant, or the Rack shall force thee.’

‘ I will sooner die than give you Informa-  
‘ tion, said *Alithea* : Ah ! dearest Princess !  
‘ lovely *Celemene* ; shall I give up thy Con-  
‘ fidence, shall I expose thee to the Fury of  
‘ thy angry Mother ? No ! Let the horrid  
‘ Rack first tear me Piece-meal, and in my  
‘ latest Moments let me have this Consola-  
‘ tion, that to the End I kept my Trust in-  
‘ violate.’

‘ AND art thou really bent on Death , re-  
‘ plied the Queen ? Why *Alithea*, dost thou  
‘ tempt my Fury ? Consider well before it  
‘ is too late ; comply with my Demand strict-  
‘ ly, and escape the Torture.

‘ STILL art thou dumb ? Dost thou, vile  
‘ Wretch, pretend to trifle with my Rage ?  
‘ Go some of you,—(speaking to her Atten-  
‘ dants) Bid them bring the Rack this In-  
‘ stant, perhaps the Sight of that will urge  
‘ her to Confession, and save her worthless  
‘ Life ; a Life I scorn to take, unless Ne-  
‘ cessity requires it. —

THE Rack was brought, but *Alithea* still  
remained silent, and all the Commands of  
the Queen, and Entreaties of the Women  
present,



present, among whom she was greatly beloved, were of no effect: She chose rather to suffer the threatened Tortures, than betray her Trust.

THIS made the Queen quite frantic: She had no longer Patience, but giving the fatal Word, the wretched Maid was bound upon the cruel Instrument of Death, and with a surprizing Magnanimity sustained its Tortures; for they endeavoured, not so much to kill her, as to give her Pain. But at last her noble Spirit sunk, and on the repeated Promises of instant Release, if she complied with the Conditions, she did comply, and gave the Queen the Information she desired.

WHAT Words can paint my Mother's Rage on this Occasion! She vented Imprecations on my Head, and cursed the Memory of *Marianna*.—Once more she made the wretched *Alithea* repeat the Interpretation of the Paper, making a Scribe take down what she said. With this the furious Queen flew to the Senate, then sitting in general Assembly; to them she told what she had just found out, and made the harsh Decree, against her hapless Daughter. *Alithea* was put to Bed, but without any Hopes of Life; and these Transactions were just over when I returned from closing the Eyes

of my departed Friend. What I have before related passed between me and my Mother; and after my Recovery, the above Relation of my *Alithea* having been made me by one of my Women, who was present at the shocking Spectacle, I essayed to rise, declaring that I would see the dear Sufferer before she expired. This I was prevented doing; for my Women told me, the Queen had given absolute Orders to the contrary.

‘OH! *Cleantes*, guess at my Situation;  
 ‘for Words cannot express the Agonies in  
 ‘which I spent the Night.—But here I must  
 ‘break off, my limited Time of being absent  
 ‘from the Palace is now expired. Adieu,  
 ‘my worthy Friend, and if my Visits for  
 ‘the future are less frequent than formerly,  
 ‘do not impute it to my Want of Will, but  
 ‘Want of Power. Perhaps a close Confinement  
 ‘will be my Lot; if so *Cleantes*, and  
 ‘I should never see thee more,—that God  
 ‘on whom we both rely preserve thee; this  
 ‘now is *Celemene*’s Wish; and then shall be  
 ‘her Prayer. Once more, adieu; the first  
 ‘Moment I can call my own I will see you  
 ‘again.’

NEVER did *Cleantes* wish for her Return so much as now; with the utmost Impatience he longed to be informed of the suc-

succeeding Events which befel his adored Princess. Soon he gained it not; for a whole Week passed without his seeing her, and he began to fear she really was confined.—But at length she came, and, if possible, her Countenance shewed more Dejection than before.

As she entered the Cave, ‘Dear *Celemene*, with Eagerness cried he, is more Cause of Affliction given? Never, never will it cease, replied the Princess! But let me waste no Time; I willingly to thee would unbosom all my Grief; and thus I take the dreadful Story up where I last quitted it.’

AFTER being denied the sight of *Alithea*, I gave myself up to a most violent Grief, which so weakened me, that when I attempted to rise in the Morning I found myself unable to do it; and now to add to my Distress I was informed, that my Friend had just expired in the extremest Agony both of Body and Mind, calling on my Name to the very last, and upbraiding herself for the Miseries she had involved me in.

In the Evening my Mother came to see me; her Countenance was more composed than



than when we parted; she sat down upon the Bed, and looking upon me a-while, at last burst into a Flood of Tears, fetching a Sigh, which seemed to rend her Soul. Ah! how was I affected! I took her Hand and bathed it with my Tears, I could not speak, Grief choaked the Passage of my Words.

FIRST the Queen broke Silence in these Words,—‘ Ah Fate, why am I thus afflicted! could no other Object be found to merit my Displeasure, but my only Child? A Child, that till this fatal Instant I loved beyond myself. Whom did I think till now more worthy than my *Celemene*? with what Delight I used to reckon over her Virtues, and meditate her grown Sense and Beauty.—Must my Delight be changed into a Curse? Ah! No, though for a-while she went astray, perverted by ill Council, her Duty and Affection to me will now induce her to resume the Path she had quitted, and become once more that *Celemene* whom I so much have doated on. Speak, speak, my Child, confirm what I have said, and make thy now afflicted Mother blest!’—

‘ ALL in my Power, consistent with my Virtue, to oblige my royal Mother, I will do, said I. But dearest Madam, let me

' me intreat you, urge no more one of those  
 ' Proposals you made me Yesterday: For  
 ' to *Ambria* never will I go.—Ah! do not  
 ' frown, vouchsafe to hear me.—I am ready  
 ' at any time to swear before a general As-  
 ' sembly never to infringe upon their Li-  
 ' berty, and at the same Time to give up  
 ' all Pretensions to the Crown.—Yes, Ma-  
 ' dam, after your Death, which Heaven  
 ' long avert! let the *Armatian* Sceptre be  
 ' given into the Hand of any one our Se-  
 ' nators think worthy and capable of pro-  
 ' perly discharging so great a Trust.—For  
 ' me, with no Companion but my Virtue,  
 ' I will retire to some peaceful Shade; and  
 ' there to end my Days in Innocence, is all  
 ' the Boon I beg.—Grant it, dear Madam,  
 ' grant it, refuse not a Request so reasona-  
 ' ble.'

' So reasonable! *Celemene*, I never heard  
 ' one so romantic: It is like the boasted  
 ' Virtue which thou wouldst preserve; a  
 ' mere Phantom of the Brain, a Start of  
 ' Fancy! foolish Girl! can you imagine that  
 ' I, or that our Senate, could be brought  
 ' to acquiesce with such a Proposition?—We  
 ' will not acquiesce. But to *Ambria* thou  
 ' shalt go, or die on your Refusal. Oh!  
 ' cursed Hour that *Marianna* landed here.  
 ' But for her hellish Counsel that Train of  
 ' Woe

‘ Woe that now oppresses me I never should  
 ‘ have known.

‘ You, *Celemene*, know my Will, pre-  
 ‘ pare to think of executing of it For by  
 ‘ the Thunder-bolt of *Jove* I swear, never  
 ‘ to quit my Purpose. Consent to give an  
 ‘ Heiress to *Armatia*, or else thou diest. Oh!  
 ‘ take the first Condition, *Celemene*; do not  
 ‘ destroy by obstinate Resistance a Life to  
 ‘ me so dear. For still thou art my Child,  
 ‘ and spite of my Endeavour to the con-  
 ‘ trary, at Times the Mother rises in my  
 ‘ Soul.—Yet to what End, but to torment  
 ‘ me; softened I must not be: For in the  
 ‘ first wild Transports of my Rage I made a  
 ‘ Vow, a Vow in open Senate, I cannot now  
 ‘ revoke it.—Should I incline, they will not  
 ‘ let me recede from what I have sworn.  
 ‘ How am I distressed! Ah! *Celemene*, thou,  
 ‘ and only thou canst extricate me from this  
 ‘ Trouble, do not, my Child, deny to help  
 ‘ me. I charge you, I intreat you to com-  
 ‘ ply.

SAYING this she left me. I pitied, but  
 could not yield Relief, without the yielding  
 of my Virtue; a Sacrifice too great to make,  
 even to the Happiness or the Commands of  
 a Mother: These surely ought not to be



complied with, when they clash with my Duty to an higher Power.

TILL my going Abroad, and during the Time from my last seeing you till now, we have had frequent Conversations, much like what I just now related; as yet there is no Point gained on either Side, and how the Debate will end, Heaven only knows.—I fear, my Death will be the Consequence of my Refusal; but yet I will refuse. Oh! what a dreadful Situation! Just Heaven! and is there no Redress? Ah! *Cleantes*, I have laid my wretched Case before you; you hoped to *mitigate my Grief*; can it be possible? How wilt thou advise me? How can I save my Life, yet shun the threatened Storm?

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#### C H A P. IV.

*Cleantes's Scheme for Celemene's Deliverance is through much Persuasion approved.*

‘ A H! *Celemene*, if I might advise thee,  
 ‘ I could point out a Way, replied *Cle-*  
 ‘ *antes*: But that I fear, the Means which  
 ‘ I should offer, would mortally offend thee;  
 ‘ and thy Displeasure is, of every Curse, what  
 ‘ I most dread. Then let me stifle my pre-  
 ‘ sumptuous Wishes, nor utter any Thing  
 ‘ which

‘ which can provoke thine Anger. Let me  
 ‘ continue still my silent Adoration, lest by  
 ‘ presuming too far upon thy Favour, I aim  
 ‘ at perfect Bliss, and lose my present Hap-  
 ‘ piness.’

‘ CRUEL *Cleantes*, replied the Princess,  
 ‘ canst thou point out a Way to save the  
 ‘ wretched *Celemene*, and yet deny thy Aid ?  
 ‘ could I expect such Treatment from thee ?  
 ‘ Has every Friend forsaken me ? Will none  
 ‘ engage in my distressful Cause ! Didst thou  
 ‘ not promise to assuage my Grief ? To give  
 ‘ me thy Advice ? You fear my Anger :  
 ‘ Whence can spring your Fear ? *Cleantes*, I  
 ‘ will not be angry, speak I beg you ; or I  
 ‘ shall think, you do not hold me worthy  
 ‘ your Concern.’

‘ THOU most adorable of Mortals, returned  
 ‘ *Cleantes*, why dost thou urge me to undo  
 ‘ myself ? How am I circumstanced ! for my  
 ‘ Silence or Address will equally offend.  
 ‘ But since I am commanded I will speak :  
 ‘ yet e’er I do it, charming *Celemene*, let me  
 ‘ implore your Pardon for the Fault I shall  
 ‘ commit, and beg you to remember, that my  
 ‘ Presumption never had been revealed, but  
 ‘ by your strict Command.

THEN

THEN falling on his Knees.—

‘ SINCE first, bright *Celemene*, I beheld  
‘ thee, my Heart has been thy Captive. It  
‘ could not even wish to break its Chain,  
‘ each Day engaged more strongly by thy  
‘ Virtues, than by thy heavenly Form. Yet  
‘ still within proper Bounds I kept my Passion:  
‘ I did not cherish the presumptuous Hope, of  
‘ ever calling so much Perfection mine; I  
‘ knew our Difference of Rank forbids the  
‘ Hope, and since Fate had placed me in a  
‘ Sphere so much below my Princess, I re-  
‘ solved whatever Pangs it cost me, never to  
‘ let a Word escape, which could reveal my  
‘ Flame, as that with Justice must draw on  
‘ her Displeasure. But now by your Com-  
‘ mands, I am obliged to run the Risk. Ah!  
‘ frown not Goddess, but with Patience hear  
‘ me, whilst I propose the Means of saving  
‘ thee from Death and Violation. Couldst  
‘ thou, great Princess, deign to grant me a  
‘ Return of Love? couldst thou vouchsafe to  
‘ fly with me to *England*, in Case an Oppor-  
‘ tunity should offer of doing it; and that one  
‘ will, I have a strange foreboding in my  
‘ Heart? If to preserve thy Virtue, *Celemene*,  
‘ thou thus wouldst fly, despise a royal Dia-  
‘ dem, and share my humble Fortune, the  
‘ Study of my future Life, should be to make  
‘ thee



‘ thee not repent thy doing so. This is the  
 ‘ Way, the only Way that is left you to  
 ‘ escape the Evil, which you dread, and  
 ‘ these the only Terms which I can offer.’

‘ RISE, *Cleantes*, (returned the Princess :)  
 ‘ How have your Words surprized me !  
 ‘ But since by my Request you spoke, I must  
 ‘ forgive ; and yet the Offence is great.  
 ‘ Hard is my Situation, that I must lose my  
 ‘ Virtue, fly my native Land, or die !—The  
 ‘ last shall be my Choice. I cannot think of  
 ‘ so descending from my native Dignity, as  
 ‘ to join my Hand with one that is not nobly  
 ‘ born ; to quit my own and share his hum-  
 ‘ ble Fortune, and henceforth by his Bounty  
 ‘ be maintained. How great a Risk were  
 ‘ this ; I will not run it : ’Tis said, that Man  
 ‘ is changeable and false ; its being true I  
 ‘ will not hazard. Thou, *Cleantes*, wilt  
 ‘ protest the contrary ; but I will not hear  
 ‘ thee on this Subject. No, let me on that  
 ‘ Providence depend, that has the only  
 ‘ Power, and that, I hope, will save me, if I  
 ‘ resolve to keep my Virtue, as here I vow  
 ‘ most solemnly to do, and leave the rest to  
 ‘ Fate. With you, *Cleantes*, I can never  
 ‘ go ; I charge you never on that Subject  
 ‘ urge me more, or let me hear the Breath-  
 ‘ ings of a Passion, which I must not ap-  
 ‘ prove. Let us converse as formerly ; and  
 E if

‘ if you never more offend my Ear by Love,  
 ‘ I will not withdraw my Kindness or my  
 ‘ Friendship; but visit you as often as Op-  
 ‘ portunities are lent me.’ Saying this she  
 left him.

CLEANTHES now weighed in his  
 Mind all that had passed; and from it ga-  
 thered much Comfort: He had from the  
 first hoped, his Princess made him some  
 small Returns of Love; and the little In-  
 dignation she had shewn him on his avow-  
 ing a Passion induced him to believe his  
 Hope was not entirely without Grounds;  
 and he carried it so far as to think, that as  
 she had with tolerable Patience heard his  
 Passion and still allowed him a Place in her  
 Esteem, denying not to visit him upon the  
 Declaration, she might in Time be brought  
 to favour his Wishes; persecuted as she was  
 by those of her own Country, and assured of  
 a safe Assylum in his.

It had long been his earnest Prayer, that  
 some Vessel might touch upon the *Amazo-  
 nian* Coast; and now more fervent than  
 ever were his Supplications.

As to *Celemene*’s being put to Death, he  
 did not fear it, and he looked on the Me-  
 nace, only as given to intimidate, and the  
 more

more easy to make his Princess comply with the Queen's Command. This he did not doubt they would force her to do at the appointed Time, if she did not make her Escape: For he could not think the Queen, would so far forget the Mother, as to sacrifice her Daughter's Life; but his Opinion was strongly, that she would make her take the Journey.

THIS Conjecture he told the Princess on her next Visit, which was not till a Week after her last. Indeed she was fearful of often coming to the Cave, lest her always taking the same Walk should occasion some Suspicion; to prevent which she never went the same Way two Days together.

WHEN *Cleantes* had told her what he apprehended, how was her Soul shocked at the Thoughts of so horrid a Compulsion! Will they deny me to die innocent, cried she; can I by no Means escape Pollution?—Laying her Hand upon *Cleantes*'s Mouth,—‘I must not hear what thou wouldst offer; no my Friend, I beg you will not urge it: Seek not to sully *Celemene*'s Name, by making her commit a Fault, that would debase the noble Line from whence she sprang. I dare not trust thee; for my foolish Heart too much approves the Sub-

E 2

ject.



'ject. Yes *Cleantes*, I will own my Weak-  
 'ness,—it is *Celemene's* earnest Wish, thou  
 'wert descended from a Royal Line of Kings;  
 'for then she would not hesitate one Mo-  
 'ment, but fly with thee. A Preference to  
 'all your Sex I give you, and nothing but  
 'the Consideration of what I owe myself  
 'with-holds me. I cannot consent to do an  
 'Action that would debase me; for, *Cle-*  
 '*antes*, the *Amazonian* Princess is as tena-  
 'cious of her Honour as her Life. But I  
 'can die, and die in Innocence; for if denied  
 'it by my cruel Mother, and no Option  
 'should be left me; rather than take the  
 'hated Journey, my own Hand shall end my  
 'wretched Being: This is my firm Resolve.  
 'Thus I escape each Danger; thus I pre-  
 'serve my Honour and my Virtue.'

'How! *Celemene*, cried *Cleantes*! is this  
 'the Result of all those Precepts *Marianna*  
 'gave thee? Ah! my Princess, this is a  
 'Doctrine which she never taught. Hadst  
 'thou remained in Ignorance, and no Light  
 'but that arising from the Religion of thy  
 'Country given thee to act by, such a Re-  
 'solution had been great, and would have  
 'proved thee noble! But canst thou think,  
 'instructed as thou art in true Religion, be-  
 'cause oppressed with Woes, and nought  
 'but Death can ease them, thou hast a Right  
 'to

' to give thyself that Death ! Wouldst thou,  
 ' oh *Celemene*, precipitately, rush unbidden,  
 ' an unwelcome Guest, into the Presence of  
 ' thy Great Creator ? He gave thee Life,  
 ' and he alone should take it ; wait his Time  
 ' with Patience, rely on him and he will save  
 ' thee. Yet, my Princess, your Aid to  
 ' help him must not be denied : For should  
 ' he interpose in your Behalf, and give an  
 ' Opportunity for your escaping, this you  
 ' must not slight ; you must embrace it glad-  
 ' ly. In the mean time, I charge thee, touch  
 ' not thy Life ; for that in endless Torments  
 ' will involve thy Soul !'

THE Princess wept :— ' Ah *Cleantes* ! I  
 ' am much affected by thy Words ; and they  
 ' shall have their due Weight with me. I  
 ' will not touch my Life ; yet if I live how  
 ' dreadful is my State, I am every Way  
 ' unhappy ! Would I could go with thee and  
 ' not demean myself.—But oh ! that cannot  
 ' be, against it I am quite determined ;  
 ' therefore on Providence I will rely, there  
 ' rest my Hope and wait with Resignation  
 ' for a kind Event.' In much the same  
 Manner their Conversation ran, in many en-  
 suing Visits ; and *Cleantes* was as little able  
 to persuade his Princess to comply with his  
 Measures as the Queen was to make her  
 come into hers.—Great *Armathea*, remained

quite resolute, and all the Entreaties of *Celemene* could not make her quit her Purpose.

VERY near a Year had *Cleantes* been in *Armatia*; and now the Season drew nigh, when it was usual for the Women to take their Journey: The Day for it was fixed, and fraught with this Intelligence *Celemene* entered the Cave.

‘ Now is my Ruin certain, cried she, as  
 ‘ she approached. Oh! *Cleantes*, the Day,  
 ‘ the Hour is fixed; not a Week remains,  
 ‘ before the hated Journey will be taken.  
 ‘ You were deceived, my Friend, in your  
 ‘ Conjecture, my Mother is no Hypocrite.—  
 ‘ This Morning,—how shall I tell thee!  
 ‘ this fatal Morning she came into my  
 ‘ Chamber: Now, *Celemene*, (cried she) I  
 ‘ come to hear your last Resolve. Four  
 ‘ Days from this our Women go to *Port*  
 ‘ *Ambria*; wilt thou accompany them? Take  
 ‘ heed, consider well, for what thou now  
 ‘ wilt utter is the Determination of thy Fate;  
 ‘ let it be what I wish, my *Celemene*, think of  
 ‘ the Pangs which I must feel on thy Re-  
 ‘ fusal!—

‘ AND are you really fixed, my Royal  
 ‘ Mother, upon your Child’s undoing! upon  
 ‘ my



‘ my Knees I beg you will relent ; the peaceful Lot I once demanded, let me now obtain. As to this hated Journey, I can never take it, I first will die.—Yes *Armata* ! cruel Nation ! wreck your Vengeance on my wretched Bosom.—Racks ! Torments, no Sort of Death so horrid, but I would suffer, rather than be polluted.’

‘ Oh ! Heaven ! what do I hear ! replied my Mother ; once more I ask you, *Celemene*, will you comply ? or art thou really bent on Death ! for, die thou must if obstinate beyond the Time you will remain.’—

‘ THEN Death I welcome thee ; that, cruel Mother ! is *Celemene*’s Choice : And like you I will not quit my Purpose, but with equal Stedfastness maintain it to my latest Breath, and save my Virtue spotless by the forfeit of my Life.

‘ My Mother did not reply but left me.—Oh ! *Cleantes*, now my Lot is cast ; four Days, and then thy *Celemene* is no more.—When I am gone preserve thy Life if possible, till a Ship may come to take thee. You think one will come ; pray Heaven in this you may not be mistaken : Your Welfare I have much at Heart ; not *Marianna*, loved her *Paillere* more than I *Cle-*

'*anthes*.—I blush to own it.—Would I could go with thee, but, it is impossible.'—

'AND why *impossible* my Princess! Ah! Heaven! would that the Dream I had last Night were true. Methought a Ship was here, and that my Princess did consent to fly.—I waked in Transport, and such a strong Impression it has left upon my Mind, I know not how it is, but a strange Hope ariseth in my Soul, built on this Dream.—Ah! *Celamene*, if the Ship were here wouldst thou?—'

'OH! ask me not, *Cleantbes*, shake not my steady Purpose, let me die with Honour. — I dare not hear you speak; adieu!—'

'STAY, my Princess, while I make one short Proposal. Some intellectual Power, some heavenly Dictate tells me, that our Deliverance is near at Hand. Dear *Celamene*, dash not the offered Blessing from you when it comes.—Consent to go; *Cleantbes* then will be your Protector: But for his Reward he leaves it to yourself; he will not demand your Hand unless you give it freely.'

[' GENE-

‘GENEROUS Man, replied the Princess,  
 ‘how you distress me.—Oh! *Cleantes*,  
 ‘your Power is great; if I consent to fly,  
 ‘my being yours, will be the Consequence;  
 ‘it is a Reward I ought to give you, the  
 ‘only one my scanty Power would lend me  
 ‘to bestow. Let me not hear you plead  
 ‘lest you should overcome.—I will not be  
 ‘detained.—Adieu.’—

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## C H A P. V.

*A Ship arrives on the Coast, into which the  
 two Lovers enter: Montier, Marianna's  
 Brother is the Commander. A Description  
 of their Dresses, and the Reception they met  
 with among the Ship's Crew.*

‘**T**HOU most divine of Mortals, (cried  
 ‘*Cleantes*, as she left him,) how  
 ‘strange how wonderful is thy Fortitude!  
 ‘Can it be, that a young Virgin in her  
 ‘Bloom of Life, who makes no Scruple to  
 ‘own she loves me! Can it be, I say, that  
 ‘from the Bias of her Education, she should  
 ‘prefer a cruel Death before her Safety in  
 ‘my Arms! Ah! no, she must relent, and  
 ‘if the Means were here she would em-  
 ‘brace them.—Send the Means, kind Hea-



' ven, oh ! To-morrow could a Ship arrive.  
 ' Hear me, thou Great Omnipotence, to thy  
 ' tremendous Power nought is impossible.  
 ' On my Knees, I fervently implore, that  
 ' e'er To-morrow's Sun has reached his full  
 ' meridian Height, some kind Vessel may  
 ' touch upon the Coast, and save the greatest  
 ' Piece of Excellence the Hand of Nature  
 ' ever formed.—Grant thou the Means,  
 ' and, oh ! induce the lovely Maid to use  
 ' them.

ENDING this Petition he quickly went to Rest, his Heart quite filled with Hope.

IN the Morning when he arose, he went to the Ocean : Again he supplicated Heaven, nor did he supplicate in vain ; for after a-while, a Vessel really appeared. — What Words can paint his Joy ! Instantly he mounts a little Eminence, and waved with all his Might a large Branch of a Tree, which he tore down for that Purpose. At length the Ship perceived it, and bent its Course directly towards the Island ; then sent out a Boat : Which reaching the Shore, *Cleantes* spoke to those on Board in *French* ; they answered in the same, and taking him in, soon carried him to the Vessel. — Gladly he went, determining to beg the Captain to wait the Coming of *Celemene*,

WHAT

WHAT Words are able to express his Joy or his Surprise, when in the Captain of the Vessel he beheld the Brother of *Marianna*!—Here it will not be amiss to mention thus much concerning her.—She was related to *Cleantes* by his Mother's Side, and at the Beginning of his Travels he spent some Months with her at *Paris*, and there contracted an Intimacy with and Friendship for her Brother, which Time had not erased, or in the least abated. Judge then, how great his Joy! when he beheld his dear *Montier*, at once his Friend and his Deliverer.

NOR was the Pleasure of the Captain on this Occasion, less than that of his Friend. Long Time they spent in mutual Endearments; but at length, the first Transports being passed, *Cleantes* in the briefest Manner told *Montier* some of the most important Incidents which he had met with, and easily prevailed upon him to stay for *Celemene*.

THIS might be done with the greatest Safety, for the Coast was sheltered by Rocks and Mountains, which entirely hid that Part of the Ocean where the Ship lay, from the Inhabitants of the Island.—*Cleantes* took a short Repast with his Friend, and then a  
Boat

Boat conveyed him back to Shore, where he with the utmost Impatience, waited for a Sight of his Princess.

At length she came : Dejection in her Aspect ! He instantly enquired the Cause of such a strong Concern, more than she had ever shown before.—‘ Ah ! *Cleantes* ! (replied she, weeping) it is not because for certain now I am to die, but for the Manner of my Death. I am denied a Bowl of Poison, I am to be bound against a Tree, and my poor Body stuck full of Darts ! This our cruel Senate has decreed.—My Mother,—(oh ! I pity her ;)—finding me resolute, she begged them to be satisfied if I would relinquish all Pretensions to the Crown.—But this they all, with one Accord, declared against ; saying, that as I was so universally beloved, among all the young Women of *Armatia*, such a Relinquishment would be of no Effect ; for if I pleased at any time to break the Promise, Numbers would arm in my Defence, and soon dethrone whatever Queen they should appoint to reign.—

‘ OH ! cruel ! (cried the weeping *Armathea* ! ) cruel People ! and will you take my Daughter’s Life ? can she no way be saved ?’

‘ NONE



‘NONE can be found to save her, (cried the Women) consistent with the Safety of our Laws.—Thou, great Queen, hast spoken; once thou madest us a Promise, that were the Princess obstinate, her Death should be the Consequence. We keep thee to thy Word.—This Day we give her to be with thee; To-morrow she must closely be confined, and on the next shall die!—We give these Orders, Queen, to save *thee* from the Imputation of a Cruelty, we see thou hast not Fortitude to bear commanding.’

‘THE Manner of her Death, (cried my Mother?)—how will ye take her precious Life? Oh! I beseech you, let her end be easy.—Would she had never been born.—Spotless Innocent! Joy of my Life, and must thou bleed!—Inhuman Women! plunge here your Ponyards.—Let me die! I will bare my Breast, receive your Blows, and save my Child!’—

‘CAN it be possible! art thou the great intrepid *Armathea*, who used to lead our Squadrons on to Battle, (cried stern *Namante*?) Whence comes this Weakness? not like an *Amazon*, but a mere Woman! now you speak and act.—For Shame, be not

' not thus softened.—What! wouldst thou  
 ' save a base degenerate Daughter, at the  
 ' Hazard of thy Country's fundamental  
 ' Laws? You see her Obstinacy, so steady to  
 ' her Purpose now, she would never quit it.  
 ' But when thou wert dead our ancient Cus-  
 ' toms she would strait abolish, and insti-  
 ' tute among us those which cursed *Mari-*  
 ' *anna* taught her.—This shall not be ha-  
 ' zarded: Thou didst purpose it, thou hast  
 ' consented once, and *Celemene* dies!—The  
 ' Manner this:—Bound to a Tree, in Pre-  
 ' sence of the Senate, we all armed with  
 ' Bows, will give her Death.—For as she  
 ' sought to strike at our Laws, *we* the En-  
 ' forcers of them, take upon us to prevent  
 ' the Mischief, and each will lodge an  
 ' Arrow in her Breast. Present at the Sight,  
 ' great *Armathea*, we do not desire thee to  
 ' be; something for the Fondness of a  
 ' Mother we will allow.'—

' THE *Mother! Fondness!* inhumane *Nama-*  
 ' *rante!* (cried the Queen) is this the only Pity  
 ' thou wilt shew me?—alas! I must submit;  
 ' —too well I do remember, that I once as-  
 ' sented.—My Word is given, and I must not  
 ' break it.—I cannot see my Daughter.  
 ' How will her streaming Cries and heaving  
 ' Breast reproach my Cruelty!—I have by  
 ' one

‘ one rash Word given her up, and strictly,  
 ‘ cruel Senate, do ye use the Power.

‘ OH *Cleantes*, do you not pity the dis-  
 ‘ tressed Queen, (continued *Celemene* ?)—She  
 ‘ cannot see me,—but keeps close to her  
 ‘ Chamber.—This Opportunity I took of  
 ‘ paying you a Visit ; the last, *Cleantes*, I  
 ‘ shall ever pay. For when the Sun has fi-  
 ‘ nished this Day’s Course, then ends my  
 ‘ Liberty : Quickly my Life ; and that in  
 ‘ such an horrid Manner, I shudder at the  
 ‘ Thought. Yet, Fate, thy stern Decree  
 ‘ there is no resisting !’

‘ AND art thou resolutely bent on Death,  
 ‘ my lovely Princess, (returned *Cleantes* !)  
 ‘ Ah ! repent before it is too late.—Suffer  
 ‘ not that heavenly Form to be disfigured,  
 ‘ torn by cruel Darts, thy Life,—Blood is-  
 ‘ suing from the streaming Wounds !—Think  
 ‘ of the Pain this horrid Death will give thee ;  
 ‘ avoid it *Celemene* !—But how, alas ! the  
 ‘ Wish is vain : This Night thou wilt be made  
 ‘ a Prisoner ; and after that, should a Ship  
 ‘ arrive, thou couldst receive no Benefit ; for  
 ‘ shouldst thou then repent, nought would  
 ‘ this avail thee, but in extremest Tortures  
 ‘ thou must soon expire.”



A Flood of Tears now gushed from *Celemene's* Eyes.—*Cleantes* saw the Conflict in her Soul was great, and hoped much from it,—he continued silent and observed her.—

AT length — wringing her Hands: —  
 ‘ Was ever Maid distressed like me !—Oh !  
 ‘ *Cleantes* ! what hast thou done ? Thou hast  
 ‘ ruined me entirely.—Thy Words have  
 ‘ reached my Heart.—Oh ! that a Ship was  
 ‘ present, then would I fly ; then would I  
 ‘ quit my Country, cruel Country ! that  
 ‘ will not let me live.—How can I leave  
 ‘ thee, dearest of Men ?—Thus, e’er I part,  
 ‘ yes, *Cleantes*, I will throw by the *Amazon* :  
 ‘ I will forget I am a Princess, and fold  
 ‘ thee to my Bosom.—Take, *Cleantes*,—  
 ‘ take your *Celemene* ;—carry her to *England*.  
 ‘ —Die ! I cannot die.—Distraction ! save  
 ‘ me, *Cleantes*, save me.—Thus in thy Bo-  
 ‘ som let me live for ever.’—

‘ ANGELICK Creature, (cried *Cleantes*,  
 ‘ fondly returning her Embrace :)—And if  
 ‘ a Ship was here, wouldst thou consent to  
 ‘ fly ? dost thou avow thy Love ; and may  
 ‘ *Cleantes* hope to call thee his ?—Ah ! *Ce-*  
 ‘ *lemene*, if a Ship were here, and thou at  
 ‘ Liberty to go, wouldst thou not withdraw  
 ‘ thy Kindness ? Couldst thou, to escape a  
 ‘ cruel

‘cruel Death consent to fly and share my  
‘humble Fortune?’—

‘OH! most gladly, (replied the Princess,) keeping my Virtue; any thing to  
‘Death, and parting from thee, I could prefer.’—

‘Then follow me, my Princess, and  
‘quit this hated Shore for ever.—*Cleantes*  
‘will conduct thee hence; the Means are  
‘here: But this Morning a Ship arrived,  
‘and waits to carry us away.’

HE took her trembling Hand. She hesitated not to go; and hardly knowing what she did, so overpowered was she by Surprise, that e’er her Recollection returned, *Cleantes* had safely placed her in the Boat, which with the utmost Expedition made to the Vessel. Into it *Cleantes* lifts his precious Charger and now, what Wonder mixed with Admiration, seized the Hearts of each Beholder, at the strange but lovely Appearance *Celemene* made.

HER garb, made in the same Fashion, as that she wore when she first appeared to *Cleantes*, was of yellow Sattin, richly embroidered with Silver. Her Arms as before ornamented with Pearls and Rubies set in  
vari-

various Kinds of Bracelets: A Scarf of blue Silk, fastened on the Top of her Head by a large Bunch of Diamonds, hung negligently to her Shoulder, and there was confined by the Clasp which held her Quiver of Arrows:—From thence it descended to the Ground, trimmed at the End with a broad Silver Fringe.—Besides the Bunch of Diamonds on the Top of her Head, she had many Jewels of Value, some mixed with artificial Flowers, which formed a Wreath, and encircled the Crown of her Head. From this her jetty Locks descended in beautiful Order, and covered some Part of her Neck, no Ivory more white or delicate. Her Necklace was composed of Diamonds and Rubies set together in a curious Fashion, and her Garment buttoned together down to her Waist with Jewels in the Form of Roses.—

THE Surprize she was now in had given an additional Glow to her Complexion; In short, a more lovely Figure never was beheld.—

IT may perhaps be wondered at, that *Celemene* so immersed in Grief should be so ornamented.—It was not through her own Choice, but the Commands of the Senate, who ordered her to be thus dressed in order  
to



to make her Proceſſion to Priſon and Death appear more grand, and ſtriking to the Populace; and thus dreſs'd ſhe had given them the Slip in Order to take her laſt Farewel of *Cleanthes*.

HIS Appearance was not leſs attracting than that of *Celemene*.

SINCE his quitting *England* in his eighteenth Year, three more had elapſed, and his Perſon, then lovely, now arrived at full Perfection. He had been a Year in *Armatia*, and ſome Time ſince, his Apparel that he brought with him beginning to decay, his Princeſs reſolved to provide him with new; and made it at her leiſure Hours, when alone in her own Apartment, after her own Fancy.

HE had a Petticoat of white Sattin; this was embroidered with divers Colours, by the Princeſs when a Child; and when ſhe had done wearing of it, the Work being ſo curious ſhe preſerved it.—On this Occaſion it was uſed, and juſt reached *Cleanthes*'s Knees. Over this he had a kind of Veſt made with ſhort Flaps; it ſet tight to his Body, and was trimmed with a ſilver Edging. He likewiſe wore a Sort of Robe made of purple Sattin; this was trimmed with Silver as the Veſt, and flowed looſe behind him; it had  
no

no Sleeves, those of the Vest covering his Arms. Nor did he want a Shirt, for by his own, *Celemene* had made what answered the End: it was of the finest Linen, and trimmed at the Hands with curious Lace. His Shoes were of the Skin of a Leopard, most beautifully spotted.—These had been made for the Princess by an unskilful Hand, so large she could not wear them, but she gave them to *Cleantes*, and they fitted him exactly.—His Stockings were of white Silk much in the same Manner as those of his own Country, tied up at the Knees with purple Ribbons, with silver Tassels at the End. His Hair of light brown, hung in Curls upon his Shoulders, and on his Head he wore a kind of Bonnet, made of purple Sattin, set round the fore Part of it with Diamonds, and a large Plume of white Feathers fastened to the Top, which shaded, and gave a Grace to the Whole.

His first Appearance on board had greatly astonished the Mariners, but on his going back and bringing with him *Celemene*, nothing could equal their Amazement, as the lovely Pair passed along the Deck, in order to go to the Cabbin.—They stood in silent Rapture, leaning on the Sides of the Ship, with gaping Mouths, extended Necks, and Eyes enlarged by Wonder, which testified their Admiration. But when the Objects  
were

were removed, how diverting it was to hear their several Conjectures of what and who the lovely Figures were. Various were the Opinions, till at length the honest Boat-swain, a Man of much Consequence on Board, (indeed he was looked upon as an Oracle among them)—he undertook to set them right, while all his Hearers, listened to his Discourse with a most profound Attention.

‘ BE silent, Fools as ye are! the Case is  
 ‘ quite plain to me, I know most certainly  
 ‘ what those fine Things must be.—You  
 ‘ know we have been in a most dreadful  
 ‘ Storm, drove by it quite out of our Lati-  
 ‘ tude! Captain says, he has found it again;  
 ‘ but for my Part, I cannot tell how to be-  
 ‘ lieve him, he is but a Baby of a Sailor: I  
 ‘ have been at Sea many more Years than  
 ‘ he, and I do not know where we are: But  
 ‘ let that pass:—We have been in a Storm,  
 ‘ I say, and who knows where that may  
 ‘ have tossed us! Sometimes I am sure, we  
 ‘ went Mountains high, and therefore, my  
 ‘ Boys, it is my Opinion, that we are now  
 ‘ got up to the Moon, or somewhere near  
 ‘ it!—I will tell you why I think so.—I  
 ‘ was born in *England*, and staid there  
 ‘ till I was a great Lad: Once I was at  
 ‘ the Play-House, and saw the EMPE-  
 ‘ ROR OF THE MOON; a comical Thing  
 ‘ I can tell you. It diverted me hugely.  
 ‘ The



‘ The Man who acted the Emperor, was  
‘ dressed much like him we saw just now : So,  
‘ my Lads, take my Word for it, those  
‘ fine Folks are no other than the Empe-  
‘ ror and Empress of the Moon !’

So reasonable was this Conjecture, that all the Crew believed it to be exactly true, and now waited impatiently for a second Sight of these Curiosities, supposing they would only pay the Captain a Visit and then go back to the Moon.—But how were they surprized when Orders were given for instant Sailing, and they found they were to take the two great Personages with them.

As usual, the Crew applied to the Boatswain, begging him to tell them where the Emperor and Empress could possibly be going.—‘ Oh ! says he, they have a Mind to  
‘ see *France* to be sure : Captain I suppose  
‘ has told them what a many fine Things we  
‘ have there, and that has tempted them to  
‘ go.—They cannot out-shew us in the Moon,  
‘ I will warrant them.—It pleases me to think  
‘ though, what a Hunt the *Mooners* will  
‘ make for them when they come to be  
‘ missed ! A heavy Racket no Doubt ; not a  
‘ Corner left unsearched. But then again,  
‘ may not we come into Trouble on their  
‘ Account ? Will not our Ship if it was seen  
be

‘ be thought to have stole them?—Ah! Boys,  
 ‘ if the *Moon-Folks* should take this into their  
 ‘ Heads, if ever we come this Way again,  
 ‘ and they should catch us, we shall be hung  
 ‘ up without Mercy for Kidnappers. To be  
 ‘ sure we will not come here in Haste, if we  
 ‘ can help it; but if the Wind will drive us  
 ‘ again, how can we help that!—Mercy on  
 ‘ me, what an heap of Troubles may a Man  
 ‘ be involved in, before he can turn himself  
 ‘ round!—Well! I can say with a safe Con-  
 ‘ science, that it was none of my Doing: I  
 ‘ did not half like sending out the Boat at  
 ‘ first; but Captain would do it, and so if  
 ‘ any Harm comes, he must thank him-  
 ‘ self.’—

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## C H A P. VI.

*Cleanthes relates to Celemene the News of  
 his Parents, and gains her Promise to make  
 him happy. Montier very agreeably enter-  
 tains them.*

**W**HILE the honest Boatswain was  
 thus uttering his Conjectures, how  
 different the Scene which the Cabbin repre-  
 sented! No sooner was *Celemene* seated, than  
 she began to reflect upon the Step she had  
 taken;

taken; and whether to approve or censure it, she could not instantly determine.

SHE burst into a Flood of Tears: Ah!  
‘ My Mother! And shall thy *Celemene* never  
‘ see thee more? Why did I leave thee!—And  
‘ yet, cruel *Armatia*, had I staid in thee, my  
‘ dearest Mother I should never more have  
‘ seen!—Grief hindered it to Day,—and To-  
‘ morrow I should have ceased to live.’—Ah!  
‘ *Cleantbes*, turning to him, how great a Con-  
‘ fidence have I reposed in thee, if you abuse  
‘ it!’—‘ Then, my angelick Princess, inter-  
‘ rupted he, curse me with your Hatred:  
‘ my Life depends upon your Kindness;  
‘ when that ceases, I shall cease to live.’ ‘ For  
‘ Honour, and the true Discharge of every  
‘ Duty, my noble Friend here’ (cried the  
Captain) ‘ has ever been renowned.—But,  
‘ charming Princess, you are all Attraction:  
‘ had he a wavering Heart in other Matters,  
‘ in this he must be steady, since he could  
‘ never find another Object matchless like  
‘ yourself.’ ‘ It is kind in you to comfort  
‘ the distressed, cried *Celemene*, and to that  
‘ Motive I ascribe the Compliment you have  
‘ bestowed; otherwise I should have chid  
‘ you for it.—Alas! my Spirits, how they  
‘ sink!—Your Hand, *Cleantbes*, or I faint.—  
‘ My Mother!—Oh! My Mother! How my  
‘ Heart bleeds for you!’—

DWELL



‘ DWELL not upon this Subject, dearest *Celemene*, (replied *Cleantes*) be comforted ; pray take this Cordial, it will be of Service to you.—Here, my Angel, after the Manner of my Country, I drink long Health and Happiness to Royal *Armathea*.—Pray do the same.—She did ; and after it, was much revived.’—After which the Gentlemen, at her Desire, quitted the Cabbin, and left her to herself for about half an Hour. On their Return they found her tolerably composed ; indeed as much so as could be expected for one in her Situation. *Montier*, in his Behaviour to her, shewed the highest Respect, as did *Cleantes* ; adding to this, both in his Looks and Actions, the greatest Tokens of Tenderness and Love. By the Treatment she received she grew every Hour more chearful ; and one Circumstance which greatly pleased her was, that in searching her Pocket, she found the Poems mentioned before in this Narration.

‘ AH ! *Cleantes*, (said she) how I rejoice I did not leave this dear Relique of the best of Women behind me. Dear *Mari-anna*, pleased wouldst thou be if thou couldst know that I am going to thy native Country.’

‘*MARIANNA!* (said the Captain) *Marianna!* how, Madam, came you acquainted with that Name? I had a Sister once,—so was she called: But ah! the Fate she shared.’

‘My charming Princess can inform you, (cried *Cleantes*)—as yet I know it not myself; for but a very little Way had my Princess proceeded in the Recital of her Story, in which that of your Sister, my dear *Montier*, was to have been included, when so many Troubles came upon her, that she could go no farther with her Recital of former Events; new ones daily furnishing us with sufficient Matter for Discourse.—But now, my *Celemene*, (addressing himself to her) while we are sailing, I hope you will finish the History you had begun. *Montier*, I am sure, will join with me in this Request; for we have mingled Tears for the uncertain Fate of *Marianna*.’

‘CAN you, dear Madam, (cried *Montier*) give me any certain Account of that Sister, whose Loss I have so much deplored?—But first inform me, does she live! Ah! no, I read it in your Countenance; my Sister is no more.—Where did she die, and how?’

‘To—

‘To-morrow (replied the Princess) I will most fully inform you of every Particular, which you desire to hear; but at present my Spirits are too weak to enter upon the Task;—and as it now grows late (pardon the Liberty I take) I should be glad to go to Rest.’

THIS Request was judged to be a reasonable one, and after a slight Repast the Gentlemen soon took their Leave of the Princess for the Night. She was lodged in the Captain’s own Apartment; he and *Cleantes* taking up with one less convenient.

*CELEMENE* rose not till it was late; having rested in a Manner this Night she had not done before a great while: But as soon as she was dressed, she set open the Door, being the Signal agreed on for the Gentlemen to enter.—They were ready to obey it, and now very affectionate Enquiries began after each others Health, which being answered to the Content of all the Parties, they prepared for Breakfast, which the Captain ordered to be brought.

THE Princess was much surprized at the Tea Equipage; that Liquor being unknown among the *Amazons*, but on tasting she did



not find it disagreeable to her in the least. She drank very plentifully of it, saying to *Cleantes*,—‘It is right to conform to the  
 ‘Manners of the Country one is to reside in ;  
 ‘I will begin in Time.’

‘In Things much more material than this,  
 ‘I hope my Princess will conform ; and then  
 ‘how blessed will be *Cleantes* ! My dearest  
 ‘Parents are both living and well, *Montier*  
 ‘informs me.—Angelick Creature ! (taking  
 her Hand and pressing it to his Lips,—  
 she reluctantly complying) what a Treasure  
 ‘when we get to *England*, shall I present to  
 ‘*Demetrius* and *Cleone*. The Study of their  
 ‘Life will be to make you happy. *Cleone*  
 ‘will be to you a Mother, and *Demetrius*  
 ‘(a Blessing which you never knew) a kind  
 ‘indulgent Father.—Think you not, my  
 ‘dear *Montier*, they will rejoice in such a  
 ‘present ? Most certainly, replied the Cap-  
 ‘tain ; and with the highest Reason.’—Here  
*Montier* was called away, and *Cleantes* con-  
 tinuing his Discourse.—‘Yes, my lovely  
 ‘Princess, my Parents will vie with each  
 ‘other in their Kindness to you. And, may  
 ‘I not hope that when we have their Sanc-  
 ‘tion (I ask it not before) the charming  
 ‘*Celemene* will not hesitate, but give her  
 ‘Hand to him who without her must be mi-  
 ‘serable ? Vouchsafe to promise me this  
 ‘Blessing ;

‘ Blessing ; make your *Cleantes* happy !  
 ‘ happy, as it shall be the Business of his  
 ‘ Life to render you.’

A lovely Blush overspread the Face of *Celemene*, and with a modest Grace she presented him her Hand ; he on his Knees received the Favour, and pressing it with Rapture,—cried, ‘ And does my Princess !  
 ‘ Can great *Celemene* bless me thus ! oh ! Ex-  
 ‘ tacy !’ Then rising, he embraced her, while she replied :—‘ She can, she does,  
 ‘ *Cleantes* ; she rejoices to make you hap-  
 ‘ py,’ and then reclined her Head upon his Shoulder to hide her sweet Emotion.

THE Captain now returned, and falling on his Knees, ‘ Most noble Emperor, (cried ‘ he) and thou great Empress, permit your ‘ Slave—(saying this he took the Hands of both, which he reverently kissed, and then proceeded) Forgive, illustrious Pair, the ‘ many great Mistakes which I unknowingly ‘ have committed.—Had you disclosed your ‘ royal Dignity, *Montier* had then observed ‘ a proper Distance.—But, noble Sir, the ‘ Eye is subject to Mistakes ; you much re- ‘ semble a worthy Friend of mine, as such ‘ I treated you ; and so I still had done, had I ‘ not been acquainted with your Rank by ‘ Accident.—But as I know it, I will regu-

‘late my future Conduct, and treat with  
 ‘that respectful Carriage as becomes my  
 ‘Station, two such illustrious Persons.’—

*CLEANTHES*, no longer able to contain his Wonder at such a strange Behaviour in his Friend, exclaimed; ‘Good God! *Montier*, what has possessed thee? Why all this  
 ‘Mockery? I fear your Brain.’—I an *Emperor*! where are my Dominions?

No longer could *Montier* carry on the Farce, but rising, burst into an immoderate Fit of Laughter;—which being recovered from, ‘Oh! *Cleantbes*, said he, I have  
 ‘been so diverted,—our Boatswain, an honest, but strange kind of a Fellow, has  
 ‘just been with me.’—‘Noble Captain, (said he,) pray let me speak to you.’—I listened,—and he thus begun.—

‘AN please your Honour, I am an  
 ‘oldish Man, I have been many Years at  
 ‘Sea, and have, though I say it, always  
 ‘bore a good Name.—Now I do not care  
 ‘in my latter End to have it dashed, as I  
 ‘fear will be the Case.—For my Part I wish  
 ‘we had never taken this Voyage up to the  
 ‘Moon; no good will come of it I fear.—  
 ‘Oh! Captain, I do not like to be called a  
 ‘Thief; but I shall, and so will all the  
 ‘Crew,



‘Crew, when we get home.—Folks will  
 ‘certainly think we stole this said fine *Em-*  
 ‘*peror* and *Empress*. You, it is true, need  
 ‘not care, for the Money you will get by  
 ‘shewing them for a Sight, will make all  
 ‘easy to you, it is us poor Souls who will  
 ‘suffer; for we shall be branded with the  
 ‘Name of Kidnappers as long as we live.  
 ‘I wish heartily your shining Things had  
 ‘stayed peaceably in the Moon, and not  
 ‘took this Ramble with us to stain our Re-  
 ‘putations.’

‘WHAT has possessed the Fellow (cried I)  
 ‘laughing very heartily at his long Train  
 ‘of Nonsense;—my two Passengers are.—  
 ‘Yes, yes, Captain, I know *who they are*,  
 (cried he eagerly :) It is the Emperor, and  
 ‘Empress of the Moon, you are carrying  
 ‘Home in Triumph:—All the Crew are  
 ‘of the same Opinion;—We are not easily  
 ‘to be imposed upon I can assure your Ho-  
 ‘nour.’

‘I KNOW the Fellow to be extremely ob-  
 ‘stinate, (continued *Montier*;) therefore did  
 ‘not endeavour to convince him of his Mis-  
 ‘take concerning the Persons, but con-  
 ‘tented myself with assuring him, that  
 ‘neither he, nor his Comrades, would come  
 ‘into any Trouble upon the Account of  
 F 4 the

‘the Passengers; for that I would screen  
 ‘him and all the Crew from any Imputa-  
 ‘tion, that should be detrimental to their  
 ‘Fame.—As a Proof, I gave him my Ho-  
 ‘nour and my Hand, which Condescen-  
 ‘tion so highly pleased him, that he went  
 ‘away well satisfied.’

‘I HAVE been examining my Ship, most  
 ‘noble *Emperor!* — (Indeed, *Cleantes*, I  
 ‘am so diverted with the Manner of your  
 ‘acquiring that Title, that you must some-  
 ‘times allow me to give it you :) And I  
 ‘find that the Storm, which drove us up  
 ‘to the Moon to fetch you, has so greatly  
 ‘weakened us, as not to make it prudent  
 ‘to proceed directly to *France*. I therefore  
 ‘purpose touching at some Port in *Turky*  
 ‘and there to refit the Vessel.

‘And now, illustrious Princess, may I  
 ‘claim your Promise, (continued he, bow-  
 ‘ing to *Celemene?*) very anxious am I to  
 ‘hear of my unhappy Sister’s Fate.’

SHE wanted no more Entreaty, but  
 complied with his Request in the following  
 Manner; while *Cleantes* and the Captain  
 prepared to listen to her Narration with  
 the greatest Attention.

## C H A P. VII.

*The Princess relates her own History with that of Marianna.*

ABOUT two Years and a half ago, through the Chance of War, I was taken Prisoner by an *Algerine* Corsair, and there I had the Happiness of first seeing my dear *Marianna*. Even before we were able to converse, we contracted a great Friendship and Good-will towards each other. This our Eyes declared; for her Language to me, and mine to her, were entirely unknown.—

LONG we did not remain in our captive State: For by the Interposition of Heaven in our Favour, we were by a Storm carried to my Mother's Dominions; where the Vessel was wrecked, and all the Crew except myself and *Marianna* perished.—We were preserved and cast on Shore, deprived of Sense or Motion; and in this State found by some of our Women, who conveyed us to the Royal Palace of *Armatia*.

ON my recovering the Use of Reason, I found myself in Bed, and my Mother sitting by me:—By how many Ways, and  
F 5 by



by what numberless Caresses did she testify her Joy for my Return!

I soon enquired after my charming Companion; and was told, that she had been taken equal Care of with myself. All the Women who had seen her expressed a great liking for her; being taken with that Loveliness which shone through all her Tears and Distress. She seemed to labour under an uncommon Share of Woe, and was not in a long Time able to quit her Bed.—But I, after one Night's Repose, got up quite recovered; Joy conducing as much towards my Cure, as Grief delayed that of my lovely Friend.

I hastened to her Apartment, and by Signs enquired after the State of her Health; while her heart-felt Sighs pierced my very Soul. My Mother also visited her; and being much pleased with her charming Guest, gave Orders, for all possible Care to be taken of her, expressing by her Actions at the same time great Kindness; which seemed in some Measure to comfort the lovely *Marianna*.

I spent greatest Part of my Time in her Chamber, and most earnestly did I long to be informed of the History of the beautiful Sufferer

Sufferer ; though at the same time I despair-  
ed ever gaining it.

THOUGH silent, yet through every Action she disclosed a grateful Heart. Often did she take my Hands, then press them to her Lips,—lifting up her Eyes to Heaven : She seemed pleased to have me with her, and shed fewer Tears when I was by than when I was absent.

ONE Morning having enquired the Place where we were taken up, I had a mind to view it, and on the Spot, offer up Thanks for my Deliverance.

ACCORDINGLY I went, and having ended my Devotions, I took a Walk upon the Beach, where I discovered a large Chest thrown upon the Sand. I would have gone to it, but could not with Safety ; so hastened back to the Palace, and fetched a Number of Women, who quickly got it, and putting it upon a Carriage, we brought off the Booty safe.

ON carefully viewing it, I remembered to have seen it stand near *Marianna*, while we were on Board the Vessel, and therefore concluded, it might belong to her. To be certain, I caused the Chest to be carried into  
her

her Apartment and placed near the Bed, full in her View, then causing her to look, she discovered great Pleasure on the Sight of it; and this assured me, that my Conjecture was rightly grounded.

THROUGH our great Care, after a-while, she was able to quit her Bed, and then gained Strength apace, while I with a true womanish Curiosity longed for the Opening of the Chest, and making her understand my Desire, she being willing to oblige me, set about it, assisted by some of our Women. I was very assiduous in taking out the Contents, and I own, greatly diverted, at the odd Make of her Garments: For odd they appeared to me.

AT last we came to a small Box, which opening, the first Thing that presented itself was a small written Book.—On the Sight of it *Marianna* shook her Head, and seemed greatly concerned. This gave me Curiosity. I took it of her, and viewed it very attentively, but to no Manner of Purpose, for all I saw there was to me wholly unintelligible.

AFTER this she took out many more Books. These greatly surprized me, by the Oddness of their Character;—they were  
not



not written, as all our Books are in *Armatia*, by Women who make it their Business, but done with a kind of Stamp, as I learned afterwards, what *Marianna* called Printing.

ON the Sight of these Books, a Thought came into my Head, that greatly delighted me. It was, by the Assistance of my Friend, to try to read them, and so be able to converse with her. And this I did not judge to be any way impracticable, as I had already learned to repeat after her the Name of *Marianna*, which she made me understand was hers.

I likewise had observed her, in her Devotions, often with great Reverence repeat the Word *Dieu*! This I imagined to be the Name of her God; and having a very high Opinion of her Goodness, and thinking all she did must be right, I learned the Expression, and used sometimes to pray to *Dieu* myself.

WITH Tears at other Times she would repeat the Names of *Pailliere* and *Celena*; she likewise had two Pictures, not found in the Box, but in her Pocket when she landed, which, at mentioning the Names, she would tenderly Kiss, and then deposit  
in

in her Bosom. These I concluded to be the Portrait of her *Pailliere* and *Celena*.

THE first, I did not know what to make of, for it was dressed in a Manner I had never seen: But the other appeared to be a Girl of about Twelve Years of Age, extremely beautiful, and *Marianna* made me understand, it was the Picture of her Daughter. These Names and many more Words, I had learned to pronounce, before the Box was opened.

WHEN all the Contents, except the written Book, which I kept in my Hand, were deposited, and *Marianna*, and I alone and seated, I first pointed to that, and then to my Lips, which as I wished, she understood as a Desire of being taught to read it, and discovered great Signs of Joy on the Request, withall promising by Signs to endeavour to teach me. After which being greatly fatigued, she went to Rest, and I took my Leave of her for the Night.

VERY little did I sleep, so much were my Thoughts engrossed by my new Project, and the Pleasure I promised myself on the Completion of it.

No

No sooner was I up in the Morning, than I hasted to *Marianna's* Apartment, and as soon as she quitted her Bed, claimed the Performance of her Promise. She prepared to oblige me, but greatly disappointed me in the Method she took: for instead of teaching me out of the little Book I had taken so great a Fancy to, and was desirous of reading first, she fetched another, which I since understand was a *French Grammar*.—Out of this she gave me my Lesson, which was to repeat after her the Names of a Parcel of strange Characters, she pointing to each as she spoke.—Of these I gained so much Knowledge, that when I left my Tutorefs, I could repeat them to myself, remembering the particular Sound which belonged to each Character.

NEXT Day, when I attended *Marianna*, she seemed greatly pleased with the Pains I had taken, and by Signs assured me, I should soon be able to read.

NOT to trouble you with the Progress I made in a particular Manner, let me briefly say, that I got through half the Grammar in a Month, and was able to hold some short Conversations with my Mistress; and in a little more than half a Year became a tolerable



lerable Proficient in both Reading and Speaking.

I now resumed my Desire of Reading the small Book above-mentioned, and begged *Marianna* to let me have it, in order so to do. She smiled at my Request and did not deny me, but, fetching the Book, put it into my Hand.—Pleased I received it, but soon ceased my Joy, for, on opening, I found the Characters as unintelligible, as when I saw them first. Vexed at the Disappointment I was obliged once more to lay it by. Ah! *Marianna*, (said I,) shall I never be able to read these Characters? Not till you have learned to make them, replied she; which, my Princess, if you please, I will now set about teaching you.—I was thankful for the Offer, and setting about the Task, after some Time accomplished it.

My Mother did not disapprove of the Lessons I took from *Marianna*, but on the contrary was pleased with my being enabled to converse with her, in Hopes of gaining through my Means, something relating to the Laws of *France*. This Sort of Knowledge the warlike *Armathea* greatly thirsted after, as by the Method of others she would alter the State of her own Government,

vernment, in any Points wherein she Thought others excelled, and hers was defective.

WHEN I could speak *French* pretty well, and perfectly understood what *Marianna* said to me, I begged her to give me some History of herself and Sufferings. — My dear Friend, said I, you do not shed so many Tears without sufficient Cause. — I long to know it, and if possible to comfort you.

DEAREST *Celemene*, (answered she) no Comfort can I receive; my future Portion must be composed of Bitterness and Sorrow. — I thank you for your Kindness for which I shall never be able to make you Amends, yet all in my Power I will do, and if you are now at Leisure, I will begin my Story.

No one was present but my favourite *Alithea*, and she having learned *French* as well as myself begged to stay and hear *Marianna's* Recital. She was not denied, and that charming Woman began her History.

WHAT happened before her quitting *France*, I need not relate: you, Captain cannot

cannot be unacquainted with your Sister's Story; nor you, *Cleantes*, who were so nearly related to her, and spent so much of your Time at her House.—All therefore before the above-mentioned Period I may omit.—No, my Princess, not by my Consent, replied *Cleantes*: For though well acquainted with *Marianna*, I was very little with her History. I have been told there was something remarkable in it; and as you are so capable, I wish you would give me all the Particulars:—*Montier* will not be displeased, I am sure.—Not in the least, replied the Captain; for as I was not much at Home with my Sister, particularly at the Time of her Marriage, there may be many Things, which I may not be thoroughly acquainted with.—Therefore, my charming Princess, I join in the Request of my Friend and beg you will let us have the whole History.—

In her own Words then, returned *Celestine*, I will give it you; and as it is a Pleasure to me to dwell upon all that ever passed her Lips, I will not omit any one Circumstance.

The



*The History of the Countess DE PAILLIERE.*

I AM a Native of *France*, but related through my Mother, to an ancient and noble Family in *England*. The Name of my Father was *Montier*, but he and my Mother died some Time since ; leaving me and one Son, who, when I left *France*, was in a good Post in the Royal Navy.

NOTHING remarkable happened during my Infancy, therefore I shall not Trouble you with any Events which befel me before I had reached my fifteenth Year, when I was complimented with a great Share of Beauty, as likewise, having made a good Proficiency in every Accomplishment requisite to adorn a Woman. This was owing to the Care of my Parents, who spared no Pains or Cost in my Education.

I was naturally a little vain, and took great Delight in Dress, as it added greatly to the Advantage of a Form which my Glass and the Flattery of my Admirers told me was far from being disagreeable.

It happened one Day that I had taken more than ordinary Pains, and in my own Eyes never before had appeared so lovely,  
my

my Dress in a particular Manner suiting my Complexion, when I went with my Parents to attend the Birth-Day of a young Lady of Quality. In a most sumptuous Manner we were entertained all Day, and in the Evening there was a grand Ball.

BEFORE it began, as we were sitting in a magnificent Apartment, my Eyes were all at once engaged, by the graceful Appearance of a young Gentleman who entered, and whom I had never seen before. His Dress distinguished him to be of Rank, as likewise his belonging to the Army;—both powerful Attachments to a Girl so young as me.

A LADY who sat next me, whispered in my Ear, you seem much taken, Mademoiselle, with the Count *de Pailliere*. I do not wonder at it, his outward Form is engaging, but his Mind far excels it, and added to these he has a large Estate lately come to him by the Death of his Father, besides a Regiment, which he has this Day been put in Commission of, and on that Account waited on the King; which hindered him from being sooner here.—He is my Relation, and proud am I of him.

How

How was my Opinion of the Count raised by this Recital! In short, my dearest *Celemene*, I fell in Love with him: the subtle Deity had struck me with a Shaft at first Sight of this amiable Man; and the Recital of his many Qualifications as given by his Cousin Madame D——, had now completed the Conquest.

OR if it wanted being made secure, how soon was it effected, on his taking a Seat very near me, after having received the Compliments of all the Assembly of any Rank, and returned them in the most polite and graceful Manner! At last I caught his Eye: he gazed at me with particular Attention, and seeing Madame D——, he came to her, and after a few Compliments took a Seat by me. How was I delighted with his Conversation! Yet, *Celemene*, he never flattered me, nor called me Angel, Goddess, or any of those idolizing Names so much used by Men, when they are desirous of appearing in a particular Manner engaging to a young Woman.

ALL his Expressions, all his Carriage to me was of the respectful Kind; and nothing but his Eyes, which he suffered to regard me very stedfastly, proclaimed that he admired!



mired ! In these I thought— (I am sure I wished) that I read my not being indifferent to him.

BEING personally acquainted with the greatest part of the Company, he gave me some Account of them, and this was a Piece of Information I was pleased with ; being myself a Stranger to public Life, and of Consequence to the Persons, or Names of those engaged in it.

AT length the Ball began ; and in dancing the Count excelled every other Performer, at least in my Eye ; for I am sure I thought so. I had the Pleasure of Dancing several Times with him ; this greatly delighted me,—I exerted myself to the utmost of my Power ; and my Mother told me afterwards, that she never saw me dance so well, or with such Spirits before.

BETWEEN the Dances he kept constantly with me ; and more and more every Hour was I charmed with him. Nothing could excell my Happiness ; and I had not a Wish beyond the present Moment ; nor did he seem less delighted with me.

AFTER the Ball was ended, we had a most sumptuous Entertainment, he sat next me,  
and

and his Discourse made a much higher Part of mine, than all the Elegancies which the Table afforded.

BUT alas! These Joys must have an End, at length the Assembly broke up; the Count handed me to my Chair, and then in a polite Manner took his Leave.

WHEN he left me, it seemed as if I had lost the best Part of myself, and my Spirits, so elevated during the whole Evening, now all at once forsook me.—And after getting Home, being in Bed, and left alone, I in my Mind revolved all that he had said to me. I could not drive his Image from my Mind, and by the Description I had heard and read of Love, I concluded myself to be seized by that Passion. In vain did I apply to Reason for Assistance; she refused her Aid, as a Punishment to me for devoting so many Hours just past, to Love and Indiscretion. Thus rejected by her, all my Comfort was, the Hope I had conceived of the Count's being in no better Situation than myself.

I SLEPT not till towards Morning, and then my Fancy brought back, and represented to me in a lively Manner the Adventures of the past Evening: again I danced with, and  
was

was entertained by, my *Pailliere*; and I awoke if possible, with a Mind less tranquil, than before I slept.

WHEN I arose, as was my usual Custom, I went into my Mother's Dressing-Room; and as soon as she was dressed we joined my Father for Breakfast.

OUR Discourse turned upon the Entertainment of the preceding Day.—I should say, my Parents Discourse; for I was not in a State of Mind to talk much, till my Mother mentioned the Count *de Pailliere*, and then I could have expatiated largely if I had dared, in his Praise. But I thought it most prudent to be silent, lest the Manner in which I should have spoke might have betrayed me: and even this Caution did not avail me, for Spite of all, I was found out. ‘Me-  
 ‘ thinks, *Mādame Montier*, (said my Father)  
 ‘ our *Marianna* has left all her Spirits behind  
 ‘ her at the Ball. While Talking and Dance-  
 ‘ ing with the Count, who so lively as she?  
 ‘ —He is amiable in his Person, nor is his  
 ‘ Behaviour less attracting; I wish, by Sur-  
 ‘ prize he has not taken our Daughter’s  
 ‘ Heart. This your Soldiers are full as ex-  
 ‘ pert at, as storming Castles; perhaps they  
 ‘ study the Method of it more!’

My



My Face I felt all over in a Glow ; which did not pass unobserved by my Father, who went on.—‘ Yes, yes ; it is as I suspected, ‘ he has been firing his Artillery upon her ; ‘ her Heart has caught Flame ! See, Madame, ‘ it now appears in her Face. Pretty Puppet !—And has it a Mind for an Husband ? ‘ How old art thou ? Fifteen, I suppose, the ‘ loving Age !—as good a Woman as your ‘ Mother, no doubt you think yourself.—But ‘ tell me, *Marianna*, did you easily surrender ‘ your Heart, or did the Citadel give him ‘ some Pains in taking ? Was any Art besides ‘ mere fine Speeches used in the Attack ? ‘ tell me, my Girl : for if he has pretended ‘ to make a Fool of thee, one Way or other ‘ I will be even with him.—My Daughter ‘ shall not be imposed upon by the finest ‘ Man breathing. Do you, or have you ‘ any Reason to think he likes you in good ‘ earnest ? if so, and you like him, there is ‘ no Harm done, for I can give you a Fortune that shall answer any Settlement he ‘ will make you ; let me know, *Marianna*, ‘ what he has said to you. I saw him chatter ‘ very fast ; he seemed to be making the ‘ best Use of his Time.—I never stand by ‘ without making some Observations, I can ‘ tell you.—Why dost not speak, Child ! ‘ what ! has the Count carried away thy ‘ Tongue, as well as Heart ?’

G

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 ‘ what ! has the Count carried away thy  
 ‘ Tongue, as well as Heart ?’

G

Speak



*SPEAK* I could not, I blushed, and even cried for Vexation.—Cruel Father! thought I, how you use me!—

My Mother spoke; ‘Pray, my Dear (said she) spare the Child: if the Case is as you imagine, she is to be pitied, rather than rallied in this unmerciful Manner. But I dare say, Monsieur, you are mistaken, you are generally too hasty in your Conjectures. I have an higher Opinion of my Daughter’s Sense and Prudence, than to believe she would yield up her Heart at so easy a Rate as one Evening’s Conversation. It is true, the Count *de Pailliere* is a Man any Girl may be taken with at first Sight; and more especially after a whole Evening spent in his Company, he taking a more particular Notice of her than of any other Lady, it is no Wonder if she was pleased with him, and the Notice he took of her. Flattery meets with but too kind a Reception from young Women, when it is properly applied.—Ah! *Marianna*, you are young, very young, and have not yet had Experience of the Artifices used by Men in order to deceive: you have been very little in Public, my Dear; you know not how a Wo-

man

‘man ought to arm her Heart against the  
 ‘intriguing Wretches, who’—

‘LET me go, let me go,—(cried my Fa-  
 ‘ther interrupting her;) now you have  
 ‘begun, the Men will be sadly maul’d I  
 ‘make no Doubt.—Dispute by yourselves  
 ‘I say, for I will not stay to hear my Sex  
 ‘abused.’

HE went, and my Mother continued her  
 Discourse. ‘Your Inexperience, *Marianna*,  
 ‘may subject you to many Difficulties,—I  
 ‘doubt it has already;—for though I would  
 ‘not say it before your Father,—I fear my  
 ‘Child! you like the Count too well. I  
 ‘observed last Night, and not without Con-  
 ‘cern, how attentive an Ear you lent to his  
 ‘Discourse, and the Pleasure you seemed  
 ‘to take in what he said to you. He bears  
 ‘it is true, the Character of a Man of Ho-  
 ‘nour;—but this, my Dear, does not se-  
 ‘cure a Woman: For even Men of Honour  
 ‘in all other Respects think it no way dero-  
 ‘gatory to that, or to their Characters, to  
 ‘engage the Heart of an unwary Girl,  
 ‘themselves making no Return. Marriage  
 ‘they cautiously avoid the Mention of, and  
 ‘if this cannot be proved upon them, if  
 ‘they have not made this an Instrument to

' deceive, they conclude their Honour safe;  
 ' and all other Arts, are termed no more  
 ' than mere Pieces of Gallantry, used for  
 ' their own Diversion, while they never con-  
 ' sider the Effects of such Behaviour upon  
 ' the Woman they are pleased to trifle  
 ' with;—if she believes their specious Arts,  
 ' she is ridiculed for her Credulity, and the  
 ' Wretch who has thus imposed, makes a  
 ' Joke of her among Companions of his  
 ' own Stamp, who notwithstanding all this  
 ' in the common Eye of the World, are  
 ' looked upon as *Men of Honour*.

' If, *Marianna*, the Count has stole into  
 ' your Affections do not strengthen, do not  
 ' encourage his Hold:—Till he by evident  
 ' Proofs convinces you of his Truths, con-  
 ' clude him false and only pretending.—  
 ' This Way of judging will secure you, and  
 ' if it injures him, and he should apply to  
 ' your Father, which if he is in Earnest,  
 ' my Dear, he will most certainly do, then  
 ' will it be Time enough for you to love  
 ' him, which I fear you have more Power  
 ' to do than to avoid.—Yet, my *Marianna*,  
 ' you must avoid it; for no Situation can  
 ' be worse than that of those, who are en-  
 ' tangled in an hopeless Flame.—Let not  
 ' my Daughter add to the Number of the  
 ' de-



‘deceived; give not the Men Reason to  
 ‘triumph in your Fall.—Judge of the Men  
 ‘in general, (and you will not much wrong  
 them) as the Poet in these Lines describes  
 ‘them.’—

*Oh! MAN! thou false Deceiver! born to vex,  
 And triumph o’er the Weakness of our Sex.  
 He spares not Oaths, or sacred Vows, to gain  
 Our simple Hearts, or Favour to obtain:  
 Which when secure of, like an idle Boy,  
 A little while enamour’d of a Toy,  
 Novelty ceasing, soon he weary grows,  
 And with Disdain the Trifle from him throws.*

*Ah! WOMAN! from this Sex, dissembling learn,  
 Nor for their faithless Vows your Truth return:  
 And if this Lesson practis’d give them Pain,  
 ’Twas they first taught it, let ’em not complain:  
 But if, once more they’ll Virtue’s Paths pursue,  
 Their base Ingratitude no more renew,  
 And ne’er again be perjur’d,—we’ll prove true.*

I thanked my Mother for the Repetition  
 of the Lines, and the good Advice she had  
 given me; at the same Time promising to  
 use my Endeavours to profit by it. Yet I  
 made no Scruple to own, that the Count

*De Pailliere*, by his fine Person and Address, had made some Impression upon me: But, dear Madam, continued I, of every thing which is in the least dishonourable, I must clear him; for he uttered nothing in his whole Discourse worthy of Blame.

WE now thought of Dressing for Dinner, when a Servant entered with a Billet, saying, a Man waited for an Answer. It was directed for my Father in a most charming Hand; and as it is ever easy to believe, what we wish, I took it into my Head that the Writer must be the Count *de Pailliere*. My Father coming in at this Instant, we gave him the Epistle, which he opened and read to himself: after which, So, so! *Marianna* said he, all the cost in dressing you for the Ball is not likely to be thrown away.—For if you did not strike that same fine Count, you have another full as good as he. Here, Madam *Montier*, read this, and you will find how it is; read it aloud for the Edification of your Daughter.—She read as follows.—

To Monsieur *Montier*

‘MY Destiny, most worthy Monsieur,  
 ‘**M** depends upon you, and your angelic  
 ‘ Daughter, to whose all-powerful Charms,  
 ‘ I fell last Night a Captive.

‘ IT

‘ It was with the greatest Mortification,  
 ‘ I beheld the Count *de Pailliere* engage the  
 ‘ adorable *Marianna* all the Evening, as I  
 ‘ was thereby barred Access, and forced to  
 ‘ content myself with a silent Admiration of  
 ‘ her, while the happy Count was at Li-  
 ‘ berty to entertain her.

‘ He did not, I thought, seem half so  
 ‘ sensible of his Bliss as I should have been.  
 ‘ in his Situation; and glad am I he was  
 ‘ not, for by endeavouring to obtain her  
 ‘ Favour, he would make me his mortal  
 ‘ Foe.—

‘ I crave Monsieur, the Honour of waiting  
 ‘ on you and the angelic *Marianna*, whose  
 ‘ Affections, if I can be so happy as to gain  
 ‘ through your Favour, and my own Af-  
 ‘ siduities,—there cannot be a more per-  
 ‘ fect Bliss, than will be then experienced,  
 ‘ by her

‘ *Adoring Slave,*

A N D

‘ *Your Obedient Servant,*

*If not denied, I shall  
 wait on you this Afternoon.*

‘ DE LA VALL.’

G 4

‘ THERE’S



‘THERE’S for you, my Girl, (cried my Father,—) no Matter whether the Count was in Earnest or not :—Here is one that is.—Go, go, put on your most becoming Dress, while I send back for Answer, that we shall be glad to see the Marquis.’—

He was now going.—‘Dear Pappa, (cried I) pray do not let him come ; indeed I cannot like him.’—

‘*Not like him*, simple Girl (returned he!) you do not know what you can like. His Person no one can object to :—*Not let him come!*—Yes, yes ; that he shall, I can tell you ;—such Matches do not offer every Day, and are not to be slighted.’—

In vain I begged.—Away my Father went, and sent the Marquis word his Visit would be agreeable. I was forced to Dress ; and though a Task I had hitherto taken much Delight in, when I considered the End for which I now did so, it seemed quite disagreeable.

On coming down for Dinner, my Father turned me about, and viewed me all over very carefully. ‘So you have done as I bid  
‘ you

‘you, (said he.)—But why dost look so  
 ‘cloudy, Girl?—By my Soul! she is al-  
 ‘most ready to cry! what ails the foolish  
 ‘Chit? It is something to cry for truly; be-  
 ‘cause a fine young Nobleman admires you,  
 ‘and is to pay you a Visit this Afternoon!  
 ‘Dost intend to behave thus simply on the  
 ‘Day you are married to him?’

‘THAT Day, Pappa, (replied I) by my  
 ‘Consent, will never arrive. — My Heart  
 ‘will never be the Marquis *De la Vall*’s.—  
 ‘And shall I give my Hand without it?’—  
 ‘Your *Heart cannot be his*, (returned my  
 ‘Father!) what is become of it, that you  
 ‘cannot give it him? I am certain if you had  
 ‘it in your keeping it would be his on De-  
 ‘mand.—But I suppose the Count has got  
 ‘it.—Ah! *Marianna!* but, has he given  
 ‘his in Return?—No, I will warrant you,  
 ‘he knew better.—Simple Girl, to make  
 ‘such a foolish Bargain. But come, I do  
 ‘not fear, that before this Afternoon is over  
 ‘and you have heard what the Marquis  
 ‘has to say for himself,—You will find your  
 ‘Heart by his Assistance.—Girls never en-  
 ‘tirely give away their Hearts.—They  
 ‘keep hold of them by a small Thread,  
 ‘which by the Application of Flattery and  
 ‘Finery and a pretty Fellow the Opera-

'tor, the Thread grows strong, the Lady  
 'pulls it.—Back comes her Heart, which  
 'she just receives and then gives it to him  
 'who assisted in the Recovery of it. This  
 'Assistant, *Marianna*, the Marquis will be to  
 'you; and when you get your Heart, Gra-  
 'titude will oblige you to bestow it upon  
 'him.—Yes, yes; before it is long, you  
 'will be the Marchioness *De la Vall*.—does  
 'not the Title sound pompously?'

'My honoured Father,—answered I,—  
 'and can an empty Title compensate for  
 'the Want of Happiness? Ah! no:—  
 'Nor ever will your *Marianna*, unless you  
 'absolutely force her, consent to be the  
 'Wife of any Man she cannot love.—I will  
 'freely own, that there is another Man I  
 'could prefer before the Marquis.—Shall I  
 'with such a Preference against him receive  
 'his Vows? How would this injure him!  
 'How base in me!'—

'So, like a Fool, (replied my Father,  
 'peevishly)—you would grasp at a Shadow,  
 'and lose the Substance, very pretty truly!—  
 'And a wise Man I should be to humour  
 'you.—But, *Marianna*, I will not humour  
 'you, for if the fine Person of the Count,  
 'and his still finer Speeches, have cast such  
 'a Mist



‘a Mist before your Eyes, as to render you  
 ‘blind to your Interest, there is no Dust  
 ‘thrown in mine, I can see clearly what  
 ‘will be for your Advantage; and I am  
 ‘very much mistaken, if you are not soon  
 ‘persuaded to alter you present Way of  
 ‘Thinking.’

I knew it would be to no Manner of purpose to dispute the Point, so I remained silent: And now the Entrance of my Mother, and after her the Dinner, put a Stop to the Discourse while the Servants waited; and when we rose from Table I followed my Mother to her Dressing-Room.

BEING seated.—‘Is it really true, *Mari-anna*, (said she) that the Count *de Pailliere* has so strongly engaged your Affections, that you are absolutely determined not to favour the Pretensions of the Marquis?—Could I have suspected you capable of such a Weakness? Yes, my Child, *a Weakness* I must term it: For you have no Reason to believe the Count has any real Regard for you. How great your Folly to throw away your Heart on one that thinks the Present no Obligation, when you might bestow it upon another, perhaps equally deserving, who would esteem it the greatest

'est Blessing he could receive, and make  
 'it the Study of his Life to render you  
 'happy.—Be not obstinate, my Child.—  
 'Your Passion for the Count is young; in  
 'its Infancy it may be conquered.—Use  
 'your Endeavours to do so.—And, *Mari-*  
 '*anna*, when the Marquis comes I charge  
 'you treat him with Complaisance; let not  
 'your Behaviour disgust him: His oblig-  
 'ing Manner may soften your Dislike;  
 'try, I beseech you, and let not the En-  
 'couragement of an hopeless Passion de-  
 'stroy so good a Foundation for future  
 'Happiness.'—

IN such kind of Advice my Mother spent  
 the Time till a most formidable Rap at the  
 Gate gave us a Summons to repair to the  
 Drawing-Room in order to receive a Guest,  
 quite unwelcome to me. With unwilling  
 Steps I followed my Mother, and before  
 we were seated, the Marquis entered with  
 my Father. He had a very good Person;  
 and no Advantage possible to be given it  
 from Dress had this Day been spared. He  
 paid his Compliments first to my Mother,  
 then to me, with a fine Grace; and I could  
 not help thinking, as much prejudiced as  
 I was against him, that he appeared agree-  
 able.

WITH

WITH great Ease he fell into modern Conversation and entertained us with all the Topicks then in Vogue, in a genteel and lively Manner.—And at length when my Father and Mother withdrew, he declared his Passion for me, in polite and ardent Terms.

I TOLD him, he was no Way disagreeable to me, either in Person or Manner; but that in my own Mind I was much too young, to think of entering into Bonds with any Man, and therefore begged him not to solicit me any farther on a Subject, the Purport of which I could not encourage or comply with.—

‘AH! Madam, said he, I fear this is only a Pretence in order to make me quit my Purpose.—Some fortunate Rival possesses that Regard I sue for.’

AND then, to intimidate me as I suppose, he threatened Vengeance on the Head of any Man, who should pretend to dispute with him so rare a Prize.

‘WHAT! cried he, shall such a Treasure as Mademoiselle *Montier*, be tamely yielded?



‘ed? Forbid it Love! Forbid it Honour!—  
 ‘No, let my Competitor come forth, and  
 ‘if in Combat he can overcome me; then I  
 ‘must submit, but not before.’

Now instantly he smoothed his angry  
 Brow, and assuming an Air of Tenderness,  
 was going to throw himself at my Feet,  
 when, starting from my Chair, ‘Away, vile  
 ‘Man! (cried I) nor trifle with me thus,  
 ‘you make me more a Child by such Treat-  
 ‘ment than I really am; but the Imposition  
 ‘will not pass, I see thro’ Arts so thinly  
 ‘covered. I promised my Parents that I  
 ‘would see and hear you: I have done  
 ‘both; nay more, I have sat patiently, while  
 ‘you practised over all your Airs and Graces.  
 ‘—First you appeared the Gentleman; in  
 ‘my Parents Presence you behaved like the  
 ‘truly polite Gentleman. Next you assumed  
 ‘the Lover, and spoke your Passion, in pathe-  
 ‘tick Terms, and in an Air, Gesture, and Atti-  
 ‘tude all far from disagreeable: had you stop-  
 ‘ped here it had been well. But, loth to lose  
 ‘the least Advantage, and thinking perhaps  
 ‘the Baby would be charmed with Courage,  
 ‘you personate the storming *Bravo*; a Charac-  
 ‘ter which I detest.—Well you acted this, in-  
 ‘deed it seemed quite natural to you; and  
 ‘lest it should be so, I must be cautious,  
 ‘and

‘and not for the future give my Company  
 ‘to one, from whom I may be liable to In-  
 ‘sults, by his assuming Airs which really  
 ‘fright me.’

He walked about the Room, vexed as I  
 suppose, that the Hero did not please the  
 Child. He seemed much discomposed; but  
 at length was going to speak, when my Fa-  
 ther entered the Room. ‘Well, (says he)  
 ‘all is over I suppose.’—‘Yes, Monsieur,  
 ‘(replied the Marquis, gravely;) so I fear.’  
 ‘How, (cries my Father, in Amaze!) what  
 ‘do I see, *Marianna?* (coming to me)—so  
 ‘sullen, so discomposed!—The Marquis too  
 ‘the same!—What is the Matter?—Sure,  
 ‘the Children have not played till they have  
 ‘quarrelled!—Be Friends, be Friends; I inter-  
 ‘cede.—And taking the Marquis’s Hand, he  
 ‘led him towards me.—I with great Haugh-  
 ‘tiness retreated to the farther End of the  
 ‘Room.’—‘Oh! you must be followed,  
 ‘must you, (said my Father?)—after her, my  
 ‘Lord, ’tis said the Women love to be pur-  
 ‘sued.’—The Marquis came after me, and  
 took my Hand with a most tender and be-  
 seeching Look, and pronounced, in a com-  
 plaining Accent, ‘Divinest Creature, hear.’  
 —I snatched away my Hand, regardless of  
 my Father’s Presence, quite vexed to see the  
 Marquis

Marquis so much Master of his Countenance, as to be able to alter it at Will. I could not bear to be so trifled with. But stamping with my Foot,—‘Be gone! (cried I) thou Sy-cophant; nor practise Arts on *Marianna*, who despises them and thee!’—He turned from me to my Father, who stood aghast,—and with great Composure,—‘Monsieur, (cried he) you see I cannot be heard; and if I could, I fear, all I should utter to promote my Cause, would not avail. Yet, what can have filled that heavenly Form,—(pointing at me)—with so much Fury?—Why am I made the Victim of her Scorn?—Have I a Rival? does any one supplant me?’—‘Ah! (cries my Father,) you have hit it: the handsome Count *de Pailliere*; he is the Man.’—‘The Count *de Pailliere*!’—(cried the Marquis, fiercely!)—Is he the Cause of my Rejection? Oh! he shall dearly pay for his Presumption.—Will he dispute the Prize?—He shall dispute it; for tamely I will not resign my Pretensions.—I will put to trial that boasted Courage, which Fame reports so high; and treat him as I would any Man, who shall dare to be my Rival!—Monsieur, your most obedient!—You, Mademoiselle, I must not dare to accost, till I have removed the Obstacle which thwarts my Happiness.’

SAYING



SAYING these Words, he went away ; leaving me in a Condition not to be described ; Resentment, Love, and Fear all moved my Breast at once.

To add to my Distress, my Father was in a most bitter Rage with me. My Mother now came in ; she too upbraided me. I could not stand all these tumultuous Passions, but fainting, was carried to my Chamber ; where when I came to myself, being greatly indisposed, I went to Bed though not to Rest, for Sleep forsook my Eyes.

IN the Morning, how did I dread attending Breakfast !—I needed not however ; for my Father sent me Word he would not see me. — This was a greater Affliction ; and to add to it, my Mother came not near me.

THIS was the first real Distress which I had ever known, and it well nigh over-set my Reason.—It wanted not Addition, but soon received it ; for about Noon my Woman came up. — ‘ Oh ! Mademoiselle, ‘ (said she)—There has been sad Doings ‘ this Morning !—Our *Jaques* has been out, ‘ and says, that fine Gentleman who drank ‘ Tea

‘Tea here Yesterday has fought with ano-  
 ‘ther, and wounded him so dangerously,  
 ‘that it is said he cannot possibly recover;  
 ‘—the Count *de Pailliere* I think it is.—To  
 ‘Spirits weakened like mine, judge how  
 ‘such a Piece of Information affected  
 ‘them.—Once more I fainted; and all the  
 ‘Endeavours of my Maids to recover me  
 ‘proved ineffectual. They called in the  
 ‘Assistance of my Mother: My Father’s  
 ‘Anger too was softened by my Condition.  
 ‘and he attended on her to my Apartment.  
 ‘Every Application was vain; a Physician  
 ‘was sent for, and through a great deal of  
 ‘Care, after awhile I began to shew some  
 ‘Tokens of returning Life, When I could  
 ‘speak, the first Words I pronounced were,  
 ‘—*Pailliere, Pailliere*, good Heaven reco-  
 ‘ver thee!’

My Mother was vexed at this Excla-  
 mation before so many Witnesses.—But, to  
 hide my Meaning, ‘Poor Child, (says she)  
 ‘delirious! see, how she raves! Alas!  
 ‘she knows not what she utters!’—‘Perhaps  
 ‘(replied the Physician,) the Lady has heard  
 ‘of the Duel which was fought this Morn-  
 ‘ing:—every one must lament a fine young  
 ‘Gentleman like the Count being cut off in  
 ‘the Flower of his Youth and Glory:—I  
 ‘attend-

‘attended him but this Instant, and fear  
‘there are no Hopes of his Recovery.’

ALL this I listened to, with great Attention; and though it cut me to the Heart to hear so bad an Account of him I loved, yet I could not help being pleased that the same Physician attended us both, as by that Means I hoped to gain constant Information of the Count.

THE Doctor soon after this took his Leave; begging me to indulge Repose as much as possible, and charging my Attendants to keep me quiet. The last Injunction was strictly observed; for I had no Inclination to speak, and none offered any Discourse to me.

IMPATIENTLY did I wait for the Coming of Doctor N——, which was not till about Noon the next Day. My Mother was with me, she enquired after the Count. ‘His Situation, (replied the Doctor,) is at present dubious; yet I fear he cannot recover. His Wounds are bad!—but, Madam,—those are not his only Malady; his Heart is more affected than his Person.—The lovely *Marianna*; she has struck him deeper than the Marquis *De la Vall*.’

THIS



THIS Morning he thus addressed me.  
 ‘Doctor (says he,) if one has a Physician,  
 ‘is it not right to tell ones Case without  
 ‘Reserve?’—‘Certainly,’ (replied I) ‘Well  
 ‘then, (cried he) I will.—I hear the charm-  
 ‘ing *Marianna* labours under a slight In-  
 ‘disposition, and that you attend her.—I  
 ‘love her more than Life, but never have  
 ‘revealed my Flame:—This Billet,—  
 ‘(taking one from under his Pillow)—I  
 ‘have caused my Secretary to write.—Give  
 ‘it to her Hand, and you will eternally  
 ‘oblige me.’—‘I started at the Proposal.—  
 ‘He observed it.’—‘I mean not, continued  
 ‘he, to have it delivered in a private or  
 ‘clandestine Manner. The only Reason  
 ‘why I request you to carry it is, because  
 ‘I would be certain of its being delivered  
 ‘into her own Hand.—This if it went by  
 ‘a Servant I could not; it might be taken  
 ‘by her Father who favours the Pretensions  
 ‘of my Rival, and he perhaps would not  
 ‘let her see it..

‘ALL that I beg is this,—that when you  
 ‘next attend the adorable Charmer of my  
 ‘Soul, you will give her this Epistle, in the  
 ‘Presence of her Parents, or any one who  
 ‘shall happen to be with her.’—

I could.

## C H A P. VIII.

*The Princess continues the Relation of her own History and that of the Count de Pailliere.*

I Could not resist his Entreaties, but took the Letter, and thus, Madam, I execute the Trust.

I took the Epistle, and read as follows:

‘ I N the Cause of the most excellent of  
 ‘ Women I fall.—Yet can I stile myself  
 ‘ unfortunate, to perish nobly in such a glo-  
 ‘ rious Cause?—If I must die, to die for  
 ‘ you would be my Choice beyond all  
 ‘ others.—But ah! adorable Mademoiselle!  
 ‘ I had encouraged the presumptuous Hope  
 ‘ of calling so much Perfection mine! I  
 ‘ fought to live for you.—Yet I would not  
 ‘ pretend to ask your Heart, till in some  
 ‘ Measure, by noble Atchievements I should  
 ‘ deserve so rare a Prize.—

‘ I HAD resolved in the next Engage-  
 ‘ ment, where I am by Virtue of my Com-  
 ‘ mission to bear a part, armed by my Love,  
 ‘ to have attempted some Action worthy of  
 ‘ Renown.—If Fortune had indulged my  
 ‘ Hopes, and crowned my Arms with  
 ‘ Glory, on my Return I would have laid  
 ‘ my

‘ my Trophies at your Feet, have owned  
 ‘ my Passion, and implored your Favour.

‘ ALAS! this was no other than a golden  
 ‘ Dream, now sunk and vanished.—The  
 ‘ cruel Marquis,—he has overturned, def-  
 ‘ troyed the blissful Prospect! he has van-  
 ‘ quished me in Combat, and in the Cause  
 ‘ of matchless *Marianna*, shortly I shall  
 ‘ perish.—Ah! Mademoiselle! although in  
 ‘ this he has overcome me, let him not  
 ‘ triumph in my Fall! do not reward him  
 ‘ who destroyed my Life, with such a pre-  
 ‘ cious Offering as your Hand.—Of this if  
 ‘ I could be assured, it would allay the  
 ‘ Pangs which now I feel, and make the  
 ‘ Exit more easy of, divine *Marianna*,—

‘ *Your truly admiring*

‘ *And sincerely devoted,*

‘ *Even in the Pangs of Death,*

‘ DE PAILLIERE.’

IT is hard to say, whether Joy or Grief  
 had most Dominion over me on reading this  
 Epistle. Certain it is, I was greatly affected  
 by both Passions.—I was now assured of be-  
 ing



ing loved by the only Man in the World, for whom my Heart could own a particular Regard. Yet at the same Time I received this pleasing Information, how was my Joy sunk by that Danger of his Situation! No sooner declared my Admirer than likely to be snatched away, by the cruel Hand of Death!—

I WEPT on this Reflection, and let the Paper fall, my Mother took it up, saying at the same Time, ‘My dear *Marianna*, for—give my Curiosity.—I must read it.’—I was too much affected to speak, but bowed Assent.—She began to peruse the Letter, and now my Father entered the Chamber.

BEFORE he enquired after my Health, his Eyes at entering being caught by the Paper in my Mother’s Hand,—He ran to her.—‘What have you got there, Madam! which you are reading so earnestly!’ He stayed not for an Answer, but going behind her snatched the Letter out of her Hand. Then hastily running his Eye over it, and seeing the Name of *Pailliere* at the Bottom.—

‘WHAT, in the Name of Mystery, have we here, (cried he? *Pailliere*.)—He write to my Girl! —Then, most carefully weighing

ing each Word as he went along, he in an audible Voice read the Billet thro' for the Edification of all the By-standers, *viz.* The Doctor, my Mother, and two Maids, whose attentive Ears lost not a single Syllable.—

THE Letter ended,—‘ Poor Count, (said my Father) fairly taken in, as well as the Marquis, at the same Time too !—Surely, *Marianna*, your Dresser that Day was a Conjurer, and in every Part of your Garment planted some secret Charm.—*Madame Montier*,—is there in our Girl any Thing so very extraordinary, as to enable her to be the Occasion of so much Mischiefe?—What strange Work an handsome Woman makes among us Men !

‘ SURELY these Goddesses, as they are called, have a great deal to answer for,—‘ One Man hangs himself because she frowns; ‘ —another in a Fit of Despair gets drowned; ‘ and two Fools, who have more Spirit than ‘ to do such cowardly Actions,—both admiring this Angel,—first Dispute who shall have her, and not being able to settle the Point, as ‘ neither will give it up ;—strait they go to ‘ fighting, and one of them gets killed.—

‘ OF such brave Doings I had never any  
 ‘ Opinion, I chose to live for a fine Woman,  
 ‘ not to die for her: and Madam (continued  
 he, taking my Mother’s Hand)—notwith-  
 ‘ standing the great Affection I bore you,  
 ‘ had any brave Fellow in Defence of his  
 ‘ Claim and Praise of your Beauty, forced  
 ‘ me to run him thro’ the Body, or give  
 ‘ him a Chance to serve me the same, before  
 ‘ he would have yielded his Pretensions, I  
 ‘ should not have put his Courage to the  
 ‘ Trial; but have endeavoured, to make  
 ‘ myself easy without giving you the Name  
 ‘ of *Montier*. But, *Marianna*,—as to this  
 ‘ Letter,—What is to be done?—Surely,  
 ‘ to make the Count easy, you will not be  
 ‘ so simple as to bind yourself in a Promise  
 ‘ not to have the Marquis when he is dead.’

‘ THAT Promise, (replied I) may safely  
 ‘ be made; for had there never been a Count  
 ‘ *de Pailliere*, I would not have given my  
 ‘ Hand to the Marquis.—I never liked him,  
 ‘ —but now he is my Aversion.—What?  
 ‘ shall I link myself to a Murderer?—Such  
 ‘ I esteem a Duellist, that is to say, the Seeker  
 ‘ of a Duel.—For he that is forced into one,  
 ‘ (and how many are thro’ that false Prin-  
 ‘ ciple of Honour now in Vogue,) is to be  
 H pitied,



' pitied, as he fights only in his own Prefer-  
 ' vation, and must not be blamed, let the  
 ' Event happen as it will. But for a Man,  
 ' who in this honourable Way, as it is stiled,  
 ' will seek the Life of his Fellow-creature,  
 ' him shall I ever detest; and no one will ever  
 ' find a Way to my Heart, thro' such hor-  
 ' rid Paths.—And now I call upon all here,  
 ' is never to give to witness the Vow I make;  
 ' which my Hand to the Marquis, who is  
 ' in my Opinion a Murderer.'—

' NOR do I blame your Resolution, (said  
 ' my Mother,)—indeed, my Child, you have  
 ' placed the odious Practice of Duelling, in  
 ' its proper Light: And would all our fine  
 ' young Women not only think, but act as  
 ' you resolve;—so that every Man who had  
 ' been the Seeker of a Duel, should be with  
 ' general Voice rejected by the Sex,—soon  
 ' would the Practice drop; such a Treat-  
 ' ment of the Offenders would more con-  
 ' duce to its Abolishment, than all the Edicts  
 ' of the wisest Kings.'

' WOULD to Heaven, (replied the Doctor)  
 ' any means could be found to stop the hor-  
 ' rid Practice.'—' I join with you, (returned  
 ' my Father; )—I shall hate the Marquis too.  
 ' —Well, *Marianna*, as Matters have turned  
 ' out,

‘out, I do not ask you any more to favour  
‘his Pretensions.—This Afternoon I am  
‘to see him, and then I will signify, that he  
‘must give up all Thoughts of you for the  
‘future.—

‘THIS Count, though, I wish he could  
‘recover:—Two such fine Chances, and  
‘lose them both!—I do not like that.—  
‘My Girl likes him, he her:—would for  
‘my Part they could come together. Doc-  
‘tor,—you are a Man of great Skill.—Do  
‘so much as pay him a Visit: perhaps too,  
‘being made easy in his Mind, may be a  
‘great Stroke towards his Recovery. If  
‘you find any Hopes of his Living,—tell  
‘him, that *Marianna* does not hate him.—  
‘This is the Phrase made use of by God-  
‘desses on such an Occasion, if I remember  
‘right, when they are inclined to favour  
‘one of their profound Worshippers. How  
‘the drooping Spirits of such an Adorer  
‘must be raised, at hearing such Words of  
‘Comfort sent him expressly from his An-  
‘gel! his Spirits will come one Hour; his  
‘Strength the next; and To-morrow at  
‘farthest we shall have him here, pouring  
‘out in heroic Strains, a Multitude of  
‘Thanks at the Seat of the Mistress of his  
‘Soul.—Likewise, Doctor! you may assure  
H\_2. ‘him

' him that she will not favour his Rival;  
 ' but publickly has sworn, never to have  
 ' him.—Do Doctor, go to the poor Man, it  
 ' will be doing a kind Office; you may  
 ' save a Life by it, to counterballance some  
 ' of those your Advice has killed!—Forgive  
 ' me, I must have my Joke; it is my Way,  
 ' so you must not mind me.'—

Ah, my Father, thought I, how can you  
 trifle so,—the Subject so serious!—I was  
 hindered from pursuing of it by Doctor  
 N——, who thus answered my Father,—

' YES, Monsieur, I shall certainly wait on  
 ' the Count; I attend him as his Phys-  
 ' cian.—Do you so (cried my Father, ea-  
 ' gerly?) why then you can tell me all how  
 ' and about him.—Can he recover?—How  
 ' many Wounds has he? — where are  
 ' they?—Has he a Fever?—does he talk  
 ' much of my Daughter? — Is, — Hold,  
 ' hold, (said the Doctor) if I suffer you to  
 ' enlarge your Catalogue of Questions, they  
 ' will so far exceed the Bounds of my Me-  
 ' mory, that I shall not be able to answer  
 ' them.—To your first Demand of his Re-  
 ' covery, thus I speak.—The Count is at  
 ' Present in a very uncertain State; whe-  
 ' ther he will live or die no one can yet  
 ' deter-



‘determine.—Next, how many Wounds?—  
 ‘One large one, and that through his Body,  
 ‘in a dangerous Part.—He has no Fever,—  
 ‘the only Thing in his Favour.—And lastly,  
 ‘as to your Daughter,—he talks of very  
 ‘little else; and I believe she engrosses all  
 ‘his Thoughts.

‘He has known me long, and thinking  
 ‘me not unworthy of his Confidence,—  
 ‘intrusted me this Morning with the Secret  
 ‘of his Love.—I brought the Billet to *Ma-*  
 ‘*rianna* which you have read, at his De-  
 ‘fire,—and was to deliver it as I have done  
 ‘in a public Manner.—

‘He now requires my Attendance, I  
 ‘must depart, but first, dear Mademoiselle,  
 ‘what Return do you make to the Billet?’—

‘TELL the Count, (replied I) that I ne-  
 ‘ver will be united to the Marquis *De la*  
 ‘*Vall*.—That I sincerely wish, and pray for  
 ‘his Recovery; very much lamenting I  
 ‘should be the unhappy Cause of his Dis-  
 ‘after;—and lastly, charge him to neglect  
 ‘no Means of saving his Life:—For that she  
 ‘*does not hate him*, (cried my Father)—Pray,  
 ‘Doctor add that.—No, (says my Mother,  
 ‘smiling)—a Life *not wholly indifferent to*  
 ‘her,

‘her;—that would be more according to Rule. Every one disposed to joke me, said ‘I!—do not regard them, Doctor, leave off ‘where I stopped, I beg you.’ He bowed, and took his Farewell:—

WHEN he was gone, finding myself much fatigued, I begged to be left alone.—This was complied with, and I enjoyed a sweet Repose for some Hours, and arose in the Evening, greatly refreshed and much recovered.

NEXT Morning the good Doctor came; my Parents both were with me.—My Father first accosted him: ‘How does the Count? Is there Hopes of him to Day?—‘Yes, (replied the Doctor, in a Strain which I thought heavenly) I think I may now pronounce ‘there are. This Morning his Surgeon, when ‘he opened the Wound, said, it was in as fine ‘a Way as could be expected in so short a ‘Time; and that if his Patient would still ‘submit to Rules, with great Care, he might ‘in Time recover.—To be sure it must be a ‘Work of Time, for the Wound is very ‘deep; and will be long before it can be ‘closed, or the Count able to quit his ‘Chamber.’

My

My Father was in Transports on hearing so good an Account; and it is easy to believe, I was not less pleased.—All Things seemed now to brighten upon us,—and after Doctor N— was gone, who, I should have mentioned, attributed the good Way his Patient was in, much to the Ease of Mind my Message had given him.—My Father told me, that he had been with the Marquis, and let him know my final Resolution.—I thought I should have carried Salts to keep him alive, said my Father, but we had no need of any such Thing.—The Gentleman received the Information in a very composed Manner.—Mademoiselle *Marianna*, said he, most certainly has a Right to dispose of her Affections as she thinks fit.—And if she can prefer a dying Lover to a living one, it is not for poor discarded Wretches, like me, to murmur. All we have for it, after so great a Misfortune has befallen us, is to endeavour to console and make ourselves easy under it.—This I shall do; and am not without those who are ready to assist me in the Task.

For though, Monsieur, your stately Daughter despises me, as she told me she did, in her last Words; thank Heaven, all the Sex do not.—Read that Epistle, and



there you will find a Confirmation of it.—I took the Letter from his Hands and read these Words.—

*To the Marquis De la Vall.*

‘THE Countess of L—— has a Masquerade to Night: If you think fit to be there, you will be met by a Woman no Way your inferior, either in Birth or Fortune:—Young, and her Person, as she has always been told, quite agreeable, nay charming.

‘SHE subscribes no Name, but if you meet her, and answer the Opinion she has formed of you,—she will give you an Opportunity, whenever you think fit, of changing her present Title into that of

‘DE LA VALL.’

WHEN he saw I had finished it, continued my Father, I guess at the Person, Monsieur, said he; I greatly admire a Woman of Spirit.—She is a most charming Creature, and was at the Ball, when I was so infatuated by your haughty Beauty.—I had some Conversation with her that Evening, danced with her several Times, and now recollect her being particularly complaisant to me.—But my

my Thoughts were at the Time otherwise engaged ; and this hindered me from making any Observations upon her Behaviour.— Yet I remember it was perfectly lovely.— This Evening I will see her again, and if we agree, as I think there is no Fear we shall,— in a very short Time she will be my Marchioness.—By this—some People may be dead, others may repent their hasty Judgement.—But, Monsieur, cried he, with half a Smile on his Face—None could ever be happy if they adopted other Peoples Troubles and made them their own.—I must not do so.

HAD I stayed, I must have affronted him, (cried my Father;) so I took my Leave, not caring to have a Quarrel, only contented myself with saying as I departed,—‘ If my Lord,—your fair *Intognita* is as beautiful, as you are vain, she is indeed a Goddess!’

YOU repent, Marianna! — Very fine truly,—Well, I wish the Count may recover ; most heartily I do : would to God he could be well Time enough for him and you to be married on the same Day these People are ; and then if your Wedding did not eclipse theirs, both in Beauty and Show, never believe me more, Jewels, Gold, Silver.

Silver, — from Head to Foot, I'd spare no cost. Oh! my Girl, how you should sparkle. Would I could see the Day! —

With such Thoughts as these, did my Father soften that Anger, which rose against the Marquis for his Insolence:—While I, for my Part, rejoiced that he had given that Affection to another, which I feared, if the Count recovered, would still have occasioned me some Trouble, and him perhaps great Danger.—But now all Fear on that Account was over, and I much pleased it was so, nor did I once regret the Loss of my Admirer.—

I now soon quitted my Chamber, and the Count mended daily; when being able to sit up, he sent Word by Dr. N—— that my Father would confer an infinite Obligation upon him, if he favoured him with his Company for an Hour.—

SHALL I, (says my Father) then I will go, and stay with him two Hours if he desires it.—When, Doctor, will it be proper for me to pay the Visit? — To-morrow Morning, (replied the Physician,) if you think fit.—I shall indeed, (said my Father,)—most gladly I will attend him.—

AT



At the appointed Time he went; and on his Return.—‘Ah! *Marianna*, (cried he,) I do not wonder at your liking the Count:—weak and ill as he is he has quite charmed me; so much the Gentleman,—so much Sense and ready Elocution.—But I will tell you all, just as it happened.—

‘WHEN I came to his Chamber, an Apartment fit for a Prince.—On seeing me he bowed as he sat.—Excuse, worthy Monsieur, the Incivility which my Condition forces me to be guilty of;—I cannot rise, or properly as I ought, return my Acknowledgments for the high Obligation this kind Visit lays me under.’—A Servant placed a great Chair close by the Count, and after shaking him by the Hand, I sat down in it.

‘My worthy Friend, said I, make no Apologies; all the Service which I can do you, you may command,—I beg to know the Business you sent for me upon.’—

‘I presume, answered he, gracefully bowing,—(yes, *Marianna*, he did bow gracefully, notwithstanding all his Swaths)—you are no Stranger to the Purport of that Epistle.

‘ Epistle which some Time since I sent to  
 ‘ your lovely Daughter by Dr. N——.  
 ‘ You will there find written the Sentiments  
 ‘ of my Heart without the least Disguise,—  
 ‘ were they agreeable to you and her, *Pailliere*  
 ‘ would be the happiest of Men.—Yet he  
 ‘ can scarcely hope, so great an Honour, as  
 ‘ the Affections of so accomplished a Lady.  
 ‘ He knows his Merits cannot deserve her;  
 ‘ and if she does vouchsafe to favour him,—  
 ‘ it will be owing to her Generosity and  
 ‘ Compassion for a Man,—who would  
 ‘ make it the Business of his future Life,  
 ‘ not to appear ungrateful for the Blessing  
 ‘ she conferred; and who, if she refuses to  
 ‘ pity, must drag on a miserable Being to  
 ‘ the End of his Days.—As to Fortune,—  
 ‘ Title, and such worldly Goods,—I pre-  
 ‘ sume, Monsieur, mine are such as you  
 ‘ will not object to.—I therefore beg your  
 ‘ Interest, permit me to be stiled among your  
 ‘ Friends; as such assist me.—If you solicit  
 ‘ in my Favour, arm’d by so powerful an  
 ‘ Advocate, I may perhaps succeed.—On  
 ‘ this depends my Life: for though my  
 ‘ Wound at present is in so fine a Way, and  
 ‘ I so near Recovery,—yet a Refusal from  
 ‘ *Marianna* would overturn me quite.—In-  
 ‘ deed, Monsieur, I have not Fortitude to  
 ‘ stand so great a Shock, so dreadful a Mis-  
 ‘ fortune, as that might be justly termed.—

‘ Ex-

' EXCUSE the Liberty I took in sending  
 ' for you.—It certainly was my Place first  
 ' to have waited upon you,—but this for  
 ' some Weeks to come, would have been  
 ' impossible.—And can you wonder at my  
 ' Impatience to solicit for a Treasure on  
 ' which my very Life depends.—Had I not  
 ' Cause to fear, that before I should be per-  
 ' fectly recovered, some other might behold  
 ' the Jewel, and seek to call it his?—Had  
 ' this been the Case, and had he succeeded,  
 ' borne away the Prize, — How truly  
 ' wretched then had been my Situation?  
 ' pardon my seeming Vanity, Monsieur, I  
 ' might have felt an added Weight of Woe,  
 ' in thinking, that perhaps I lost the Trea-  
 ' sure for Want of timely Application.—

' THIS to prevent, before it was too late  
 ' I sent to you and begged a Conference.—  
 ' You have thus far indulged my Wishes:—  
 ' stop not here;—bestow not half a Bles-  
 ' sing;—compleat your Kindness.—First,  
 ' let me have your own Consent; — and  
 ' then, vouchsafe to plead my Cause with  
 ' Marianna.—

' THE Glory which I purposed to acquire  
 ' before this Rencontre, —I must give over  
 ' Thoughts



• Thoughts of as the War is now ended.—  
 • No Way is left me to make myself more  
 • deserving than I am,—or ;—(here I stopped  
 • him,—and taking his Hand,)—you need  
 • not, my dear Count, be more deserving  
 • than you are ;—the Want of Merit is on  
 • our Side, and you confer the Obligation.—  
 • Not *deserve* my Girl! what Man upon  
 • Earth then can? do not undervalue your  
 • Perfections.—For let me tell you, if it is  
 • not your own Fault you may call *Marianna*  
 • yours as soon as you are able to get Abroad.  
 • I hate Disguise; it is a womanish Qua-  
 • lity.—Let them keep it I say.—I love  
 • Truth and plain Matter of Fact.—You  
 • have laid open your Heart to me, my  
 • Lord,—shall I not ease your Doubts. I  
 • will,—you seem anxious my Girl should  
 • fetter you,—she will whenever you please ;  
 • and thank you too,—a sad Piece of Work  
 • we have had with her.—Ah! my Lord,—  
 • perhaps you would not think it ; but all  
 • her Illness was on your Account. — He  
 • started in Rapture.—Very true, (continued  
 • I ;)—for she took to her Bed when you was  
 • wounded, and did not get well till you  
 • were likely to recover.

• No-body can tell the Torment I had  
 • with her about the Marquis:—she refused

• to

‘ to see him, when he came to pay his first  
 ‘ Visit ;—and had the Confidence to own to  
 ‘ me and her Mother, that she gave a Pre-  
 ‘ ference to another far beyond him. — I  
 ‘ guessed to whom. — For, noble Count, I  
 ‘ minded your Behaviour to her at the Ball,  
 ‘ and from thence concluded your fine Ad-  
 ‘ dress had won her Heart. I thought  
 ‘ not,—nor did she,—that you had given  
 ‘ yours in Return. — And therefore, deter-  
 ‘ mined not to humour her, but insisted on  
 ‘ her seeing the Marquis. —

‘ HE came, — she affronted him, — he  
 ‘ wrecked all his Vengeance upon you! — a  
 ‘ bad Affair it had like to have turned out,  
 ‘ but Things seem now to have taken a  
 ‘ lucky Chance.’

‘ *LUCKY*, (cried he!) oh! Heaven!  
 ‘ what Tidings do I hear,—does *Marianna*  
 ‘ love me!’

HE then blessed me,—blessed you,—and  
 was so transported, that I feared he would  
 have gone mad,—and if he had not been  
 hindered by his Swaths, I verily believe  
 he would have got up, spite of his Wound,  
 and jumped about the Room :—often did  
 he take my Hand and press it to his Lips. —

Many

Many fine Expressions he used.—Guardian Angel! heavenly Goodness! — brightest Goddess!—best of Friends!—Can she?—Does she?—and a great deal of the like he uttered with Transport, and seemed quite out of his Wits with Joy.—

At length he became a little more composed, and Dr. N—— coming in, — ‘ My Friend, (said he) I shall not any longer need the Assistance of you or Monsieur K—, the charming *Marianna* will be at once my Surgeon and Physician.—Her Kindness will without any other Aid effect my speedy ‘ Cure’—He then, by my Consent, explained the Cause of his present Transport;—and the Doctor after having felicitated him upon his Happiness,—begged him to moderate his Joy, or else the Consequences would be fatal. Talk not of *Moderation*, cried the Count;—such a Prospect of Bliss before me, how is it possible? I will moderate it for you, said the Physician.—I will tell you a Piece of News.—You used to admire the young Widow Countess of M—. She is for certain going to be married to the Marquis *De la Vall*! Will not this moderate your Transports? We were all greatly diverted at the Doctor’s Manner of calling off the Attention of the Count from his own Concerns.



cerns.—And now having paid a reasonable Visit, and promised to see him again very soon, I took my Leave.—But not without first being charged with a large Cargo of Compliments to you ;—which I told him I could not pretend to remember :—so he must make haste to get well, and come and deliver them himself.

‘ Ah ! my Father (said I, when he had made an End of speaking) Why were you so open ?—indeed you should not have told the Count so much.’—‘ *So much !* (interrupted he) — I hate the cursed Affectation of your Sex, which will not let you own you love a Man, though at the same Time you are dying for him.—What ! I suppose, if the Count had not first spoke to me, but had stayed till he got well, and then payed you a Visit, —you would have put on a pretty coy Air, after he had made his Declaration.—Indeed, my Lord, I cannot determine in a Point of such Consequence so soon !—Time must be given me !—and so on.’—‘ Thus you would have demurred and tormented the poor Man, for a whole Month.—Nay, perhaps longer, and have teased yourself too, out of Regard to a foolish Custom.—Now, *Marianna*, speak from your Heart, —would not this have been the Case ?’

‘ IN

‘In some Measure, (replied I) it would;  
 ‘—for would it not have appeared extremely  
 ‘forward in me, if I had owned a strong  
 ‘Passion for a Man upon his first Applica-  
 ‘tion? But,—

‘Yes, (cried my Father,) I thought, you  
 ‘would come upon us with your *Buts*, and  
 ‘your Quibbles, and such like Female Non-  
 ‘sense!—Now, in my Opinion, the Count  
 ‘had suffered enough upon your Account  
 ‘already.—He had like to have died for you  
 ‘once,—now let him live for you; this is  
 ‘but fair,—And therefore, not being will-  
 ‘ing to hazard his being half-killed a second  
 ‘Time, by your Doubts and Suspence,—I  
 ‘told him more Truth in one Hour, than  
 ‘you would have suffered your Tongue to  
 ‘have uttered in a Month: and by that  
 ‘Means, put it out of your Power to tor-  
 ‘ment him. You cannot use Artifice now,  
 ‘*Marianna*, so when he comes, he will be  
 ‘able to talk with you upon an equal footing,  
 ‘—which our Sex seldom can with yours be-  
 ‘fore Matrimony.’

My Father was in every Respect a good  
 and valuable Man, but rather hasty in his  
 Judgment; and if he once took an Opinion  
 it

it was a very hard Matter to make him alter it. Even my Mother, whom he almost doated on, could not convince him that he had acted too openly in this Affair.—He told her she was a Woman,—and talked like one! —We therefore were forced to be silent, and contented ourselves with hoping, that as the Count was a Man of such strict Honour, no ill Consequences would arise from my Father's Candour at my Expence.

NEXT Day he again visited the Count, and had not long been gone, when a young Lady of my Acquaintance, entered my Dressing-Room,—she threw herself into a Chair.—‘Oh! Heavens, *Marianna*, what a Pass the World is come to!—No Truth, no Sincerity left among the Men, that is certain.—

‘Is not the Marquis *De la Vall* your professed Admirer? Has he not fought a Duel upon your Account, yet can you believe it? I am out of all Patience, but indeed it is true, I had it from one, who was both an Eye, and Ear-Witness of his Perfidy. This very Man, *Marianna*,—at this very Time pays his Addresses to the beautiful Countess of *M*——; Madam *T*—told me, this very Morning. I hastened to you to give you the Information, that when the Wretch  
comes



‘comes next to see you, you may treat him  
 ‘as he deserves.—Madame T—was at a Ball,  
 ‘she no sooner entered, than she espied him  
 ‘sitting engaged in a very particular Con-  
 ‘versation with the Countess.—Much sur-  
 ‘prized at this, she drew near enough to  
 ‘them to hear their Discourse; they being  
 ‘very intent did not observe her.’

I WONDER said the Countess, with a Smile,  
 —a very scornful one, if *Marianna* will be  
 here to Night. Ah! Marquis, what would  
 become of me? That Goddess of Beauty,  
 would draw after her all the Attention of her  
 faithful Votary,—while I neglected might sit  
 and pine.

Thou brightest Angel! (cried he) taking  
 her Hand, and pressing it tenderly: wound  
 not my Soul with such unkind Expressions.  
 —It is true, that scornful Beauty did a-while  
 enslave me; but I have broke the Chain,—  
 and now my Heart acknowledges no other  
 Mistress but you:—My Life, my Soul is  
 yours.—Ah! Madam, when will you, in  
 Compassion to my Sufferings, fix the happy  
 Day?—Do not evade the Question.—But this  
 Night, before we part, pronounce the Day that  
 makes me blest in calling you for ever mine.  
 —The Countess, after more Entreaty, said  
 Some-

Something in a low Voice, which Madam T— could not distinguish. But she guessed the Purport ;—for the Marquis seemed in Extacy. Thou brightest Excellence said he, —how,—how, shall I repay the Blessing,— Ye Gods, and in a Fortnight shall I call so much Perfection mine ?

‘ HERE is a perjured Villain, *Marianna!*— ‘ for perjured either to the Countess or you ‘ he must be.’

‘ HE is to neither, (replied I)—nay, start ‘ not, my dear *Charlotta*.—It is true the Mar- ‘ quis did once address me,—he likewise ‘ fought on my Account,—and upon this it ‘ has been generally believed that we were to ‘ be united.—But from me he never met ‘ with any Encouragement : from the first I ‘ refused him,—I continued resolute in this ; ‘ and so refused, had he not a right, my Dear, ‘ to make a second Choice ? He has done so, ‘ and one that credits him :—Who in Beauty ‘ Rank or fortune can equal the Countess of ‘ M—— ? I am not injured by him.—I owe ‘ him no Ill-will, but wish him happy. Pray, ‘ *Charlotta*, where you have an Opportunity ‘ clear him of all Baseness, with regard to ‘ me,—I shall do so myself I can assure ‘ you.’

FULL

FULL of this Information away she posted, and I make no doubt, before two Days were passed, put it in a proper Train, to spread all over *Paris*.

WHAT she told me was exactly true:—for in about a Fortnight, the Marquis was really married to the charming Countess. It was a most sumptuous Wedding, and my Father enquired very minutely into all the Particulars, resolving mine should out-do theirs.

THE Count by that Time the Wedding was over, got quite well, and paid me his first Visit.—I had no Courtship, *Celemene*,—My Father took Care to prevent that, as I have told you before. Let it suffice to say,—that as soon as all the necessary Preparations could be made for so pompous a Festival, as my Father resolved it should be,—we were married.

No Cost indeed was spared.—I had, besides a large Fortune, an immense Quantity of Jewels of my own added to those which the Count had given me to humour my Father's Desire of making me shine.—I shone indeed, through all the borrowed Arts of Dress; and I believe, no Lady in all the  
Grand



Grand Monarch's Dominions, could vie with me for Finery of all Kinds.—

OUR Nuptials were celebrated in a most public Manner, — the Entertainment was noble, and a general Invitation given to all our own, and likewise to the Count *de Pail- liere's* Acquaintance; so that we had a Number of the prime Nobility of the Kingdom.—My Father's House was not large enough to contain so numerous an Assembly,—which made us proceed directly from Church, to a grand House, or rather Palace, destined for the Residence of the Count and me. Here a sumptuous Banquet and a splendid Ball were prepared.— And among the rest who graced us with their Presence, came the Marquis and Marchioness *De la Vall*.—I own the Sight of them, so little expected, greatly surprized me;— but much more their Behaviour. The Marchioness dressed to the greatest Advantage, just before the Ball began, the Marquis brought to me,—and thus he introduced her.

PERMIT me, Madam, to present to you the Joy of my Life.—You and she are the only two Women I ever really loved.—You slighted my Passion;—she approved it.—I adore her,—and I esteem you.—Let me in-  
treat

treat you to honour her with your Friendship.—Already I besought that Favour for myself of your dear Count.—No Enmity can now subsist among us;—every one is possessed of their Heart's Desire.—Let us all in Friendship live together, and form a double Union.

I received the Hand he offered me.—  
 ‘Lovely Marchioness (cried I, as I took it)  
 ‘the Honour done me by you on this Oc-  
 ‘casion, how shall I sufficiently acknow-  
 ‘ledge?’ By granting me that Friendship  
 ‘demanded by the Marquis;—that, my  
 ‘lovely Countess, will turn the Obligation,  
 ‘(said she, sweetly smiling) and render me  
 ‘your Debtor.’—

THE Count *De Pailliere* now joined us, and by mutual Agreement we all resolved, to live henceforth in the strictest Friendship together.—We conversed all the Evening, and the Marquis behaved to the Count as to a Brother.—Nor was this Behaviour put on only for a Time;—it lasted till my leaving *France*, and the Marchioness became one of my most intimate and most agreeable Acquaintance.

WHAT a Change was here.—Could it have been expected, that we should have received  
 such

such Treatment, from Persons we had judged to be, by their former Behaviour, of Dispositions so very contrary to what they afterwards proved!

WITH my dear *Pailliere* I lived for many Years a Life of uninterrupted Happiness.—I was blessed with a lovely Daughter; the only Child I ever had.—My Brother was now arrived at Years to be put into some Employment; and turned out just what we could wish in all Respects. The Navy seemed to be his particular Bent; and my Father did not cross it, but procured him the Command of a small Vessel. When I left *France* he was in his twenty-fifth Year, and likely to be advanced to the Command of a first Rate Man of War.—

At length our Happiness was overturned by the Death, first of my Father, and next of my Mother.—But three Months between the Loss of both.—And though, according to the Course of Nature, this was an Event we had cause to expect, yet did it nevertheless involve the Count and me in great Affliction.—My Brother was much concerned; nor did my dear *Celena* escape her Share of Sorrow.—The worthy Pair had doated on her: their Kindness and

I

Love



Love endeared them ; no Wonder she was affected by their Loss.—

IN order to divert the Sorrow, occasioned by the Death of my dear Parents the Count *de Pailliere*, my *Celena*, and I, accepted an Invitation given us, from my Relations in *England*, of paying them a Visit : — My Brother could not go with us, being detained by his Commission.

WE arrived safe at the hospitable Mansion of *Demetrius*. How nobly, how agreeably were we entertained by him and his *Cleone* ! They had for some Years retired to a fine old Seat ; and no Cause had they to seek Abroad for Diversion or Happiness, being amply provided with every Kind of social Amusement within themselves. Their House was large, magnificent, and convenient ; a noble Park before it, and at the Back, a most extensive Garden, where Art and Nature, (the former made subservient to the latter,) formed a most compleat Scene of Pleasure and Delight. Nothing could exceed the Beauty of this Tract of Ground : Water, fine Statues, Parterres, large Openings, which presented the most charming Prospects, shady Walks, inviting Arbours, the Trees twined round with fragrant Woodbines ; Lillies,  
Roses

Roses planted near.—Thro' some of these delightful Bowers, ran murmuring upon beautiful Pebbles a crystal Stream. The overshadowing Trees invited, by their venerable Branches, a numerous Throng of feather'd Songsters, whose melodious Notes, joined to the Falling of a large Cascade, formed a most delightful Concert;—all the Voice of Nature.

IN one of the largest and most compleat of these Arbours, *Demetrius* had placed a fine Organ. *Cleone* sung well, and often used to play upon the Organ; being a perfect Mistress of it. She would accompany it with her heavenly Voice, while *Demetrius* on a Bass-Viol used to bear his Part with equal Skill.

THEIR charming Son, the young *Cleanthes*, on a Flute joined with his Parents in their melodious Task, and was a perfect Master of the Instrument. Nor did the good *Theodotus*, upon the Violin, fail to contribute his Share of the Harmony, and make the Concert compleat. They obliged us with their several Performances the Day after we arrived; I thought myself in Heaven. No Wonder, *Celemene*, if when thus situated, thus entertained we forgot our Cares. Indeed we did; and, before quitting this amiable Pair, our Minds were greatly composed.

CLEONE had employed much Time in Reading, and some in writing Poetry ; and obliged us with a Sight of several pretty Essays of her own composing.

AMONG the Rest was a small Collection, translated into *French* by *Cleantes* ; and these were given to me to carry as a Present to the Countess of B—, who was a Relation of the Family.

THOSE Poems, *Celemene*, are what you have been so desirous of Reading.

WE spent two Months at this delightful Mansion, quitting it with great Regret ; and after we arrived in *Paris*, all our Conversations at Home and Abroad, turned upon the Happiness and delightful Situation of *Demetrius* and *Cleone* ;—nor did the young *Cleantes* lose his deserved Share of Praise ;—a more compleat Youth we had never seen.

THE Countess of B— received the Present with great Pleasure ; she was charmed with the Poems, and placed an high Value upon them.



IN about a Year after this agreeable Jaunt *Cleantes* set out upon his Travels.—He made *France* the first Place he visited, and honoured the Count *de Pailliere* and me with his Company during his Stay in *Paris*, which was for several Months.—My Brother was likewise some Part of that Time with us; and the charming Youths were equally taken and pleased with each other.—They at this Time contracted a Friendship for each other, which nothing, I dare say, will ever erase.

SOME little Time after *Cleantes* left us, the Count *de Pailliere*, still holding his Commission, was sent with his Regiment to one of our Plantations.—Here my Unhappiness I date. The Climate did not agree with him, he grew ill almost as soon as he got there; and so quick a Progress did the Disorder make that he could not return to *France*, but sent for me to see him.

NOTHING could equal my Distress!—My dear *Celena*, at this Time lay Ill of the Small-pox: she was not it is true, in any imminent Danger; all her Symptoms were favourable.—But yet, to leave her in a such a Situation, gave me great Concern:—yet I must leave her;—the Call of my dear Husband

was a superior Call, — and I resolved to obey it.

A VESSEL opportunely was to set sail for the Port in a few Days.—I took my Passage, and being too much concerned to attend to any necessary Preparations, I left the Care of all to my Woman:—I ordered her to put me up some Books, but left the Choice even of these to her.

IN the Hurry, among the rest, the Poems were packed up.—I pity the Countess of B—, for I dare say she is greatly distressed for the Loss of them, and will never know who was the Thief.—She will not suspect me; yet I was the Person guilty of the Theft, and in the following Manner.

I WENT one Morning to see my Friend, intending to beg the Favour of her to let me have the Poems to transcribe for myself. The Countess was not at Home, the Servant told me:—but her Woman just then appearing, said, she expected her in, every Moment.—I went into my Friend's Dressing-room, and waited some Time; but, to no Purpose, for she came not.—I had been looking about in order to divert myself, and at length found the Poems:—these being the chief End of  
my

my Visit, I resolved to wait no longer for the Countess; but, making free with my Relation, carried away her Book, at the same Time greatly enjoying the Trouble she would be in when she came to miss it.—No Intention had I to steal it I am sure.

WHEN I got Home, the first News I heard was, that *Celena* was taken ill; she grew worse, and her Disorder soon shewed what it was.—This Discovery no sooner made, than I received the dreadful Summons to attend my dear *Pailliere*.—I thought no more of the Poems I had taken away from my Friend:—Just where I threw them in my Chamber on coming Home, they had remained;—on them my Woman happened to lay her Hand, packed them up, and thereby deprived the Countess for ever of her Treasure.

THE Day arrived for my embarking, I took a sorrowful Leave of my *Celena*, and my dear Brother, to whose Care I left her;—alas! For ever left her. Ah! *Montier*, Brother, Friend,—cherish the wretched Orphan;—be to her a Father and a Mother: supply their Place.—I doubt not that you will if still you live:—Heaven grant you Length of Days, to be a Parent and a Blessing to my dearest Child!



AH! *Celemene*,—on that Morn, when I embraced her, little did I think that it would be my last!—The Letters from my Husband gave me no Hopes of his Recovery!—I could only think of seeing him to take a last Farewel.—Distracting Thought!—But taking my *Celena* in my Arms,—dear Child, said I, tenderly embracing her,—if I must lose thy Father, if Heaven will be entreated no longer to spare him,—thou wilt then be my only Comfort:—Would I could take thee with me.—But thy cruel Malady prevents!—Thy Father,—how will he lament it!—To die, and not embrace his Child!—My Brother,—receive this precious Trust:—Heaven spare her Life and yours; when I return, those Comforts may I find.—Oh! Heaven, Heaven!—deprive me not of all.

I REACHED the Vessel and embarked; but far we had not sailed, when we were taken by a *Corfair*.—My Effects were put on Board her, as likewise myself, the Crew, and all the Cargoe; it was a trading Vessel; and then the Ship was sunk.

To speak my Misery at this Event is impossible,—now I could not think of seeing more—my Husband, Child, or Brother.

WE

WE failed about for some Time, and at Length fell in with you, my Princess:—You became likewise a Booty to the Enemy!—What happened after this you know; so here I will end my Narration;—begging Heaven to shower down its choicest Blessings upon the Queen and you, for your unbounded Kindness to me.

CELEMENE here addressed herself to *Cleantes*, ‘Forgive (said she,) my Account of *Marianna’s* Voyage to *England*.—It could not but appear extremely impertinent to you, who were yourself so principal an Actor in the Scene which I described.—I had entered upon it, not considering to whom I was speaking, and as I had begun, went on, not caring to make a Break in my Narration: And another Motive I had too in it; this was indulging the Pleasure I have in Idea, at the Description of that charming Scene, as given me by my Friend.—This is revived upon a Repetition.’

‘No Need of any Apologies, my charming Princess, (returned he,) it is a Pleasure to hear you speak at all Times; your Description was far from being impertinent, it gave me that ideal Satisfaction which you

express.—It revived in my Mind the Happiness I then tasted :—I thank my Princess for the Pleasure she has given me, and assure her, nothing can come from her Lips, which will not be listened to by me with the highest Pleasure.

MONTIER acknowledged himself greatly obliged to her for the Recital she had made ; declaring he had reaped high Satisfaction from the Account of his Sister's Amour with the Count, being very little acquainted with the Particulars of it before.—‘ I long, (said he,) for farther Information ; but, lovely Princess, I must not ask for a Continuance at this Time ; you must be fatigued with the long Recital you have already made.’

‘ THE Ease you are willing to allow me, (answered she,) I must be obliged to take : I really am a little spent ; so will defer my Narration till To-morrow.—Then, I fear, I shall not be able to conclude it ; for I have yet a long Account to give, both of myself and Marianna.’



## C H A P. IX.

*She proceeds in the Relation of her happy  
Friendship with Marianna.*

NEXT Day according to Promise, these happy Friends being conveniently seated, the Princess resumed her Narration in the following Manner..

As it was late when *Marianna* had finished her Story, I took my Leave of her for the Night, after having thanked her for the Pleasure she had afforded me.—I revolved in my Mind all which she had said, but many Things I could not at all understand:—Husbands!—This greatly puzzled me, for I had no Manner of Notion of suffering any social or friendly Intercourse with Men.—But then my high Opinion of *Marianna's* Goodness, made me conclude it must be right, or else she would not have submitted to it..

Of this however, I longed to be informed, and attended her in the Morning to have my Doubts cleared..

“DEAR *Marianna*, (said I,) you talked  
“much of Love for a Man.—How can that  
“be?”

' be?—We hate them, we kill them if they  
 ' come upon our Coast, only at one appointed  
 ' Time of the Year.—You live with the  
 ' Wretches:—How can you do so, *Marianna*?  
 ' I never could do any such Thing I am sure.  
 ' If I do not mistake you, it is Marriage and  
 ' Wedding that obliges you to such an horrid  
 ' Confinement, and to live with the odious  
 ' Creatures; surely *Marianna*, it must be  
 ' dreadful!—Yet you did so;—you were  
 ' happy too, you say.—Well, I am glad we  
 ' have no Marriage, no Wedding in *Armatia*;  
 ' such Laws are most terrible Things.—And  
 ' yet, *Marianna*, spight of these Laws, you  
 ' were happy!

' YES, *Celemene*, (answered she,) I was happy,  
 ' infinitely happy.—But, my Princess, I won-  
 ' der not at your Objection, it is very natural  
 ' for you to make, and is a Point which I  
 ' must clear. But first to pave the Way, it  
 ' is proper that I give you some Notion of a  
 ' God; with whom, or with his infinite Per-  
 ' fections, you are at present wholly unac-  
 ' quainted. Depend upon it, *Celemene*, what  
 ' I am now going to utter, is most sacred  
 ' and undeniable Truth.

I WAS all Attention, and she thus proceeded:  
 —Before the Beginning of Time, this God,  
 this

this high and mighty Deity of whom I speak existed,—and he ever will exist to all Eternity. He is the supreme Ruler of all ! He dwells in Heaven, beyond the azure Sky. This World and all its Contents, were by him created, formed from nothing by his powerful Influence.—He first made Earth and Water,—next the Day and Night, the Sun, the Moon, and Stars.—He filled the Sea with Fish, the Earth with Beasts and Fowls ;—and as Provision for these, commanded Earth to bring forth Fruit of various Kinds, with Herbs, and Grass :—no Sort of Creature that he did not make ; all the innumerable Race of Insects owe their Source to him. Lastly, to crown the Whole, in his own Likeness he created Man ; to him he gave the Power, the whole Dominion over all the foregoing Works.—This Favourite lived, praising his great Creator.

God seeing after a while, that the Situation of Man was solitary ; being alone and no one to converse with, caused a deep Sleep to come upon him ; during which, out of a Rib taken from his Side, God formed a Woman, and gave her to the Man as an Help and Comfort. When he awoke he saw and loved her,—her Sentiments towards him were just the same. Now by a sacred Institution, given them by  
the



the Almighty, they were married, and from that Instant commenced, what we call Husband and Wife.

THEY had Children, and these regarding still the sacred Tie, lived in Pairs, Man and Woman, in Time peopling the World ; and all the now so numerous Branches of it, sprang, my *Celemene*, from this Original.

MARRIAGE, (my Princess,) is a Law derived you see from God himself ; and none can be truly good who slight it, or submit to any Customs in Defiance of this Institution. It is held in great Reverence, and practised in every civilized Part of the World at this Time ; and an heavy Curse intailed upon such Children as are born out of Wedlock. —It is hard the innocent Babes should suffer for their Parent's Crime ; but they do, being incapable of inheriting Estates, and are deemed Out-casts of the People : Nor is the Punishment unfit, as it is intended to deter us from the Sin ;—it is a Punishment justly deserved by Wretches who despise the Ordinances of a God who gave them Life, and therefore has a Right to give them Laws.

“THAT GOD, my dear *Marianna*, (interrupted I,) might for what I know, make  
“your

“your Nation and many others; but believe  
 “me, he had nothing to do with the Crea-  
 “tion of mine. We have here in *Armatia*  
 “many Gods, whom at different Seasons we  
 “worship; but at all Times, and most par-  
 “ticularly, we adore the Goddess *Bellona*;  
 “she made the Land, and her we acknow-  
 “ledge as our supreme Deity.—As your  
 “God has done to you, she has given us  
 “Laws:—One in particular she dictated for  
 “our Preservation, which was to hate the  
 “Men, and kill them: she does not bid us  
 “marry.” “Ah! dearest Princess, (cried  
 “*Marianna*,) what an Error art thou in?—  
 “Believe me, that great God of whom I speak  
 “created you, and me, and all the World.  
 “As to your Government it is established in  
 “open Defiance to his Laws;—As to *Bellona*  
 “there is no such Being.”

“How! *Marianna*, (cried I astonished,)  
 “—what you now utter is downright Blaf-  
 “phemy!”

“HAVE Patience, lovely Princess, (re-  
 “turned she,) what I assert is nothing but  
 “the strictest Truth.—There is indeed but  
 “one God, and all others are merely the  
 “Creation of our own wild Imaginations.—  
 “We create them,—not they us.

THE Original of your Country, *Celemene*, is this,—and the the only Foundation which they can claim.

A SET of Women, whose Spirits were quite masculine, unwilling to submit and let Men rule, rebelled against them,—killed their King, and made his Wife, who was at the Head of the Conspiracy, their Sovereign.

THE Men were for a Time dismayed,—but at length, recovering some Spirit, made an Effort to regain their lost Power.—They proved unsuccessful, and were once more quelled for many Years,—during which a Peace lasted :—Yet once again the Men made another Attempt, and these warlike Dames finding no Peace was to be made with them upon any certain Foundation, and foreseeing that frequent Quarrels would arise and disturb their Quiet, resolved if possible to prevent their being in any Fear or Danger of such Annoyance. For this they called together their Senate, by whom it was unanimously agreed, instantly to put to Death all the Men in the Kingdom.—This horrid Decree they executed, and every Male throughout the Land, both old and young was sacrificed.



sacred.—Now undisturbed the Women held Dominion, they were at Peace with all their neighbouring Powers, and many Years it lasted ;—they thought themselves quite happy.—But at length their Numbers began sensibly to diminish, the old Women died, and no more were born to supply the Deficiency, insomuch that they began to fear their Race would be extinct.—This must be prevented, —but how ?—Why thus,—to abolish Marriage, not daring to let any Men get footing amongst them ; and agreed with their Neighbours, who were to send a Number of Men at a certain Time of the Year ;—these they constantly met, and rewarded for peopling the Nation.

THIS shameful Custom, *Celemene*, is still kept up among you, and every Year the Boys of the preceeding are given to the Men, and carried back with them to their Territories.

CAN this be laudable ? can this be pious ? Is Empire founded upon Massacre, and upheld in open Defiance of the Laws of Heaven, to be approved ? may you not rather fear, some dreadful Curse will overtake so vile an Institution ?—Ah ! dearest Princess, how many Tears does *Marianna* always shed,

shed, when she reflects upon thy Situation? and the shocking Custom thou wilt submit to, when thou art a Queen; perhaps before.—I grudge such Innocence as thine should be polluted,—would I could save thee.—

GREATLY her Words affected me.—I hastily arose and leaving her, went into the Palace-Garden;—and *Alithea*, who as well as me, had heard all this Discourse and was no less disturbed than I, followed me. We got into one of the most retired Alleys and walking Side by Side, silently meditated upon the Words we had heard from *Marianna*.

I FIRST broke Silence, and taking *Alithea's* Hand.—‘Thou dear Companion of my Youth, (cried I,) canst thou comprehend what we have been told?—Surely good *Marianna*, cannot deceive us;—what End to her could that answer! why does she thus perplex me! Oh! *Alithea*,—put your Hand upon my Heart,—feel how it throbs and beats!—*Marianna*, *Marianna*, thou hast raised a Tempest in my Soul!—I am filled with Doubts and Scruples I know not what or why!—Art thou not miserable, *Alithea*! I am sure  
‘I am

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‘I am truly so.—If what we have been told  
‘of our original Foundation is strictly  
‘true;—if Marriage is a sacred Law,—are  
‘we not wicked Wretches!—

‘*BELLONA!*—what an Imposition is  
‘that, if *Marianna* is not wrong! — shall  
‘you and I be married? do *Alithea*, let us  
‘marry and be good.—I will, I am deter-  
‘mined, if you will bear me Company.’

‘ALAS! my Princess! how you rave,  
‘(cried she.) — Be married, how! or to  
‘whom!—We have no Means,—and could  
‘a Man be found, how would you preserve  
‘his Life? what would the Queen?—

‘OH! *Armathea*,—Royal Mother, (in-  
‘terrupted I,) how art thou misled,—and I  
‘must never, never, set thee right. Wrong,  
‘*Alithea!*—Yes, we are wrong. *Marianna*  
‘is all Truth:—Yet, cruel *Marianna*, thou  
‘hast destroyed my Peace of Mind.—My  
‘Head! my Brain!—I am all Confusion,—  
‘what can it mean? such Tumults in my  
‘Breast! — art thou so, *Alithea?* — you  
‘weep!—how strange you look upon me?—  
‘let go my Hand.—I will not be held,—  
‘cruel, cruel!—how you use me.’—

I burst



I burst from her, and ran to and fro, not knowing scarcely what I did, while my Thoughts were full as incoherent as my Actions.—*Alithea* followed me, and at last, getting behind me, took me round the Waist and held me fast.—I struggled to get loose but could not; and vexed at the Disappointment, burst into Tears.—I had not wept before; and they greatly composed and relieved me.

*ALITHEA* told me afterwards, she really feared my Brain was turned, I looked so wildly.—Indeed at the Time I do believe it was a little touched;—so many Thoughts crowded in at once upon my Imagination, that I could scarcely support the Tumult which they caused.—But the Flood of Tears, as I said before, greatly calmed my Mind. While my dear Companion held me in her Arms, she begged me to be composed, and not to suffer my Thoughts and Expressions to ramble.—Be calm, my dearest Princess;—be once again yourself;—compose your Mind, thy *Alithea* begs thee; nay more,—by the God of *Marianna*, she conjures thee to be calm, and settled.—

AT this I started,—and falling on my Knees, I instantly besought that mighty  
Power

Power to comfort me, and to direct me in the Paths I ought to tread,—Surely, my Prayer was heard:—For suddenly I found a sort of Hope, a Joy dart in upon my Soul, and after this directly, my Spirits tolerably tranquil.

I now arose, and embracing my Companion,—‘Yes *Alithea*, (said I,) this is a God indeed; I cannot Question any longer being his Creature;—I was just now distracted.—*Bellona* did not mind me,—did not save me;—and had not thy Words in some Measures brought me back to myself, I never perhaps should have been blessed with Reason more.’

To God I prayed, he heard my Prayer, and I am calm, henceforth I will worship him, and only him.—So shalt thou, my *Alithea*, or I must renounce thee.—

‘INDEED, my Princess, (cried she) embracing me, I am as much convinced as you. Your Eyes now look as they were wont, your Carriage is the same.—That God to whom you prayed has certainly relieved you. Yes, *Celemene*, I will worship him, I will adore him, for this Instance of his Goodness to you whom I love beyond myself.’—

FOR

For these Assurances I thanked her, and then we returned to the Palace;—I with a Composure which a little Time before I had small Reason to hope for.—

*MARIANNA* did not yet quit her Chamber, and I could not attend her any more that Night;— But next Morning hastened to her Apartment, and related all which had befall me.—What Joy did that truly pious Woman discover upon the Occasion;—she tenderly folded me to her maternal Bosom bathing my Face and Neck with her Tears;—her joyful Tears:—At length she made me kneel, she did the same, and bid me repeat after her the following Petition.

‘ **A**LL - powerful God ! without whose  
 ‘ Aid nothing can be completed;—  
 ‘ thou who created the whole World, and all  
 ‘ that therein is,—thou art the only God; to  
 ‘ thee all Nations ought to bow;—comfort,—  
 ‘ strengthen the Heart of *Celemene*,—bestow  
 ‘ upon her the divine Rays of thy Grace;—  
 ‘ enlighten and convert her. She is will-  
 ‘ ing,—she desires to be taught:—deny not  
 ‘ thy Assistance, thy aiding Power, to  
 ‘ strengthen every Plea, each Argument,  
 ‘ which shall be used for her Conversion:  
 ‘ Make



‘Make her henceforth thy faithful Servant:—Oh! seal her for thy own.—Thou art the only Giver of good Things,—make her happy in this Life, and blessed in that to come,—she with the utmost Humility of Soul intreats thee?’—

I REPEATED after *Marianna* all these Words with great Devotion; and when we rose from our kneeling Posture; I begged her to teach them me, that I might be able to put up that good Petition, when I was by myself, for I resolved to say no other Prayer. I quickly learned it. But the latter Part of it,—being *blest in the Life to come*, I begged she would explain to me.—We in *Armatia* believed an After-existence, and that we were to go to a Place of Happiness where *Bellona* reigned:—But this I concluded was not what *Marianna* meant; so I applied to her for Information;—she quickly gave it me.—

If we lead a good Life here on Earth, my *Celemene*, obeying all God’s Ordinances, when we die, we shall go to him, and be divested of every tumultuous Passion and filthy Appetite, be constituted Angels, and enjoy his Presence in a perfect State of Bliss with those already so: our Joy will be complete, nor suffer the least Allay of any Kind.

BUT

BUT, on the contrary, if we despise his Laws, if we do not worship him as we ought, but knowingly offend, and freely indulge ourselves in the Commission of what we are certain he detests; when we depart this Life he will deliver us over to a Being called the Devil, the most hideous Form you can imagine, by him to be tormented to all Eternity. — We shall be plunged into a burning Lake, a Fire which never shall cease, and once there, never quit it; for the Devil, and this horrid Place are designed for the Punishment of all wicked Persons.

*ALITHEA* entered the Chamber at this Instant, ‘ Oh! *Marianna*, (cried I,) tell her, ‘ tell that dear Partner of my Soul, the Hor- ‘ rors of that dreadful Place you have been ‘ just describing. — She does know how a little, ‘ — and I will teach her more, how to avoid ‘ it:’ And then so earnest was I, that I did not give *Marianna* Time to speak, but gave the Description myself. When finished, I took the Hand of my astonished Friend, — ‘ Dear *Alithea*, (said I,) let us not be wicked: ‘ — No, — if ever it is in our Power, let us ‘ marry and be good: — you hear what dreadful Punishments await all those who refuse ‘ so to do.’

AT

AT these Words *Marianna* smiled,—‘ Ah !  
 ‘ my Princess, (said she,) let me not suffer  
 ‘ you to remain in any Error which I can  
 ‘ clear.—’

‘ MARRIAGE, though a sacred Ordinance,  
 ‘ is not imposed on any unless their Inclina-  
 ‘ tion leads them to enter into the State.—  
 ‘ It is no Crime not to marry : Those only  
 ‘ sin who live with Men, and have Children  
 ‘ by them without that heavenly Sanction.’

‘ WHAT then, *Marianna*, (interrupted I,)  
 ‘ am I not obliged to marry in order to go  
 ‘ to Heaven? glad am I of this: For  
 ‘ having from my Infancy been taught to  
 ‘ hate the Men, I have so strong and natu-  
 ‘ ral an Aversion to them, that I am sure I  
 ‘ could never love one as you say all good  
 ‘ Women do their Husbands; therefore *Ma-*  
 ‘ *rianna*, if I can go to Heaven without, I  
 ‘ will not marry; and I shall be in no Dan-  
 ‘ ger surely of forfeiting that blessed Place  
 ‘ by doing what you mentioned.—No, I  
 ‘ shall not, to be sure, live with a Man and  
 ‘ have Children by him, as I shall not love  
 ‘ one ever, I think; how can any one love  
 ‘ them *Alithea*? Is it not strange, it can be  
 ‘ possible? Indeed, (returned she,) so I should  
 ‘ think, but surely the Surprizes *Marianna*



‘ gives us never will end. Bless me, what  
 ‘ an ignorant Set of Creatures are all our Na-  
 ‘ tion!’ ‘ Yet, *Celemene*, sure they cannot all  
 ‘ be so.—Certainly, some of the oldest, and  
 ‘ wisest of our Senators, must be better in-  
 ‘ formed than they let us know of.—But  
 ‘ then, how wicked are they if they do know  
 ‘ what is right, and will not practise it!’

‘ DEAR *Alithea*, (said *Marianna*,) I have,  
 ‘ and so ought you, the Charity to believe,  
 ‘ they are really as ignorant as they appear  
 ‘ to be. It is many hundred Years since  
 ‘ your Government was first established; and  
 ‘ perhaps, none among the present Race, are  
 ‘ acquainted with its first Original, and may  
 ‘ believe they always were the same Consti-  
 ‘ tution they now are. To set them right  
 ‘ in this Particular, would be next to impos-  
 ‘ sible; so strong a Law is Custom and Ha-  
 ‘ bit, that it is seldom to be broken when  
 ‘ practised many Years. Your royal Mo-  
 ‘ ther, *Celemene*, not all my Arguments would  
 ‘ ever convince: She has grown old in Igno-  
 ‘ rance; an Ignorance which, however, she  
 ‘ would not allow to be such, and therefore  
 ‘ would not be prevailed upon to alter her  
 ‘ present Course. If you are wise, you will  
 ‘ not molest her Peace of Mind, by telling  
 ‘ her of you Conversion. No, my Princess,  
 ‘ that

‘ that would be drawing her Displeasure upon  
‘ us, and answer no End: For as she believes  
‘ the Path she is in is right, all our Arguments,  
‘ however enforced, could not persuade her  
‘ to quit it.’

— ‘ Ah! cruel *Marianna*,—(cried I,) weep-  
‘ ing why, why, will you refuse to save my  
‘ Mother? Dearest Parent, must she when  
‘ she dies be plunged into that dreadful burn-  
‘ ing Lake!—She has forfeited Heaven.—  
‘ She never was married, and yet had Chil-  
‘ dren; witness me, who am a living Proof  
‘ of her Offence.—Dear Friend, let us con-  
‘ vert her;—it may be done,—indeed it may;  
‘ she is not of an obstinate Disposition: let  
‘ us first convince her, and then she will help  
‘ us to convert the whole Nation. Oh! did  
‘ they know their Danger, how soon they  
‘ would repent, and shun that hideous Place.  
‘ Surely, *Marianna*, it must be very spacious,  
‘ or else, our Nation alone would be suffici-  
‘ ent to fill it: And must our Women, one  
‘ and all, go thither if they will not relinquish  
‘ their present Customs?—My Mother too!  
‘ —Ah! No, she must, she shall be saved,  
‘ for even Heaven itself could not make me  
‘ truly blest, if she was miserable.’

THE virtuous *Marianna* folded me in her Arms; ‘ Dear *Celemene*, (said she,) how does  
 ‘ this sweet Simplicity of yours affect me!  
 ‘ How do I admire and approve your Affec-  
 ‘ tion to a worthy Parent?—Yes, my Princess,  
 ‘ *worthy*; for such great *Armathea* really is.—  
 ‘ All she knows she practises; no one can do  
 ‘ more.—No more does God expect; for  
 ‘ every one who lives well, according to the  
 ‘ best of their Knowledge, he will graciously  
 ‘ reward hereafter. On this Account, my  
 ‘ *Celemene*, set your Heart at rest.’

‘ THE more you say, dear *Marianna*, (re-  
 ‘ plied I,) the more am I puzzled. If *Arma-*  
 ‘ *thea* might be saved, and still pursue her pre-  
 ‘ sent Course, why might not I, if I were to  
 ‘ do the same? Because, my Princess, you  
 ‘ would not practise what you think right, but  
 ‘ on the contrary, what you now know to be  
 ‘ directly opposite to the Will of your Crea-  
 ‘ tor.—Had you still remained ignorant of  
 ‘ better Paths, had you not believed the  
 ‘ Truths which I have told you, (tho’ for any  
 ‘ to be blind to Conviction when offered them  
 ‘ is a great Fault, and hardly pardonable) and,  
 ‘ being told what was right, if you did not  
 ‘ practise it might have involved you in De-  
 ‘ struction.—Nothing therefore, my *Celemene*,  
 ‘ but



‘but Ignorance can excuse the Practice of  
 ‘your Women ; you are not ignorant and  
 ‘therefore must not follow it. I have pointed  
 ‘out the Way which you ought to take ; if  
 ‘you refuse to follow it what Punishment  
 ‘may you not expect.’

I SILENTLY pondered her Words for some  
 Moments, and then taking *Alithea*’s Hand,  
 ‘Dear Companion, (said I,) let us not in-  
 ‘volve the Queen in Ruin :—No, let us re-  
 ‘solve, never to tell her of our changed Opi-  
 ‘nion, lest the many Years which she has  
 ‘lived, and practised *Amazonian* Laws, should  
 ‘have impressed them so strongly upon her  
 ‘Mind, as to render all which could be said  
 ‘for her Conversion ineffectual.—This, *Ma-*  
 ‘*rianna* seems to think, would be the Case,  
 ‘and *Marianna* knows every Thing.—I say,  
 ‘unless we could be certain of convincing  
 ‘her, let us not attempt it; lest by so doing  
 ‘we involve her in Destruction.’

THIS Point settled, I was pretty easy in  
 my Mind, and looked on *Marianna* as my  
 guardian Angel. I revered all her Pre-  
 cepts, and resolved strictly to observe them.  
 Much pleased was I, that, in order to be  
 happy hereafter, it was not requisite I should  
 marry: For I could not in my own Mind

form any Idea of enjoying Comfort in that State; and frequently used to tell *Mariana* so. 'She wondered not at my Opinion, (she said,) situated as I was at present, and considering the Education I had received. But, dearest *Celemene*, (continued she,) should a Youth endowed with every Charm of Person, offer his Hand, and use the many persuasive Arts that Sex is Master of, in order to please, your Aversion would insensibly wear off; you would not hesitate, but most willingly suffer the sacred Knot to be tied.—But still, my Princess you never ought to marry, but to a Prince: It would debase your royal Birth to give your Hand to any one that is not nobly born;—and whether such a one will ever present himself Heaven only knows. If one should, my *Celemene*, and the Royal Power be at the Time vested in you, it will be a Duty incumbent upon you to accept him.'

'BUT I must love him first, my dearest *Marianna*, must I not? Alas! I fear, I never could.—What strange Things do you tell me? This may be true amongst the rest; and I perhaps may love.—So if I ever am a Queen, I must marry. This is a Rule which you lay down.—Dear *Marianna*, let me beg, that, at your leisure Hours, you  
 ' wil

‘ will write down a Set of Instructions proper for me to follow, if it please God I should survive my Mother. — Dearest Friend, comply with this Request. Memory is a treacherous Thing; and if you only tell me, I may perhaps forget some of the choicest of your Precepts: but if you write them down, if I am at a Loss, to these I could refer.’

‘ You give me a Task, (cried she,) to which I am unequal: In the Government of Kingdoms, the wisest Heads have erred. How shall a Woman, born in a private Station, ever be capable of giving Laws? Ah! My Princess, what is it you impose on *Marianna*;—How can she assist thee?’

‘ If *Marianna* is incapable, (said I,) how shall her uninstructed *Celemene* ever form a System? How shall she, ignorant as she is of any Laws, but those of her own Nation, be able to quit the beaten Track, which for so many Years, the *Amazonian* Queens have trod in? How shall she dare to alter Ways and Customs, no other Guide to help her but her own weak Judgment? Cruel *Marianna*! dost thou give me up? Wilt thou not advise me?’



‘My best Advice my Princess may command, (said she;)—and to the utmost of my Power I will assist her.—Yet, my Princess, should I write, how wilt thou understand the Character?—By learning myself to make it, (said I) you promised me once to teach me; I hold you to the Promise, I will begin directly.—Go, *Althea*, fetch Materials, let me set about it.’

*MARIANNA* gave me a Task I had begun once before, as I think I mentioned.—Now I spared no Pains; and after a while compleated my Desire, so as to be able to read whatever my Tutors penned, and likewise wrote a good Hand myself.—

Now also I could read the Poems; a Pleasure I much had longed for. They were quite new to me: For *Marianna* refused ever to read them; in order as I suppose to make me more eager and diligent in my Task of learning to write. *Marianna* had now been with us during the Space of a Year:—and the Anniversary of that Day in which I escaped from Slavery and the Wreck, my Mother commanded to be kept in a most joyful Manner, consecrated to *Bellona*, and held sacred for ever.

MA-

*MARIANNA*, as much as me concerned in the Deliverance, was obliged to make her public Appearance upon this Festival. It was the first Time she had ever done so, she not caring to stir out of the Palace and the Garden belonging to it; so, few of our Women had seen her, as they very much wanted to do. And, its being proclaimed that she was to appear publickly on the Feast-Day, made the Assembly more crouded than it would otherwise have been; so much does Novelty attract!

My Mother caused her to have a new Garment for the Occasion; it was made after the *French* Manner by one of our Robe-Makers, who followed the Pattern of one of those *Marianna* brought with her.—It flowed loose behind, but before shewed her fine Shape to pretty good Advantage. Pity any Part of it should have been hid, for I never saw a finer. The Dress was composed of white, flowered with Gold, very rich, and we furnished her with Lace, which she herself made up after her own Fashion. Many Jewels of great Value my Mother gave her; these ornamented her Head, being placed in her Hair.—Of thin purple Silk she made a Thing which

which she called a Veil: upon occasion she could cover her Face with it, and when she did not, it hung on the back Part of her Head in a very pretty Manner, and some of it waved over her Shoulder,—it was really a great Ornament.—

Thus dressed, she was a lovely Figure, and her Beauty shone through her Distress, which however made her appear extremely grave.

I WAS habited in the same Manner, I am now, only Difference of Colour, Blue and Silver, as this is Yellow.—

My Mother, and all the Court, richly apparelled made a most pompous Show.

Thus the Festival began:—*Marianna* and myself were privately conveyed to the Temple of *Bellona*, the chief Priestess was there ready to receive us. She led us to a beautiful Statue of the Goddess, which stands at the upper End of the Temple upon a superb Throne, with one of her Hands extended.—I was made to stand by her, and take hold of it;—*Marianna* holding my other Hand. This done, a Curtain let fall and hid us:—Day light never enters the Temple:



ple: but the innumerable Quantity of artificial Lights with which it was illuminated on this Occasion, seemed to vie with the Beams of the Sun.

AFTER all this Preparation was made, the Priestesses went to the Door of the Temple, where my Mother and all the Court waited for Admission.—They now entered, and the Priestesses taking my Mother's Hand led her to the Foot of the Throne. Here the Queen kneeled, and two others of the Court on each Side of her, while all the rest of the Train which near filled the Temple stood at a small Distance, to observe the Rites which were to be performed.

THE chief Priestesses now waved her Hand, and instantly Musick struck up in grand and warlike Strains; while she invoked the Goddess to hear the Petition of the Queen, and all the Nation, represented by the four Women who kneeled at the Foot of the Throne.

THUS the Priestesses sung, many more Voices and a fine Band of Instruments accompanying her.

*“Of thee, Bellona, great and warlike Goddess!  
“Armathea seeks her Celestine.*

*“Protect*

- 'Protect from barbarous Man the lovely Maid!  
 'Ob! send her back, a Nation thee implores.  
 'Remain not, Goddess, deaf to our Intreaties  
 'But with our Princess bless our longing Eyes!'

Now followed a grand Chorus of Instruments; after which the Curtain drew up, and discovered me and *Marianna* in the Situation before described.—My Mother rose, the People shouted, while she came to the Top of the Throne, and received me as from the Hand of *Bellona*.

Now Thanks were offered up; after which we all quitted the Temple, and proceeded in great Pomp to a Place where a sumptuous Banquet was prepared.

THE Cavalcade was in the following Manner.—My Mother, *Marianna*, and myself sat upon a triumphal Carr. Before us, as we moved, played warlike Musick, and Women dressed properly for the Occasion walked on, two and two, singing *Bellona's* Praise. After us came, in many more Carrs, the whole Court; Numbers on Foot attending the Procession.

WHEN we arrived at the appointed Place which was a spacious Lawn, planted all round

round with high Trees of excellent Ver-  
dure, as was the Dawn,—We alighted from  
our Carrs, and made up to a stately Throne  
which was erected for us at the upper End of  
the Plain and covered over with a rich Ca-  
nopy. Here my Mother placed herself:  
*Marianna* sat on one Hand, I on the other,  
and the chief Women of the Court, ac-  
cording to their respective Rank, took their  
proper Places, after which we partook of  
a magnificent Repast, Musick playing all  
the Time.

My Mother's Distinction of *Marianna*  
raised her very high in the Opinion of all  
the Beholders: and she, being willing to  
contribute as much as lay in her Power to  
the Entertainment of the Day,—after the  
Banquet was ended, rose from her Seat, and  
stepping to a small Distance from the Throne,  
danced to her own Singing in a most grace-  
ful Manner. Our Women had never seen  
any thing of this Nature before; but were  
greatly pleased with her Performance, and  
made the Lawn resound with their Applauses.  
After this she sung; and though her Au-  
dience were unable to understand her Words,  
yet were they charmed by the Softness and  
Harmony of her Voice, and again applauded  
her as she deserved.

THE



THE Queen was quite enraptured with her Performance, and desired me to request *Marianna* to teach me both to dance and sing.—I have done both ; and it used, at Times, to be a Relief to my Friend, to give me these Lessons, while she had Strength to teach me ; but she died before I could boast having made any great Proficiency in either Art.

THE Whole of this grand Day ended with a noble Concert ; and after it, we proceeded back to the Palace, in the same Form and Pomp we came in from the Temple.

I went with *Marianna* to her Apartment, and complimented her on the lovely Appearance she had made, and the sprightly Air she had carried herself with during the past Day. Now, said I, my Dear, my charming Friend, I hope the Time is come, when you will cease to grieve, and lay your Sorrows by, no longer repining at a Lot you cannot alter. Indeed you have already paid a sufficient Tribute of Tears to the Memory of your departed Lord, if he did really die : And if he lived, then your grieving would be wrong ; since all the Tears which you can shed, will not bring you together. Your dear

dear *Celena* will be taken Care of by her worthy Uncle; this you seem to make no Doubt of. Why then, *Marianna*, will you injure your precious Health, by indulging a Melancholy, which must in the End prove fatal to your Life?

BUT your Behaviour this Day gives me great Hopes that you will suffer your Mind to be diverted from the gloomy Thoughts which so long have clouded it. Appear but always as you did at the Banquet; and how will all our Nation admire you! What an Happiness will you confer on *Celemene*!—Yes, yes, my *Marianna*, you must cease to grieve; see how fond the Queen is of you. All our Women love you, and the Business of your *Celemene*'s Life shall be to comfort and divert you.—Be comforted, be happy, dearest Friend; and let not all our Endeavours to render you so, be made fruitless, by your steady Adherence to Grief; a Grief, to see you cherish which, wounds my very Soul.

SHE kindly folded me in her Arms, ‘Thou dear Soother, cried she, whom next to my own *Celena* I love better than all the World besides; it is not in thy *Marianna*'s Power wholly to oblige thee, but as far as she can she will.

‘YET

' YET know, my *Celemene*,—e'er-long I  
 ' shall be happy; happy beyond the Reach  
 ' of Fate. In the Company of my Dear  
 ' *Pailliere* I shall be blest! and only for the  
 ' leaving thee, my Princess, I could wish,  
 ' that the next Hour might give me that Fe-  
 ' licity, which I so long have prayed for.—  
 ' To part from thee will give me Pain; and  
 ' in my latest Moments, I shall most grate-  
 ' fully remember thy Love and Tenderness,  
 ' and recommend thee to the Divine Pro-  
 ' tection when I shall be no more.—Happy  
 ' in the Thoughts of my approaching Death;  
 ' while Life for a short Time is lent me, I  
 ' will oblige my Princess, and be chearful.  
 ' My remaining Days I consecrate to her;  
 ' she may command me as she pleases, till  
 ' the Time I pay my last Duty to my great  
 ' Creator, and give him the Life back he  
 ' lent me. Weep not, dear *Celemene*, in her  
 ' Turn thy *Marianna* begs. The Debt of  
 ' Nature every one must pay soon or late.  
 ' Why dost thou grieve; Why dost thou  
 ' repine at an Event so greatly conducive  
 ' to my Happiness.'

' WE shall not part for ever, for after thou  
 ' hast finished thy Life piously, we shall meet  
 ' in Heaven no more to be separated. God  
 ' com-



‘ comfort thee,—for oh ! my dearest Child,  
 ‘ how does thy Grief affect me ? It calls back  
 ‘ once more my Thoughts to Earth, and even  
 ‘ makes me regret that I must leave thee.  
 ‘ Cease, cease, to weep, my Charmer, (con-  
 tinued she, raising my Head from her Breast  
 which I had wet with my Tears) we now  
 ‘ only part for a Time, and when we meet  
 ‘ again, endless will be our Joys. Think of  
 ‘ this my *Celemene*, and be comforted.’

I was unable to speak ; so much had this Declaration, so contrary to the Hopes I had formed from her beginning Chearfulness, affected me. She still continued her Soothings in the most tender Manner ; and these but added to my Grief, as by more strongly endearing her to me, I could with less Patience think of losing her.

IN this Situation my Mother found us ; and how great was her Astonishment at a Sight so unexpected to her as the finding us both in Tears, after spending such a joyous Day.

SHE enquired the Reason of what she saw. I could not speak, and *Marianna* did not understand the Question, so could not give an Answer. This Silence of mine increased my Mother’s Pain,—she took me in her Arms :  
 —Oh!

—‘ Oh! *Celemene*! dearest Child, (said she,)  
 ‘ wound not thy Mother’s Soul, by cruel Si-  
 ‘ lence. This unexpected Grief, whence can  
 ‘ it spring! Speak, speak, and tell me.—I  
 ‘ am on the Rack. So chearful at the Ban-  
 ‘ quet,—you and *Marianna* both!—Now so  
 ‘ altered!—What can be the Cause?

I WAS now a little recovered, and throw-  
 ing my Arms round *Marianna*’s Neck;—  
 ‘ Ah! my Royal Mother, (cried I,) I have  
 ‘ sufficient Cause of Woe. This dear, this  
 ‘ worthy Partner of my Soul will die!—  
 ‘ Soon will she leave me.—How shall I  
 ‘ sustain a Separation which kills me even  
 ‘ in Thought? She has been telling me just  
 ‘ now, that this Event will quickly happen;  
 ‘ and from this Source, my dearest Mother,  
 ‘ spring your *Celemene*’s Tears.’—

‘ How does she know, (replied the  
 Queen,) that she shall die? she may be de-  
 ‘ ceived, and her Malady, if taken in time,  
 ‘ may not be out of the Reach of Art.  
 ‘ Our best Physicians shall instantly be sent  
 ‘ for, and if possible effect her Cure:—  
 ‘ mean while, my Dear, do you enquire the  
 ‘ Nature of her Disorder, that you may be  
 ‘ able to give a proper Account of it to  
 ‘ those who, I make no Question, will re-  
 ‘ lieve

‘ lieve her ;—I hope she will not refuse the  
 ‘ Means of Life when offered her ;—I hope  
 ‘ she is not resolutely bent to die ; for really,  
 ‘ *Celemene* I should grieve as much as you to  
 ‘ lose our *Marianna*.’

My Mother left us, and went to seek her  
 Women in order to send them for two Phy-  
 sicians very famous for their Skill.—

I now besought my Friend in the most  
 earnest Manner to unfold the Nature of her  
 Disease, at the same Time telling her that  
 my Mother was gone to seek for Help to  
 cure her.

‘ HAVE you not observed, my *Celemene*,  
 ‘ (answered she,) that I have grown thin ?  
 ‘ Yet my Spirits seemed less oppressed, and  
 ‘ I of course more chearful. My Disorder  
 ‘ is what we call a Consumption, an inward  
 ‘ Decay ; and whenever it takes a strong  
 ‘ Hold of the Vitals, is seldom or never to  
 ‘ be cured,—Mine are seized, I find by  
 ‘ many Symptoms, but yet my Princess,  
 ‘ perhaps my End may not be very near.  
 ‘ Years some People have lived in this Dis-  
 ‘ order, but I do not think I shall, the At-  
 ‘ tack is made too violent for me to last so  
 ‘ long ;—but half a Year or perhaps more,  
 ‘ my



‘ my dearest *Celemene*, I may still be with  
 ‘ you; so long the Art of your Physicians  
 ‘ rightly applied may prolong my Life.’

I GAVE you this early Information of my  
 approaching End, that we might have  
 Time to prepare ourselves for parting.—I  
 knew, my Dear, the Loss of me would  
 grieve you: And therefore told of the Event  
 which I expected, before the Time of its Ar-  
 rival; as thinking that the frequent Conver-  
 sations we should have upon the Subject, would  
 in some Measure arm you for the Blow, and  
 make it less affecting, than if quite unex-  
 pected it had come.

My Mother now returned, and with her  
 came two Physicians; as they entered, I told  
 my Friend who they were.—She rose from her  
 Seat, and going to my Mother took her Hand  
 which she tenderly pressed with her Lips,  
 while Gratitude spoke in a strong Manner  
 thro’ her lovely Eyes. Then speaking to  
 me:—‘ I will not refuse, (said she) the Aid  
 ‘ which Royal *Armathea* brings: No, I will  
 ‘ pay a strict Observance to the Rules which  
 ‘ shall be given me. But all Endeavours to  
 ‘ effect a Cure will now be vain; Art may  
 ‘ prolong my Life for a small Space of  
 ‘ Time, but I find my Malady has taken too  
 ‘ firm an Hold, ever to be dislodged.’—

I now told the Women what *Marianna* had said, and then became Interpreter between them and her.—Many Questions relating to her Disorder they asked, which she answered without the least Reserve.—And when she had made them perfectly acquainaed with her Case, they gave the Queen and me no Hopes of her recovering, though they did not apprehend her Death would be immediate; but that she might, if she would submit to Rule, live for some Time.—I begged, and my Mother commanded them to use the utmost of their Art to save her, if possible; and if that could not be effected, to prolong her Life to as great a Length of Time as they could.

How flattering her Disorder! for through the great Care which was taken of her she seemed to mend, and I began to form some Hopes of her Recovery; she herself never encouraged any.—Ah! *Celemene*, she would say,—let us not deceive ourselves; the Enemy within me is not quelled: He only sleeps; and depend upon it, the Time will come, when he will rouse and end my Life.—At present I am easy,—perfectly easy,—I thank Heaven, and I thank my Friends for the Ease which I enjoy:—Nevertheless

vertheless I still must think of dying;—for this is only a Reprieve, a short Postponement of my Death, and not a Cure.—

SHE complied in every Respect with all the Prescriptions given her, and appeared more chearful than she had done before her expected Dissolution:—she was good;—so did not fear to die, but on the contrary rejoiced in her approaching End; looking on Death only as a certain Stage which would carry her to endless Happiness.—

I SEEMED to have found the Weight of Sorrow which she had lost; and the Thoughts of her dying and leaving me, caused me to indulge such excessive Grief, that it was feared my own Health would be endangered by it. For this as well as *Marianna's* Illness my Mother was much concerned; and she as well as that dear Friend, used all her Endeavours to comfort me:—But I was not to be comforted,—I spent all my Time with her, resolving not to lose a Moment of those Days she had to live.—

IN order to divert me, and amuse herself, she continued to give me Lessons both in Dancing and Singing; and I had learned about four Months, making, as she said,  
fur-



surprising Improvements every Time she taught me.—*Alithea* learned too; and my Mother used to be greatly pleased with seeing us perform, and much encouraged our Proceedings.

BUT at length a Period was put to these Amusements: for as *Marianna* had apprehended, her Malady was only laid asleep, and it now once more attacked her with great Violence.—She shewed visible Signs of Decay; and was soon rendered incapable of quitting her Chamber.

WITH what a noble Fortitude did she bear her Illness now grown very painful; and what kind, what tender Methods did she take to comfort me! I now lodging in her Apartment, resolving to be with her in her last Moments, which the Physicians began to think were very near, and might be sudden.

STILL she continued, as she ever had done, to give me the most instructing Lessons on various Subjects. Oh! *Cleantes*! oh! *Montier*!—what an ignorant Creature had *Celemene* been, but for the Instruction which she received from *Marianna*!—

It

IT happened one Day that I was obliged to leave her, in order to attend a public Festival. I went out early in the Morning, and returned not in the Evening till she was gone to Rest.—She was fast asleep, so I left her till Morning, and went to my own Bed, in the Room adjoining to hers.

NEXT Day when I attended this dear Partner of my Soul, notwithstanding the fine Rest she had enjoyed the Night past, she seemed most surprizingly weakened. She was incapable of quitting her Bed; and this was occasioned, as I afterwards found, from her close Application to her Pen the Day before, beyond what she had Strength to support.

STILL she appeared chearful, and desired me to give her an Account of the Manner in which I spent the former Day.—Her weak Condition so affected me, that I could not do it; so imposed the Task upon *Alithea*; who had been with me, and was as capable as myself of making the Relation!

WHEN all the Attendants had left the Room, and no one remained with *Marianna* but *Alithea* and myself;—we took a Paper from

from under her Pillow. It was closely sealed, and presenting it to me;—Receive, said she, my dearest *Celemene*, this last Testimony of thy *Marianna's* Love.—Open it not till I shall be no more:—In it you will find all the Instructions which I can give you, regarding Government:—I own, the Attempt was far above my Capacity, but ; my Princess, it was your Desire that I should form a System ; and I have done my utmost to oblige you. Long have I at several Times been planning of the Subject in my Mind ; and Yesterday, you being from me and my Time entirely my own, without any Fear of Interruption, I laid hold of the Opportunity and wrote down what I had formed.—The Task I found greatly too much for my Spirits, but concluding that my End was very near, I determined to finish it, lest such another convenient Season should not be lent me. With great Difficulty, at many several Efforts, I did compleat my Desire ; and had just secured it under my Pillow, which I judged the properest Place to conceal it in till I could give it you ; for I foresaw, that when once more got to Bed, I should perhaps never quit it again.—Therefore under the Pillow I laid the Paper, and had but just done so when I fainted.—The Noise I made in falling brought to my Assistance those Women

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who



who waited in my outer Apartment; and at length they brought me again to myself, though not without much Difficulty. I was put to Bed more dead than alive, and indeed I thought myself, I was at that Instant going to be released from all my Pains.—But so wise Providence had not ordained: For by some Cordials which were given me, my languid Spirits were a little raised; and after a while I fell into a fine Sleep, which held the greatest Part of the Night. This Morning I am tolerably easy, but excessive weak: I cannot think of rising all the Day; nor do I expect to leave this Bed on which I lay, till I am taken from it in order to my Funeral.

My Princess I will not distress:—Therefore to you, dear *Alithea*, I give a small Charge on that Occasion.—These two Pictures of my Husband and my Daughter, I beg may be buried with me, thus as I enclose them in this Casket. In it is likewise a Ring which was my Mother's, given her by my Father upon their Wedding-Day. At her Death she gave it me:—Would I could leave it to my dear *Celena*.—But that is an Impossibility: Therefore, *Alithea*, let it perish with the Pictures and my Body.

For the rest, dispose of me according to the Manner of your Country.—No matter how

how my Body is destroyed, or how soon.—  
 I think you burn your dead.—Let me be  
 served so:—For, once my Soul, freed from  
 this Lump of Earth which now oppresses it,  
 and bears it down,—of this once freed, I  
 say,—that pure immortal Spirit will waft  
 on high, and wing its Flight to Realms of  
 perfect Happiness.

THEN, taking my Hand, ‘I must not have  
 ‘you weep so, *Celemene*.—Thy Grief imbit-  
 ‘ters my last Moments as they approach;  
 ‘which, only for that Consideration, would  
 ‘be serene and chearful.—And wherefore do  
 ‘you grieve? your *Marianna* will be happy,  
 ‘exquisitely happy! — all the Felicity this  
 ‘World could give, compared with what I  
 ‘shortly shall enjoy, is nothing.—Thou, my  
 ‘dear Child, and *Alithea* too, will follow  
 ‘me.—How great will be our mutual Joy  
 ‘on that Occasion; as then we shall meet  
 ‘never to part again! Dear Friends, con-  
 ‘tinued she,—(for *Alithea* wept as much  
 ‘as I,)—support your Minds with Thoughts  
 ‘of a blest Futurity, and by that Means  
 ‘lessen your present Woe;—be comforted,  
 ‘my *Celemene*; Heaven has in Store for thee  
 ‘a Number of happy Years; after having  
 ‘spent which, thou wilt follow thy *Mari-*  
 ‘*anna* to her blest Abode on high; and  
 L 2 ‘every

‘every Felicity will then attend us, without the least Allay.’

I had not Spirits to interrupt her; and she talked beyond her Strength, in order to comfort me.—She was now quite spent, and fainted!—With the utmost Difficulty did I and *Alithea* raise her; indeed I thought her Life was entirely gone;—but she lived some little Time after this, though every Day grew more weak.

My Mother shewed a most sensible Concern upon the Occasion.—She spent much Time in the Apartment of this truly worthy Woman, to whom she bore a great Affection.—All the Court esteemed her, as she deserved, for it was impossible to know, and not to love her.

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## CHAP. X.

*The Death of Marianna; her funeral Pomp; her Paper of Instructions to her dear Princess.*

**N**OW arrived the fatal Day which robbed me of this Comfort; one of the greatest I had ever known.—Few such Friends, as *Marianna* was to me, can be met with.—

THE



THE Woman who attended her came to me while I was yet in Bed.—Dear Princess, said she,—if you desire to see your Friend e'er she departs,—instantly rise ;—she is now so weak, I believe a few Moments will put a Period to her Life.—Soon I rose, and went into the next Apartment ; when going to the Bed, I gently drew aside the Curtains, saying,—*Marianna*,—dearest Friend, how is your Health this Morning ?

I am now very near being eased of all my Pain, said she, in a low Voice, but with great Composure. My lower Limbs are dead already :—Next, my Heart will cease to beat ;—and then my Soul will take its Flight to those bright Scenes of Glory, where long my Thoughts have been.—Gracious God ! how easy a Release dost thou afford me ! still blest with all the Sense and Reason I was ever Mistress of.—No Tortures.—No Convulsions :—Almost entirely free from Pain !—Do not pity me, dear *Celemene* ;—I do not want it.—Heaven grant when you shall die, your End may be like mine.—Pay not too great a Tribute of Grief to my Remembrance.—Think of the happy State which I enjoy.—Let that comfort thee.—And thou, great God of Heaven ! hear my fervent Prayer :—Make my dear Children,—*Celena* and

and *Celemene*, both thy chosen Care!—Prosper my Brother! Make him a Parent to my Child!—The Soul of *Celemene* strengthen!—Lead her in thy holy Paths!—Make her in every Undertaking prosperous, and blest to all Eternity!

I COULD only take her almost lifeless Hand and press it to my Lips: my Tongue had lost the Power of Utterance; and *Alithea*, the dear compassionate *Alithea*, was equally affected. All the Attendants remained in silent Grief:—They all revered my *Marianna*.—

SHE took my Hand,—her's was cold and trembling, she pressed it to her Lips,—next to her Heart, which seemed scarcely to beat!—often she strove to speak, but could not!—her Lips made a Motion, but without any Sound;—yet at last, in broken Accents, she with some Difficulty pronounced these Sentences.—

ADIEU! my *Celemene*,—thy *Marianna* blesses thee with her latest Breath.—Father of all Mercies. on her dear Head shower down thy choicest Gifts.—Receive my Soul into thy divine Protection!—and, oh!—Here she was stopped, and ceased to breathe.—

NOT

NOT the least Discomposure appeared upon her lovely Features; — I stedfastly looked upon her for some Time, still holding between both mine, one of her lifeless Hands, she seemed as if only gone to sleep.—But ah! that Sleep must be for ever;—no more must I enjoy her charming Conversation, — that Tongue from which such Wisdom used to flow, was now for ever hushed.

I MADE an Effort to kiss her now pale Lips,—but my Strength failed me, and I sunk upon the Bed in a deep Swoon;—long I remained insensible, and was carried into my own Apartment, not into that which I had long been in next to *Marianna's*, for it was judged best for me to be now far removed from her.

‘EXCUSE me, (said the Princess,) weeping.  
‘—How this Remembrance affects me! Indeed, *Cleantes*, I cannot proceed.—This  
‘painful Recollection has quite overset me.—  
‘—Fresh to my View appears the afflicting  
‘Scene!—You, noble Captain, share my  
‘Sorrow.—No wonder that a minute Relation of the Death of such a Sister greatly  
‘affects you.’



‘It does indeed, (replied *Montier*,)—fall, fall, my Tears; they shew a proper Sensibility, — and such cannot disgrace the bravest of Men.—Charming Princess, what Obligation am I under to you for all your Care and Kindness to my Sister!—The Pattern of all Goodness surely you are.’

*CELEMENE* still continued weeping, — and at last, if she had not been supported by *Cleantes*, would have fainted.—He called for Wine, and made her, and his dear *Montier*, both drink some:—It had a good Effect upon their Spirits; and through his soothing them, and at last changing the Subject, they became chearful.—It was late, and now the Evening Repast was brought: after which *Cleantes* took a German-flute which belonged to one of the Crew,—and played upon it in a most graceful Manner, greatly charming his Princess with the Harmony of the Sound, so very different from the loud and martial Strains she had been used to in *Armatia*.

ENLIVENED by this, she sung several Songs which *Marianna* had taught her; and *Montier* joined with *Cleantes* in giving her much Praise on her Performance.—The Captain, in order to repay her, sung himself; *Cleantes*

accompanying his Voice with the Flute.—The Princess was quite enraptured at this little Concert ; and after spending some Hours in this agreeable Manner, the Gentlemen retired, and left her to her Repose for the Night.

NEXT Morning, as soon as Breakfast was over, *Cleanthes*, being anxious to hear more of the History of his dear Princess, besought her to continue her Narration.—She hesitated not, but resumed it in the following Manner.

‘ I LEFT off at the Death of my dearest *Marianna*; a Circumstance, which affected me with greater Concern, than any Thing I had then ever known.—I was inconsolable for her Loss, and all the Endeavours of my Mother and nearest Friends in order to comfort me, for a long Time proved ineffectual.

*MARIANNA*'s dear Remains were now disposed of, according to the Custom of our Country, in the following Manner.—We burn our Dead, and it is usual for those most nearly affected to attend the Solemnity : For which Reason I accompanied the dear Remains of my Friend, resolving to pay that Tribute to her Memory, though I was

scarcely able to support it; being rendered so weak thro' excessive Grief, as hardly to be fit to leave my Chamber, or indeed my Bed. But I determined not to give Way to my Indisposition, till I had shewed this last Testimony of Regard to my departed Friend: and therefore on the Day appointed for her Obsequies, I attired myself in the deepest Mourning, making *Alithea*, and all my Women do so likewise. Of black Silk we made Veils like that *Marianna* wore upon the Festival.

A CARR drawn by black Horses, and covered with the same, carried me and my Women. But the Procession was begun by six Women in deep Mourning, who each carried a large Torch in her Hand; for the Solemnity is always performed at Night.

THESE were followed by the same Number in like Attire, who played on Musick, in most doleful Strains; after them the Corps, on a Machine covered with Sable, and a Cloth of the same Colour laid over the Corps. This was carried by eight Women, likewise in deep Mourning.

THEN six more with Lights as the former, and next the Carr, whereon I and my Women sat.

WE



WE were followed by many more Carrs, each with two Torches before it, and these brought all the chief Women of the Court, but my Mother; who did not herself attend,—it not being usual for the Queen so to do.

WITH slow and solemn Pace, moved this sable Train! And at length arrived at the Place where all such Rites are held.

It is a spacious Plain planted thick with Trees, but a large Space in the Middle of it, which receives Light from the outward Row of Trees, being at proper Distances illuminated. At the upper End, a Canopy composed of black Cloth was raised for the Reception of myself and Train; we took our Places under it, while the Body of my dear *Marianna* was set upon a Pile of Wood.

Now Women appointed for the Purpose, sung the Virtues of the Deceased; after which I arose and was led by a Priestess three Times round the Pile, solemn Musick playing before us, and ten of my Women following.

THIS

THIS Ceremony performed, I was once more placed under the Canopy; and then the Priestess set Fire to the Pile, at the same Time, pronouncing these Words.

‘Are any Treasures with this Body to be burnt?  
‘Now is the Time to lay them with the Dead.’

*ALTHEA* rose from her Seat at this Demand, and going to the Priestess, gave her the Casket which contained the Pictures and the Ring:—she took it and placed it upon the Body.

MANY Instruments struck up,—Oh! What a dreadful, what a solemn Concert!—And quickly the Body of my Friend was entirely consumed.

HER Ashes by the Priestess were carefully gathered up and put into an Urn.—This she brought to me.—What were the Agonies of Soul, I felt when I received the mournful Charge! I kissed the Urn, as it contained the Dear, but small Remains, of my so much loved Friend.

Now we all proceeded to the Temple of *Bellona*, where the Ashes of all considerable  
Per;

Persons are usually deposited ; I carrying the Urn in my Hand.

PREPARATIONS for the mournful Rite had here been made ; and, after the proper Ceremonies were performed, I placed my precious Trust in the Part of the Temple destined for its Reception.—But, before I gave it for ever from my Hand, I fell upon my Knees, and in the *French* Tongue, put up an earnest Supplication to that God whom *Marianna* had taught me to adore ; beseeching him, for the Sake of my dear departed Friend, not to withdraw from me his heavenly Protection ; and to grant that one Day we might meet again.—Then, rising to place the Urn,—how my Tears flowed at the Knowledge of its Contents !—Ah ! *Marianna*, said I, to what a small Circumference is thy Body now reduced !—How precious are thy Ashes to thy *Celemene* ! By them she swears, never to forget thy Precepts, but stedfastly adhere to all which thou hast taught her. These dear Remains, after this Hour, I shall never view : But thee, my Friend !—Yes, I shall die, and follow thee. This is the only Thought which saves me from Distraction.

How long I should have communed with the Ashes is hard to say, had not the Priests told me I must no longer delay depositing them



them.—I obeyed her, and put out of my Hand upon the destined Place, a Treasure which I esteemed beyond all others.

THE Ceremony ended thus, and after it, we proceeded back to the Palace in as solemn a Manner, as we had quitted it.

IN this Way all People of Rank among the *Amazons* are disposed of: and my Mother took this Method of testifying her Regard for *Marianna*, and had her Obsequies performed with as much Pomp, as if she had been of royal Blood.

I WAS no sooner returned to my Chamber than I gave a Loose to my Grief and Lamentation.—I rose not all the next Day; and so much did I suffer the Recollection of the late irrevocable Event to affect me, that my Health was greatly impaired. I continued to grow more weak every Day; each as it came, instead of relieving seemed to bring me a fresh Supply of Sorrow.—My Life was even despaired of: My Mother almost distracted; and the whole Court, who looked upon me as their future Queen, greatly afflicted. *Alithea* proved my truest Friend: For altho' she was greatly concerned for the Loss of *Marianna*, yet she did not give Way to  
her

her own Sorrow, but strove by all possible means to comfort me.

SHE would often tell me, it was not justifiable in me to submit myself a Votary to Grief and Despair. That such Behaviour, would not be approved by God, who taught us Resignation. We are all his Creatures, said she, our Lives were given us by him, has he not a Right to call back what he lent? And on his doing so, does it not argue a Sort of Doubt of that Right, when we grieve so immoderately; or at least as an Event which we think not right, and so repine at it! I wish, my dear Princess, my weak Judgment could furnish me with Arguments of this Nature, sufficient to convince you of your present Error; for in a very great one, my dearest *Celemene*, you certainly are.—A decent Sorrow on such Occasions is proper; but to injure your Health, nay endanger your Life by such an Excess of Grief, is a Tribute which ought not to be paid to the Memory of any, be they ever so deserving of Regard. Besides, what does all this Lamentation avail? Will it call back to Life our *Marianna*? And if it could, would my dear Princess, would you desire to do her so great an Injury? Would you fetch her from pure immortal Realms above, where Happiness is tasted without the least Alloy, to share once  
more

more the many Pains and Sorrows, which human Life is subject to?—Surely, my *Celemene* is not so selfish, she cannot be so unkind to *Marianna*; this narrow Wish her Heart cannot entertain.

BUT should you wish, how vain! We shall follow her, but she will never come to us:—Dear Princess, be comforted, lest the Sight of your Decay, so far affect your tender Mother, and your faithful *Alithea*, as to make them fall into the same deplorable State. And should we do so, our Blame is not like yours: You weep an Event nothing can alter; we grieve, and we implore what you have Power to grant; for when the Fountain of your Tears is stopped, ours will soon cease to flow. An Alteration in your Countenance will soon make ours quite chearful, our Happiness depends on you. Can then the great, the noble-minded *Celemene*, when she considers, that not only her own, but the Welfare of two others whom she so dearly loves, depends upon her ceasing to grieve, can she refuse to do so? Surely not.—Say, say, my Princess, in this thy *Alithea* thinks not wrong.

IN such Sort of Conversations she spent her Time; and I could not help upbraiding myself for Want of Diligence during *Marianna*'s Life, seeing that *Alithea* had made much

greater



greater Improvements under her wise Direction than myself; and was furnished with Arguments, so much like those which my dear Friend when living used to urge to me; whilst I sunk beneath my Weight of Woe, my Mind suggesting no Manner of Comfort. Yet I was not entirely void of Reason; for the daily Counsels of my Friend so much affected me, that I resolved to rouse myself, and if possible, shake off my Grief. In order to effect it, I used to join in Petitions, with my faithful Confidant, to the Almighty, for Strength of Mind, and Assistance in so arduous a Trial. I likewise did not refuse, as I had done at first, the Assistance of our Physicians, but carefully adhered to all Rules which they gave me for restoring my Health.

THIS Change of Conduct delighted the Queen, she became chearful upon it; and *Alithea* now applauded, as much as she had before condemned me.

BUT, not to dwell any longer on the Subject, I will only add, that in some Time after this I became tolerable easy in my Mind, and so far recovered as to my Health, that I was able to quit my Chamber, to the great Joy of the whole Nation; my dear Mother and my faithful *Alithea*, most sincerely joining.

I HAD not till now dared to open the Paper given me by *Marianna*; for during my Illness, *Alithea* and I never were certain of being alone, long enough to do it with Safety; indeed my Mother or some of the principal Women of the Court, were continually with me; and we were never sure of being a Moment without some Interruption. The Paper therefore we had laid carefully by, till we should find a proper and convenient Season to peruse its Contents.

BUT now, I was once again Mistress of my own Apartment and Time, — *Alithea* and I got into my Closet; and making fast the Door, we took the Paper out of my Cabinet;—when I opened the Cover, and read as follows.

*Marianna, to her ever - dear and beloved  
Celemene, for the Care of whose Soul she  
is most anxiously concerned; and for whose  
Happiness she will never cease to pray.*

[THIS was on the inner Cover; which I now broke the Seal of, and found therein these Lines.]

• **W**HEN my dear Princess shall peruse  
• these Lines, her *Marianna* divested  
• of a frail human Being, will be enjoying  
• per-

‘ perfect Bliss in Heaven:—This she most  
 ‘ fervently wishes, nor does she doubt the  
 ‘ Completion.—

‘ LET not your Wishes, dearest *Celemene*,  
 ‘ call me back to Earth; consider my Hap-  
 ‘ piness, comfort yourself with the Hope  
 ‘ of following me; and live, my Princess, in  
 ‘ a Manner to deserve the Enjoyment of  
 ‘ the Presence of thy Great Creator!

‘ RULES for your future Conduct, par-  
 ‘ ticularly those relating to the Govern-  
 ‘ ment of *Armatia*, my dearest Child de-  
 ‘ sires of me.—

‘ I AM unequal to the Task; but yet to  
 ‘ shew my Love and Gratitude I will at-  
 ‘ tempt.

‘ FIRST then,—from the Moment *Ma-*  
 ‘ *rianna* is no more, be chearful;—let not  
 ‘ thy Tears upbraid the Almighty for the  
 ‘ Event;—convert thy Sorrow into a ten-  
 ‘ der and lasting Remembrance of her:—  
 ‘ But let that Remembrance be a pleasing  
 ‘ one, unmixed with Grief.

‘ As far as thy Duty to thy God will per-  
 ‘ mit thee, obey thy Royal Mother. To join  
 ‘ in the Worship of thy Country, thou must  
 ‘ make



' make an outward Shew of; and as it is  
 ' Necessity which constrains thee, I trust,  
 ' thy Good Creator will absolve thee for it,  
 ' provided thou art constant in thy private  
 ' Devotions to him.—In these our *Alithea*  
 ' will assist thee; her Heart is pious, and her  
 ' Judgment strong: The Lights she has re-  
 ' ceived in so short a Time, are really quite  
 ' surprizing.—She shares with thee my  
 ' Love.

' As to the Custom of going to *Ambria*,  
 ' never, never, *Celemene*, submit to it; in  
 ' the most earnest Manner I conjure thee;—  
 ' and if before thy Royal Mother dies thou  
 ' shouldest be desired, feign Illness at the  
 ' Time, or any other Excuse which can  
 ' with Innocence be framed, in order to  
 ' avoid the Crime and her Displeasure.—Yet  
 ' her Displeasure thou must hazard, if no  
 ' Arts avail thee: for when her Commands  
 ' clash with thy Duty to an higher Power,  
 ' thou must not on any Account obey them,  
 ' or let thy *Alithea*: and if thy resolute  
 ' Refusal involve thee in great Difficulty  
 ' and Distress, — Pray to that Fountain,  
 ' from which all Comfort flows; so shalt  
 ' thou find sufficient Strength to carry thee  
 ' through the noble Undertaking. — His  
 ' faithful Votaries God never will forsake:  
 ' at all Times he is more ready to hear than  
 ' we

‘we to pray. He often by his Goodness  
 ‘prevents our Wishes, and grants our  
 ‘half-formed Supplications. Cease not to  
 ‘supplicate, my *Celemene*.—He will en-  
 ‘lighten; he will instruct, and lead thee  
 ‘in his holy Paths; your Trust will not be  
 ‘vain.—His Aid is never denied to those  
 ‘who with a true and pious Heart implore  
 ‘it.

‘WHEN it shall please him to take from  
 ‘Earth thy Royal Mother,—and thou by  
 ‘Right of Inheritance, and by thy People’s  
 ‘general Voice art declared *Armatia*’s  
 ‘Queen.—Then, my Child, thou wilt have  
 ‘Cause to summons all thy Fortitude, pro-  
 ‘perly to act. — Difficultie will oppose  
 ‘thee, but shrink not at them; be resolute,  
 ‘be brave!—yet see, that no one Act of  
 ‘Cruelty which possibly can be avoided,  
 ‘fully they beginning Reign. Argue with  
 ‘thy Subjects, and by gentle Persuasion,  
 ‘and not through Paths of Death and  
 ‘Slaughter, lead them to the Throne of  
 ‘Virtue. Try to gain their Love; and  
 ‘then they will with Joy obey thee.—A ge-  
 ‘nerous Mind is far more easy to be led  
 ‘by Love, than drove by Power and Fear.

‘THE first Time they solicit thee for an  
 ‘Heiress, absolutely refuse to give them one  
 ‘upon

' upon the Terms which they propose. —  
 ' This will occasion Murmurs, nevertheless re-  
 ' main thou resolute, and use all the Art which  
 ' thou art Mistress of, in order to convince  
 ' them of the Error they are in, the Vileness  
 ' of the Custom, and persuade them not to take  
 ' the Journey. — Let this be done with Mild-  
 ' ness: and if thy Arguments avail, and they  
 ' agree to follow what thou counselest, — then  
 ' Peace will be established in the Land, and  
 ' perfect Happiness will bless thy Reign.

' BUT if thy gentle Pleadings have no  
 ' Force, if the *Armatians* still resolve to fol-  
 ' low their old Customs, — then, *Celemene*, thou  
 ' must exert thy Power, and from a soft Per-  
 ' suader turn a despotic Queen.

' CALL a general Council, and thus ad-  
 ' dress them.

' THE greatest Ornament of Woman is  
 ' Virtue, and the true Explanation of this is  
 ' Chastity. How do you yearly, oh! Ye  
 ' Women of *Armatia*, forfeit your Preten-  
 ' sions to this Jewel? The Beginning of our  
 ' Government I have often told you; an Act  
 ' so horrid let me not repeat. — Shall we keep  
 ' up a Succession of such Infamy! Ah! Quit  
 ' for Shame such odious Customs; let us, like  
 ' other



‘ other Nations, live a social Life, and tread  
 ‘ the Paths of Virtue.

‘ FOR my own Part, I am determined to  
 ‘ give my Subjects a King, the very first Op-  
 ‘ portunity I have of doing so. And I com-  
 ‘ mand every one of my Women, whose In-  
 ‘ clinations lead her to go to *Port Ambria*,  
 ‘ instead of going thither, to take an Hus-  
 ‘ band; following my Example.—I exact  
 ‘ nothing, but what I myself first will sub-  
 ‘ mit to.

‘ AGAINST their lawful Queen the *Ama-*  
 ‘ *zons* were never yet known to rebel; surely  
 ‘ now they will not begin.—Hear then my  
 ‘ firm Resolve and prepare to obey the strict  
 ‘ Command.

‘ SOME Women which I shall appoint for  
 ‘ the Purpose shall go with one I can confide  
 ‘ in, and whom I shall constitute my Am-  
 ‘ bassadrefs.—These shall wait upon some  
 ‘ neighbouring Power, and ask a Branch of  
 ‘ the royal Line to accept my Hand.—It will  
 ‘ not be refused;—of this I have no Fear,  
 ‘ for our Alliance would greatly strengthen  
 ‘ any Power.—Numbers would doubtless fol-  
 ‘ low their Prince, and these would become  
 ‘ the Husbands of those Women whom I  
 ‘ should command to marry.

‘ ALL

‘ ALL this in the most solemn Manner, I  
 ‘ swear to have performed. — First I en-  
 ‘ treated, but ye refused Entreaty :— Now I  
 ‘ command, and I will be obeyed.

‘ I FURTHERMORE declare, that any Wo-  
 ‘ man who goes to *Port Ambria*, with an In-  
 ‘ tent to keep up that vile Custom which here  
 ‘ I totally abolish, shall lose her Life; certain  
 ‘ Death attends all who dispute this Law.—  
 ‘ But when the Men, as usual, come, they  
 ‘ shall receive Letters from me, in which I  
 ‘ will desire them, quickly to go to their  
 ‘ own Territories, and there procure a Ship,  
 ‘ which if they instantly will bring to me, I  
 ‘ will reward them nobly for so doing.—This  
 ‘ Ship will carry my Ambassadors, and bring  
 ‘ back *Armatia*’s King.

‘ A KING, ye *Amazonian* Women ye shall  
 ‘ have, or *Celemene* will not be your Queen.  
 ‘ —The royal Power neither will I relinquish;  
 ‘ for with it I will lose my Life.—Will ye,  
 ‘ oh ! People of *Armatia*, murder your  
 ‘ Queen ? This must be done, or her De-  
 ‘ crees complied with. — For, from what  
 ‘ she has now commanded to be exe-  
 ‘ cuted, *Celemene*, never will recede, while  
 ‘ she draws Breath.

‘ THIS

‘ THIS Declaration, or a better to the same  
 ‘ Purpose, my Princess, if you can desire  
 ‘ one, will let the Women know your Mind  
 ‘ most fully ; and if you continue resolute,  
 ‘ in Time they will obey you.

‘ WHEN you send for a Royal Consort,  
 ‘ I wish, my *Celemene*, his Religion could  
 ‘ be mine.—But in this I must not dictate.  
 ‘ I know not where to send you for such an  
 ‘ one, being quite unacquainted with the  
 ‘ World, or the Situations of different  
 ‘ Powers. In taking this Step, my Child,  
 ‘ may the Almighty direct thee properly.—  
 ‘ He only can.—

‘ As to Laws, thy *Marianna* need not give  
 ‘ thee any ; the Prince you wed will order all  
 ‘ Things of this kind in a proper Manner.  
 ‘ By the Laws of his own Country he will  
 ‘ new model thine. Happy mayest thou  
 ‘ be, my *Celemene* ; may the Man you chuse  
 ‘ properly esteem, and well deserve, so rich  
 ‘ a Treasure as thou wilt prove.—He must  
 ‘ admire and love thee. Thy beauteous  
 ‘ Person, Sense and Virtue, must endear  
 ‘ thee to a worthy Mind ;—and worthy  
 ‘ brave and every thing that is good, I  
 M hope



‘hope the Man will be who weds my Celemene.

‘DROOP not, my Princess, at the many  
 ‘Difficulties which may encounter you in  
 ‘such an Undertaking;—if you despair you  
 ‘will never conquer. It is Perseverance,  
 ‘and steadfast Faith, which must support and  
 ‘carry you through it. The End is laudable;  
 ‘and therefore you will find a kind  
 ‘Assisting-Power to help you. My Prayers  
 ‘and Wishes of Success are ever yours;  
 ‘may your mortal Life be prosperous and  
 ‘happy; and when that is finished may we  
 ‘meet in Heaven!—

‘ONCE more, I charge you do not lament my Death;—believe that I am  
 ‘happy, and do not repine. To *Alithea* I  
 ‘likewise bequeath my Blessing, let her aid  
 ‘and comfort thee;—long may you both  
 ‘live to be a mutual Blessing to each other,—  
 ‘and may both hereafter reap the just Reward due to your virtuous Labours, devoutly prays your

‘MARIANNA.’

CHAP.

## CHAP. XI.

*The Princess relates the Effects of her first Interview with Cleanthes.*

AFTER having finished this Bequest, I and my *Alithea* made a solemn Vow, most strictly to adhere to the Contents; and many Tears did we both shed to the Memory of the dear Writer. I carefully laid the Paper by, and often when I and my faithful Confidant were by ourselves, used to read it over.

WHEN I had regained my Strength, I as usual began to take little Rambles by myself, a thing I had ever been very fond of: And as I was in no Danger of Molestation from the Women of the Country, there being no such thing as Robbers in *Armatia*, and also well guarded against the Attempts of wild Beasts, by the Arms I always carry about me, my Mother did not deny me, but indulged me in these solitary Walks; nor did I let even my *Alithea* attend me.

OF these Rambles I grew more fond after the Loss of *Marianna*, than I had been before; I used to vent all my Grief in these Excursions, and then return to the Palace quite calm. The Books she left me I used to take and read in these Walks, I esteemed them a great Treasure; as did my Mother her Apparel: for that was taken by the Queen and preserved with great Care, in order to be handed down to Posterity as a Memorial of a *French-Woman* having been in *Armata*. But the Books *Marianna* left particularly to me, and I used to take great Pleasure in reading of them.

WHAT I shall further relate, continued the Princess, I shall particularly address to you, *Montier*; as to *Cleantes* I shall forget he is in Company; and therefore to you as to a very intimate and chosen Friend, give the Sentiments of my Heart at each Event I now shall speak of, in the same candid Manner, I have done in the foregoing Part of my Narration. ‘Remember, *Cleantes*, (said she,) smiling, you do not hear me; it is to *Montier*, the Brother of my dearest *Marianna* I now address myself.’ She then proceeded in this Manner.



ONE Day as I pursued my lonely Walk intending to go to a little Cave and read some of the Poems, I was surprized with the Sight of the most lovely Object my Eyes ever had beheld. I observed it with great Attention, and from what I remembered of *Marianna's* Count *de Pailliere*, as represented in the Picture, I thought the Person before me must be a Man from the Conformity of Dress between them.—

Now all the *Amazon* rose in my Soul. I forgot at the Instant all the Precepts of my Friend, and was about to have killed him;—for this cruel Purpose I had drawn my Scymiter, and with uplifted Hand was going to strike the fatal Blow, when on his Face a most enchanting Smile appeared, which quite disarmed my Resolution and my Rage.

How lovely he appeared, dissolved in Sleep!—I now had Leisure to contemplate all his Charms,—too long I gazed; for, though an *Amazon*, I loved.—Yes, from that Moment did my Heart forsake my Breast, and all that great Antipathy I had conceived, even from my very Cradle, now vanished; and I own I should not have

thought it dreadful, or any Way a Punishment, to have been obliged to spend my future Days with this enchanting Man.

To look upon him was a Kind of Pleasure I had never felt before, I could have stood and gazed for ever. Oh! how did I upbraid myself for once having thought of ending his Life; and while my Bosom laboured thus with such a Variety of strange Emotions, the Youth awoke.

He seemed much surprized at my Presence; and in my Eyes appeared more lovely than before.—We both in Silence gazed awhile; at length he spoke, but to my great Disappointment I could not understand him. — I spoke next, but with the same Disadvantage; for it was in my native Tongue, at the Instant I quite forgot my *French*.

A WILD Boar assaulted us; him I soon killed, but in the Fray I wounded my *Cleantes*.—He fainted, how I grieved! but at length he recovered, and after I had bound up the Wound, I placed him in a secure Retreat, and then left him.

WHEN

WHEN I returned to the Palace I found myself agitated in a most uncommon Manner. Yet I told not even *Alithea* of my Adventure, resolving to trust the Safety of my Charge to no one but myself. I therefore dismissed her under Pretence of going to Rest; but alas! I found it not; the Image of *Cleantes* was so strongly imprest upon my Fancy, that I could not close my Eyes, to any Purpose, for Sleep had quite forsaken them. By the Description which *Marianna*, gave me of herself I concluded I was in the same Condition she was after the Ball. On this Discovery I endeavoured to rouse myself: What a Weakness, *Celemene* dost thou submit to, do not indulge it; in Love!—no surely thou cannot be so; how much unlike an *Amazon*!—besides, the Object whom thou art so taken with, is his Extraction noble? No Reason hast thou to think so; for no Marks of Royalty appear about him.—My *Marianna* told me, I must not marry but to a Prince.—I fear he is no Prince, therefore I must not love him,—I will not love him; be gone that pleasing Pain which plays about my Heart; I will drive his charming Image from my Breast, nor cherish such a Weakness.



I STROVE with all my Might, I summoned all my Reason but in vain, still I could think of nothing but *Cleantes*, and every Time I thought of him his hold in my Affections seemed the stronger.

VEXED at myself I wept; how did I blame my Folly; and yet I could not conquer it!

AGAIN I reasoned with myself.—Weak Wretch, why wilt thou love? thou art not certain of a Return.—Shouldst thou indulge thy Folly and be slighted? But then,—Ah! no, said I, I shall not be slighted; were this the only Cross I had to fear, soon would it be made easy.—For I am much deceived, if he has not the same Regard for me which I conceive for him.—Yes, yes, he loves me, the charming Creature loves me, all his Actions plainly speak it.

THIS Thought much pleased me; but soon I checked it.—Cruel *Celemene*, canst thou delight in giving Pain, said I? For this the Portion of the charming Youth must be if he does love thee; a Return of Passion, you must not own; for if his Extraction is not from a royal Line, thou canst not wed him;

him ; Honour forbids thee.—Oh ! *Celemene*, wretched *Celemene*, in what a World of Troubles has this fatal Day involved thee.

My *Marianna* used to say, that Absence was the only certain Cure for Love ; then to this Remedy let me apply. Suppose I see the Youth no more — Ah ! cruel ! what, abandon him ; how will he subsist unless I provide the Means !—Yes, I will see him, I will preserve him ; and if I can persevere in my Resolution of not giving Way to a Passion, how great will be my Merit ! I must, I do resolve, that if ever we shall be able to converse, and he disclose a Tenderneſs for me, that I will not listen or encourage him, but command his Silence on that Subject, under Pain of seeing me no more. This must check him ; and afterwards we may converse as Friends, like me and *Marianna*. —

IN such like Conferences with myself, I spent the greatest Part of the Night, but towards Morning fell asleep, and had the following Dream.—

METHOUGHT I was in the greatest Distress imaginable, pursued by an huge Monster, which every Moment threatened me with Death ! No Way, that I could see, of escaping.

caping from it; there being an high Rock before me, and if I turned back it would be directly into the Monster's hideous Jaws!

I wept and called on Heaven for Assistance, when, from the Top of the Rock I heard a Voice, calling out, *Celemene*, give me thy Hand, and I will protect thee safe from Danger.—I looked, and beheld the Youth I had seen the Day before!—transported with the Sight, I did not hesitate, but instantly held out my Hand, which he received; and we were both together carried through the Air with incredible Swiftneſs.—At length we came to a delightful Scene; here we descended, and walked through flowery Vales, by the Side of transparent Streams; sometimes beneath a verdant Shade, and as we went, harmonious Sounds and rich Perfumes attended our Steps; till after a while, we came within Sight of a most stately Building, and made directly to it.—On our Approach, wide flew the spacious Door, we entered, the Youth still keeping my Hand.—He now led me into a magnificent Apartment, at the upper End of which sat a venerable, but lovely Pair.—The Man, for so one of them appeared to be, had a most noble Aspect, and in his Features something the Resemblance of my Guide: The Woman was inimitably charming.



At our Approach they both arose, and with the utmost Transport embraced the Youth. He on his Knees received their fond Caresses, and presently presented me to them.—They now bestowed upon me great Marks of Affection : They called me their Child, and told me I should instantly be united to their dear Son; for so my kind Protector proved to be.—

I did not hesitate; but giving my Consent, was led by him into a kind of Temple, followed by the lovely Pair.—At the upper End of this Temple stood a Man, dressed all in white, his Head likewise covered with silver Hairs.—We made up to him; and after a great deal of Ceremony, methought he pronounced us Man and Wife.—We now all returned to the Apartment we had quitted, and just as I was entering I awoke!

STRANGELY perplexed, I meditated on my Dream, and what could be the Meaning of it I was at a great Loss to resolve.—Certain it is, it added to my Love, and made me quite unhappy.—Yet I still resolved to be obstinate in my Refusal, if Advances should be made, and the Youth did not prove of Royal Blood.—This I did not dare encourage

rage the Hope of, least, by suffering my Passion to gain Grounds upon the Hope, in case of a Disappointment, I might not be able to reduce it within proper Bounds.

Thus were my Thoughts agitated, when *Alithea* entered my Apartment, much surprized to find me still in Bed, for I was always an early Riser.—I now soon got up, and after having dispatched some necessary Business, went to visit my Charge.

On entering the Cave, I perceived in his Hand the Book of Poems;—I snatched it from him, at the same Time speaking in *French*.—He understood the Language, and quickly answered me;—now we conversed with Freedom: and if charmed with his Person before, how were my Affections engaged by the Beauties of his Mind, which shone forth in all his Expressions;—he proved my old Acquaintance,—that *Cleantes*, so often mentioned by my *Marianna*.—I cannot say I was pleased at this Knowledge; for now I was fully convinced that he was not of Royal Extraction. How did this pain me; I was quite unhappy, and yet I ceased to grieve for *Marianna*, other Cares engrossing all my Attention.—

AFTER

AFTER awhile, I lost that Paper left me by my Friend.—Poor *Alithea* on the Rack disclosed the Contents to my Mother.—Unhappy Maid! She died;—and I was now involved in many Troubles! I told *Cleantes* all my Grief, and begged his Counsel how to proceed.—I had no Choice given me but to go to *Port Ambria*, or to die!—

*CLEANTHES* now disclosed his Passion,—he besought my Hand, and promised me to protect me from all Danger if I would fly with him, in Case a Ship should come to carry us away.

METHOUGHT I then heard him again, calling from the Rock, and much ado had I to resist the Temptation; but I did resist it; yet the Pangs which the Refusal cost me are not to be expressed!

BUT at last, his strong Persuasions, joined to my own Distress;—the Manner, nay the Moment, of my Death being absolutely fixed;—My Fear of that, and love for him, both working in my Mind, disarmed the Purpose I had formed, and I did really consent to go with him.—He led me quite deprived of Sense, for so at the Moment I think I was;  
for



for when I gave my Consent to go with him I did not know that a Ship was actually at Hand.—But when he told me so, and hurried me away,—it seemed as in my Dream like being carried *through the Air*, till we arrived at the Ship.—What then happened, worthy *Montier*, you know. Here my Narration ends.

‘WHAT think you, my Friend?—Could  
 ‘*Cleantes* know this Confession of my Folly,  
 ‘would he despise me for it?’

*CLEANTHES* did not give the Captain Time to answer.—But, taking her Hand which he pressed to his Lips with a respectful Ardour, ‘If possible, my Princess, (said he, I adore you more than ever for this  
 ‘kind Confession; what a noble Candour!  
 ‘My future Life shall all be spent in making  
 ‘proper Acknowledgments, for this and the  
 ‘many Favours you have conferred upon  
 ‘me. Yet, encroaching Wretch that I am, I  
 ‘still hope for more, I am not yet contented!—  
 The Captain too applauded her for a Behaviour, which, (says he,) few of our modern Ladies practise towards their Admirers:  
 ‘they will scarcely own they love, and a Man  
 ‘often marries the Mistress of his Soul,  
 ‘hardly knowing whether or not he has  
 ‘gained

‘gained her Affections.—But you, my Princess, nobly have disclosed your Mind: Happy *Cleantes*! What a Treasure will he possess?’

*CELEMENE*, now begged to know, if *Celena* was living?—Upon which the Captain gave the following Account of himself and her.

---

C H A P. XII.

*Montier begins to relate the History of his Niece Celena, (Marianna's Daughter) and the State of his own Affairs.*

AFTER my Sister quitted *France*, her lovely Daughter soon recovered; and her Disorder left no disagreeable Traces behind it.—A Circumstance, which I own gave me much Pleasure.

BUT soon this little Satisfaction was dashed, as at the expected Time we heard no Tidings of my Sister. We were greatly alarmed; and the more so, when after awhile we received Letters which imported the Death of the Count *De Pailliere*, and the Grief he had been

been in, for not seeing his dear *Marianna* before he died!

WE had feared she was lost, but this confirmed it; and another Proof was, that the Ship she had embarked in, never was heard of afterwards, notwithstanding we made our strictest Enquiries.

I WAS greatly afflicted with this Loss, and the Tears of *Celena* on the Occasion pierced my very Soul. Indeed she had sufficient Cause of Woe, to be robbed in so short a Time of so deserving a Father and Mother.

I transferred the Love I had borne to them upon this dear remaining Pledge of their Affections; making her in a particular Manner my Care; and not being to go Abroad for above half a Year from this Time, settled a regular Family in my late Father's House: placing a Lady of good Extraction, tho' then reduced, over my Niece by Way of Governess, knowing her to be in every Respect capable of the Task and worthy of the Charge. All Things necessary thus settled, and the Time arriving for me to go to Sea, I went, but was absent only a short Time; and, at my Return, found my dear *Celena* improved in every Respect.



spect as much as I could wish her.—Above a Year had now elapsed since this Loss of my unhappy Sister; and Time, which makes all Things easy, had greatly relieved our Minds.

My Niece was esteemed by all who knew her, a perfect Beauty; nor were the Perfections of her Mind in any Degree less charming than her Person.—In short, she was in every Thing her dear Mother revived;—a second *Marianna*!

Not long after this, fair Princess, I was once more favoured with the Company of *Cleantes*; he had finished his Travels, but was so obliging to revisit *France*, and me before his intended Return to *England*.—I told him of my Sister's Fate; and he joined with me in deploring it.—He took great Notice of *Celena*,—And I own I wished her Charms might prove sufficient to enslave him: but so Fate had not ordered; the Task, bright *Celemene*, of conquering his Heart, was reserved for your superior Beauty.

He staid but a very short Time with me, being obliged to attend a Call of some Importance to *Italy*. For that Nation he embarked; and soon my Fears concerning his Safety

Safety ran very high.—He had promised me to write when he landed, but no Letter came, neither did the Ship he went in return.—Ah! My Friend, continued *Montier*, taking *Cleanthes*'s Hand, indeed I feared, that you had shared the Fate of *Marianna*.

‘AND so I did in some Respects, replied he, like her, my Fortune carried me to *Armatia*.—Happy Fate! What a Blessing have I brought from thence!—But, my Friend, I interrupt you.—My Parents, how did they bear my supposed Loss? I apprehend you will say something relating to them.

*MONTIER* thus proceeded.—While I was thus lamenting for my dear *Cleanthes*, I received a Letter from *Demetrius*, begging me to give him some Information of his Son.—He told me that you had not wrote to him from *Italy*, as you promised to do in the Letter you sent him upon your last quitting *France*, and desired to know if I could give him any certain Tidings of you.

ALAS! I was unable to do it.—This was a Renewal of my Grief; for I was obliged in Friendship to send an Answer back to *Demetrius*'s Letter, but what to write I knew not,

as

as all I could say, instead of relieving, must augment his Sorrow. But write I must; and therefore did, in Words to the following Purpose.

I INFORMED *Demetrius* that when you left *France*, you were in perfect Health, and from the Improvement you had made by travelling, added to your own natural Charms, was deservedly the Admiration of all who saw you:—That since your Departure you had not wrote to me; but it might proceed from the Ship you went in being detained; for that I had made Enquiry, and it was not yet returned.

I THEN in order to divert him from his own Distress, put him in Mind of mine; begging his friendly Consolation, for the Loss of my Brother and Sister, whom, tho' some Time since taken from me, I had not yet ceased to lament.

To this he returned a most moving Answer, and so often did I read it as perfectly to remember all the Contents; it was as follows.

‘DOES then *Montier* of *Demetrius* ask  
 ‘ Consolation? Can he expect to find it?  
 ‘ —Surely not; — With greater Reason I  
 ‘ might



‘ might apply to him. — He mourns a  
 ‘ Sister! I a Son; an only Son, in whom I  
 ‘ placed the utmost Happiness this Life  
 ‘ could give.

‘ But my *Cleantes* is no more. — For ah!  
 ‘ *Montier*! Altho’ you strive to hide, and  
 ‘ soften it by saying the *Ship is not returned*,  
 ‘ and that is the Reason of your not having  
 ‘ heard from him. — I see thro’ this small Art.  
 ‘ — Alas! The Ship will never more return!  
 ‘ — Vessels of Passage never are *detained*,  
 ‘ unless they are taken Prisoner. — This, or  
 ‘ wrecked, is for certain its Condition! — But  
 ‘ my Son’s! — Heaven only knows. — And  
 ‘ yet, — if I might chuse; — wretched alterna-  
 ‘ tive, were it to be given me! — Rather than  
 ‘ cruel Bondage, be Death his Lot: — So  
 ‘ wishes, — so even prays distressed *Demetrius*.  
 ‘ — *Distressed*! I am *distressed* indeed.

‘ Oh! *Montier*, what hard Trials have I  
 ‘ on this Occasion? I want a Comforter;  
 ‘ and yet am forced to stifle my own Grief  
 ‘ in order to administer Comfort to another,  
 ‘ — my *Cleone*!

‘ SHE scarcely lives, her Food is Tears;  
 ‘ and her Companions Day and Night are  
 ‘ heart-felt Sighs.

‘ I

‘ If ever Nature, quite oppressed, yields to  
 ‘ a short-lived Slumber,—She starts in Hor-  
 ‘ ror,—Crying, oh! My Son! My Son!—  
 ‘ That Rock! Those Waves! He is lost, he  
 ‘ is lost! Save him, *Demetrius*, save him, or  
 ‘ *Cleone* also dies!

‘ At other Times, she fancies him in  
 ‘ Slavery.—And then, wringing her Hands,  
 ‘ she shrieking, cries,—Oh! How they lash  
 ‘ my Boy!—Thou bloody Tyrant, take his  
 ‘ Life at once,—do not prolong his Pangs.—  
 ‘ I feel, I feel, each stripe thou givest him,  
 ‘ —Horrid Monster, to injure such a Form!  
 ‘ —Ah! Let me fold him to my Bosom, and  
 ‘ heal his Wounds.—Yes, kill me if thou  
 ‘ wilt, thou shalt not stop me.—He is mine,  
 ‘ he is mine, and we will die together!

‘ SHE then attempts to clasp him, and  
 ‘ waking in Convulsion, it is with Diffi-  
 ‘ culty we can preserve her Life.

‘ How this will end, is known to God  
 ‘ alone,—I fear her Reason is already touched,  
 ‘ and if her Sorrow does not abate, and very  
 ‘ shortly, she will lose it quite, if not her  
 ‘ Life.—And that were better of the two!

I

' I strive as much as possible to sooth and  
 ' comfort her, while she upbraids my Calm-  
 ' ness, and starting from me, cries,—you  
 ' never loved *Cleantes*, or you could not  
 ' coolly reason so ; but would have raved like  
 ' me.—Be gone, thou cruel Father ! Do not  
 ' touch me.—Thou comfort !—Thou never  
 ' lovedst my Child !

' To say how this affects me,—is impos-  
 ' sible.—Heaven surely must support, or I  
 ' should sink beneath this Weight of Woe !—  
 ' To lose a Son ;—and such a Son as mine,—  
 ' was a most trying Circumstance. — But  
 ' ah ! *Montier*,—believe me, I feel a deeper  
 ' Concern for the present State of his un-  
 ' happy Mother's Mind, than even for his  
 ' Death,—My Son was good, and such in  
 ' Death are happy.—He was given me by  
 ' Heaven as a Comfort ; — I wrested the  
 ' Design, and even idolized him ! — This  
 ' Heaven thought wrong, and snatched  
 ' away my Doating-Piece, in order to con-  
 ' vince me of the Folly, of placing Happi-  
 ' ness in earthly Things.—

' SHALL I repine, oh ! Providence at thy  
 ' wise Dispensations ? I will not :—if my  
 ' dear Son be happy, I will be content.—  
 ' But his poor Mother,—she cannot think  
 ' thus ;



‘ thus ; — her Tenderness quite overcomes  
 ‘ her Reason : — God restore her, is my con-  
 ‘ stant Wish and Prayer. — At present I am  
 ‘ truly miserable ! —

‘ THIS, dear *Montier*, is *Demetrius*’s Si-  
 ‘ tuation, can he give Comfort, or send thee  
 ‘ Consolation ! For this on Heaven alone  
 ‘ depend ; — put there thy Trust, and in  
 ‘ due Time Relief will come : — But if we  
 ‘ murmur, we upbraid its Power ; and that  
 ‘ may draw a Vengeance on our Head in-  
 ‘ stead of Blessing. Let us not provoke it,  
 ‘ but by Resignation entitle ourselves to  
 ‘ Comfort, adviseth the affectionate

### ‘ DEMETRIUS.’

AFTER this, continued *Montier*, we fre-  
 quently corresponded, and though his Dis-  
 tress greatly exceeded mine, as it must from  
 the still nearer Relation you have to him  
 than me, — yet his Letters greatly con-  
 duced to relieving my Grief ; so fine a  
 Master was he of Argument. —

TIME proved the Balm of all our Woes,  
 for even *Cleone*, after some Months were  
 past, begun to recover the use of her Reason,  
 and

and by the help of the Soothings of *Demetrius*, which she did not now refuse, overcame in some Measure her Despair and was tolerably resigned.—What greatly conduced to this happy Change was, the Accounts I sent, that the Ship you left *France* in never could be heard of; which we concluded it must if it had been taken.—So we satisfied ourselves with thinking you really perished in the Ocean; a better Lot than Slavery: for had you been made a Slave, long your Distress might have lasted, but in a watery Grave, all Care is buried.

THE Power of Love is so strong, that I believe no Distress, no Situation can arm us against it.—Notwithstanding my Grief for your Loss, my dear *Cleantes*, and my Correspondence with *Demetrius*, I felt the Power of Love, and became in a very strong Manner its Votary.

THE Shaft was thrown by a most amiable Woman, of good Extraction, but small Fortune.—This was to me no manner of Objection, for my own was quite easy, besides a Chance of great Acquisition from my Post in the Navy.

THIS

THIS agreeable Woman I addressed ; and in a short Time gained her. She has been mine above half a Year ; and in the married State I believe there never was a Pair more happy than I and my dear *Louisa*. She is, *Cleantes*, in every respect just what I could wish her : But when you see her, do not expect to behold a Beauty ; for such she is not. It was the Excellency of her Mind which captivated me, and not her outward Form ; though that is far from being disagreeable, enlivened as it is by such a sweet Vivacity as she is Mistress of.—She ought to have had a large Fortune answerable to the fine Education given her with that Expectation.—What a dangerous Creature is a false Friend !—Such was it the ill Fortune of *Louisa* to meet with ;—by one of these she was robbed of what would otherwise have been hers.—But she wants it not ; for as I said before, she is every Thing which I wish her to be ; and had she been possessed of ever so great a Share of Wealth I could not have loved her better.

‘ I WANT much to know, (said *Celemene*,)  
 ‘ how your dear Lady came to be deprived  
 ‘ of her Fortune : If it is not trespassing  
 ‘ upon you too far, my Friend, I wish you  
 ‘ would give me her History.’

N

You



‘ You cannot trespass, (replied *Montier*,)  
 ‘ I shall ever take the highest Pleasure in  
 ‘ obliging you : Thus then, dear Princess,  
 ‘ in a few Words I give you the History  
 ‘ you desire, of the dear Partner of my  
 ‘ Soul.’

### The History of LOUISA.

**H**ER Father, Monsieur *Canton*, was a younger Brother of a noble Family.— The Elder, Count *H*—— had no Children : therefore at his Death it was his Intent to leave his Estate, which was a very considerable one, between his two Nieces, Daughters of his Brothers.

*MARIA* was the only Child of the third Brother of this noble Family : and he dying when she was very young, *Louisa*’s Father took the Care of her, and brought her up in the same Manner he did his own Child.— The little Fortune *Maria*’s Father had been Master of, he spent before his Death ; so not only the Care, but the Expence of her Education, fell upon Monsieur *Canton*, who generously undertook the Charge, tho’ less able to do so, than Count *H*—— ;—whose narrow Soul did not allow him to be so liberal  
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of his great Store, as his Brother was of his small one.—Yet tho' he did not care to part with his Wealth, he shewed, in every other Respect, great Kindness for his Brother and two Nieces.

*MARIA* was one Year older than *Louisa*, and in all their Lessons, (for they learnt together)—made a quicker Progress than her Cousin. She was of a reserved subtle Temper, *Louisa* all Vivacity and Spirit; and this Turn did not make her so diligent in Learning as *Maria*.

BEING bred up together they conceived a great Affection for each other: In this *Louisa* ever was sincere; but the Friendship of *Maria* was not Proof against the Charms of Gold.

IN Expectation, these Sister-cousins, (if I may be allowed the Expression,) of a large Fortune coming between them, were educated in every Respect, as if they had been the Daughters of Count *H*——, and in Order to this, Monsieur *Canton* rather injured his own Fortune; but this he did not regard, thinking that one Day it would be made up again.

COUNT *H*—— was advanced in Years, and not in a good State of Health; so that his Death was every Day expected.—He grew every Day more fond of his Nieces, particularly of *Louisa*, whose lively Conversation was more entertaining to him than the Gravity of *Maria*; who in every Acquirement, and polite Accomplishment was no Ways inferior to her sprightly Cousin, and only wanted her lively Spirits to make her shine equally.

THE Fondness of their Uncle, and the large Fortune which it was expected daily would devolve to them, gave them great Consequence in the Eye of the World; no Ladies had more Admirers than both the *Madamoiselle Cantons*:—But then these Admirers kept at an awful Distance from a Proposal of Marriage — prudently waiting till their Fortunes should be certain; for the Count refused to part with any while he lived.

*MARIA* was in her eighteenth Year, and *Louisa* in her seventeenth,—when good Monsieur *Canton* died of a Fever. Upon his Death-bed, he gave this Charge to his Daughter.

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My dear *Louisa*, (said he,) you are to look upon *Maria* as your Sister.—All the Fortune I have left, came to me by your Mother. After my Death it is yours,—I cannot hinder your possessing it, or out of it make a Provision for *Maria*, while her Uncle lives.

I HAVE supplied the Loss of her Father. You must continue to do so:—Be Companions, be Sisters still;—the Little that you have, let her share with you.—Generosity is its own Reward, besides that which we may expect from Heaven.

*LOUISA* wept; and on her Knees promised to perform what he desired;—strictly she did perform it. For when her Father died, as he did in a few Days afterwards, *Maria* found no Difference of Situation, and *Louisa* was if possible more affectionate in her Behaviour than she had been before this Change.

To complete her Generosity, one Morning, when all Monsieur *Canton*'s Affairs were settled, and *Louisa* knew for certain the Fortune she was Mistress of, —she went to *Maria*'s Chamber.

Chamber, and after a little general Conversation thus addressed her.

My dearest Sister,—(for thus they always called each other,)—I do not like that Restraint which I observe in your Behaviour to me :—Is it because you think yourself under Obligation to me ?—Dearest Friend, you are under none.—Your charming Company is a sufficient Reward for all which I can do for you.—But Dependence is by all agreed to be a disagreeable State. I would have the Life of my *Maria* quite agreeable and happy; I therefore determine to make her independent; in order to which, receive, my Dear, this Deed.—Saying these Words, she delivered into her Hand a Paper, which conveyed to *Maria* one Third of her Fortune.

WHAT Expressions of Gratitude flowed from the Lips of the obliged *Maria* at this unexpected Testimony of Regard!—She could scarce believe such Generosity possible.—Indeed it was not so, if she measured *Louisa's* Soul by her own; for such an Act she could not have been capable of. Yet she made at first some Scruple of accepting the Deed; saying, she would not in that Manner lessen her Cousin's Fortune. It is enough, my dear *Louisa*, (said she,) that you maintain me  
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in every Respect like yourself. This is a sufficient Obligation, and wants no Addition to bind me eternally yours.—In this Manner she parlied some Time; but being less resolute in her Refusal, than *Louisa* was in desiring her to accept the Deed, at last she did accept it.

AFTER so high an Obligation, can it be believed, that *Maria* could attempt doing her Cousin an Injury?—But, what Obligation can bind or influence a fordid Soul? such was *Maria's*. Independency was a State she had never known before, and did not therefore know how to act in it; she greatly abated of that respectful Carriage which she had formerly observed towards *Louisa*, and after awhile treated her quite rudely.

BUT this was not the worst of her Ingratitude. For now making it more her Business than she ever had before of gaining the Affections of the old infirm Count, she so well succeeded in it as to become his chief Favourite.—

*LOUISA* was ever fond of Gaiety and Diversions; and being Mistress of herself, engaged a good deal in public Life.—*Maria's* grave Turn made it not agreeable to her: so while her Cousin was abroad, she  
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used to go to her Uncle, and sit in his Chamber with him.—*Louisa* had been from her Infancy his Doating-Piece, and he often used to ask *Maria*, why her Cousin did not come with her:—She would shake her Head, Ah! Sir, do not ask me; she has, to be sure, her Reasons. I cannot say (the Count would reply) that I must find fault: she is very good, she does give me a great deal of her Company; but I wish for more; nothing diverts me like her Conversation.

THEN she ought to give it you, said *Maria*: Her Reputation would be safer in this Chamber than in the sad Places she frequents.—

*SAD Places!* said the Count, *sad Places!*—being ever in public, with a Train of Fops gadding after her, is all I meant, my dear Uncle: I have for my part no Opinion of public Diversions; I never did, or will frequent them.—

THE Count had so long been old and past Diversions, of that Sort, as to have conceived an ill Opinion of them. This was a great Point in *Maria's* Favour; and she did not lose the Advantage: In short, not to dwell longer upon the Subject, so great an  
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Ascendant did *Maria* gain, to the Prejudice of her Cousin, that when the Count died, (which he soon did) to the great Surprize of every one, his Will made *Maria* sole Mistress of his Fortune!—*Louisa* had no Share.—

BUT *Maria*'s ill-gotten Wealth is not like to thrive with her. For, just after I became happy in my Dear *Louisa*, she married a worthless Wretch, who was a professed Gamester! he makes very free with her Fortune, and indulges himself in all Manner of Excess, spending more than their Income will allow of;—and the general Opinion is, that when he has spent the Estate, he will make off to some other Country with all her Cash, and leave her once more quite destitute of Support. — Unless her Cousin then takes pity on her, how dreadful her Situation! she has no Right to expect it; but I know *Louisa* would never let her want: For so truly generous, so forgiving, is her Disposition, that she even now pities the ungrateful Creature, and laments the wretched Fate which must attend her!—

CLEANTHES, finding that *Montier* had finished his Story, began with very high Applauses

plausives on *Louisa's* Behaviour: You have indeed, my Friend, married an amiable Woman; said he! how do I admire and long to see her!

Not more than I, replied the Princess; I am sure I shall love her; she and *Celena* divide my Affections.—Have you any thing more to tell us about *Celena*, Captain?

SUPPER now entered; and after it, general Discourse took up their Time till they retired to Rest: So *Montier* did not conclude the Relation he had began to make of his own Concerns, and those of *Celena* till the next Day.

*The End of the FIRST VOLUME.*

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